

THE
HISTORY
Of the renowned
DON QUIXOTE de la Mancha.

Written originally in SPANISH by
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra;

K
And translated into ENGLISH by
GEORGE KELLY, Esq.

To which are added NOTES on the more difficult Passages.

And ornamented with many
ELEGANT COPPER PLATES.
In FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the *Translator*;
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M.DCC.LXIX.

HISTORY

OF THE

Don Quixote de la Mancha

Which originally is in Spanish

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

GEORGE KILBY, ESQ.



THE GREAT COOPER PLATE

THE FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME I

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MDCCLXIX

MEMOIRS

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

O author hath ever so much diverted posterity by his works as Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: no author therefore hath a greater right to have his memory preserved entire to future ages: yet, either out of envy or ingratitude, he has been so far from meeting with that justice from the historians his contemporaries, that they make not the least mention of the place of his nativity. Some say that it was at Seville, but this is only conjectured from a passage in one of his prefaces, where he says, that when he was a youth he had seen several plays of Lopez de Rueda, a famous writer of comedies in that city. In opposition to which one Signior Tomajos affirms, that he was a native of Esquivias, a town near Toledo: but this is undoubted, that he was a gentleman,

tleman, and, very probably, descended from the noble family of the Cervantes of Seville.

So imperfect are the accounts of his birth, that we are obliged to leave our reader in this uncertainty with respect to that circumstance, and come to speak something of his person, which we are enabled the better to do, from a particular description that he has given of himself in the preface to his novels. The occasion is upon his expressing his aversion to the writing of prefaces, which makes him agreeably enough wish, since some of his had failed of the good fortune to please, that, to save him the trouble for the future, some one of those friends, whom his circumstances (as he is pleased to say) more than his wit, had gained him, would get his picture engraven, to be placed in the frontispiece of his book, with the following account of the author, to satisfy the curiosity of those readers that had a mind to know what kind of man he was.

We are here informed, that he was sharp visaged; his hair brown; his forehead, in spite of age, free from wrinkles; his eyes brisk; his nose somewhat rising, but not ill-sized; his beard grey, and his mustachios large; his mouth little, his teeth ill-ranged,

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ranged, and not above six in number; his complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy; his body neither too fat nor too lean; somewhat thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot.

Our author himself continues, " That
 " he had been many years a soldier, five
 " a captive, and from thence had learnt to
 " bear afflictions patiently; that at the bat-
 " tle of Lepanto he lost his left hand by the
 " shot of a harquebus; a maim, which
 " how unfightly soever it might appear to
 " others, yet was looked on by him as the
 " greatest grace and ornament, since ob-
 " tained in the noblest and most memora-
 " ble action that ever former ages had seen,
 " or future could ever hope to see; fighting
 " under the victorious banners of the son of
 " that thunderbolt of war, Charles the fifth
 " of happy memory."

With respect to the other passages of his life, we are only given to understand, that he was for some time secretary to the duke of Alva, and that afterwards he retired to Madrid; where, for his maintenance, he applied himself to writing, and then composed most of those admirable pieces which we now enjoy, being principally supported by the generosity of the Conde de Lemos,

and the archbishop of Toledo; to the first of which great men he has addressed most of his labours.

Through a deficiency of farther lights, we can give no larger history of the fortunes and actions of Cervantes, we are therefore obliged, in what remains, to consider him only as an author, and so to give what account we can of his works.

His commencement then of author was by his *Galatea*, a kind of pastoral romance, mixed with a great deal of poetry, upon which we shall only pass the same judgment that his friend the barber does on his finding it in the library of Don Quixote: "That there is something in it that shews
" a happy invention, something proposed,
" but nothing concluded; the second part
" being wanted to make it complete."

His second publication was, the first part of his incomparable *Don Quixote*, which is too well known to need any character. The principal design of which is to ridicule by the finest satire in the world, the humour of knight-errantry, and the romantic notions of love and honour, which at that time reigned in the Spanish nation. How well he has succeeded, all Europe is agreed, since

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Since every nation has taken care to make it their own by a translation.

It is the opinion of some that upon our author's being neglectfully treated by the duke of Lerma, first minister to king Philip III, a strange imperious haughty man, and one who had no value for men of learning, he, in revenge, made this satire; which, as they pretend, chiefly aimed at that minister; but this cannot be true, if, as according to others, he wrote it in Barbary, to beguile the melancholy hours of his captivity; besides, that the humour which is there laughed at, was then so general in Spain, that it is probable no particular person is intended. This, however, is certain, that that noble Duke, and his management, are reflected on in those verses which are ascribed to Urganda de la Desconocida; where, though he leaves out the last syllable of every concluding word in every line, yet it is no hard matter to guess who is meant in that short poem; which from thence may be judged to be altogether unfit to be either imitated or translated.

This first part came out in 1605; and while he was very gravely and leisurely meditating and preparing the continuation, which was impatiently expected, there

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came out at Teragona, in 1614, a second part of the history of don Quixote, by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda of Tordefillas. Our author was extremely concerned at this proceeding, and the more so, because this writer was not content to invade his design, and rob him, as it is said, of some of his copy, but miserably abuses poor Cervantes in his preface; which our author, upon publishing the year after the genuine continuation of don Quixote, complains of, and up and down in that book gives him some reprehensions; which, however unhandsome they are, are but too gentle for so great an injury: but it must be confessed indeed, that having to do with a priest, and one that belonged to the inquisition, as that plagiary did, it might not be safe for him to carry his resentment higher.

In the intermediate time from the publishing of the two parts of his don Quixote, he printed his Novelas Exemplares. The reason of his calling these novels so, is, as he acquaints us, because his other novels had been taxed as more satirical than exemplary; which fault resolving to amend, he has, in every one of these, proposed some virtue or other for imitation. Of these it must be justly said, that in the original they

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they do not disgrace the author of don Quixote; with this further commendation, which Cervantes himself gives them, that they were entirely his own invention, not borrowed, imitated, or translated from other languages, as all those were that his countrymen had published before him.

He published in 1615 a collection of comedies and interludes, eight of each, being such as he chose to make public out of a greater number. Before these, is a very good account of the rise and progress of the Spanish Drama to his own time; to the advancement of which (not without a great deal of justice) he makes no scruple to pretend that he had contributed, by the plays that he had written, which were not fewer than thirty at least.

The History of the Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda, is the last of all his works which we possess; to which he had but just put his last hand, and in a very affectionate and grateful address dedicated it to his great patron the Conde de Lemos, upon his departing this world; or, to use his own expression, setting his foot in the stirrup on his journey to another; being then old, and, with the fate of most of the wittyest men that ever lived, very poor. There

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are two other pieces of his, which he informs us he had written; the one called *El Viage del Parnaso*, in imitation of a poem of that title of Cæsar Caporali, being a satire on the Spanish, as Caporali's is on the Italian poets. This is printed, but not arrived to us; but for the other, which he calls *La Semanas del Jardin*, and the second part of the *Galatea*, it is probable they were never perfectly finished; since but a few days before our author's death, in the epistle dedicatory of his *Perfiles*, he promises his patron, that if heaven would grant him a little longer time to live, he should see them both: but, alas! he was then on the point of expiring; and, it is likely, not able to be as good as his word, dying soon after at Madrid, in the year 1616.

Our reader may expect, that, by way of conclusion, we should give our author's character; but we chuse rather to let his works do that, since they will, more effectually than any thing we can say, convince all that read them, that he was a master of all those great and rare qualities which are required in an accomplished writer, a perfect gentleman, and a truly good man, possessed at the same time of the finest feelings.

THE

T H E

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

READER, you may depend upon my bare word without any other security, that I could wish this production of my brain were as ingenious, sprightly, and accomplished as yourself could desire; but the mischief on it is, nature will have its course: every production must resemble its author, and my barren and unpolished understanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, impertinent, and extravagant beyond imagination. You may suppose it the child of disturbance, engendered in some dismal prison *, where wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Rest and ease, a convenient place, pleasant fields and groves, murmuring springs, and a sweet repose of mind, are helps that raise the fancy, and impregnate the most barren muses with conceptions that fill the world with admiration and delight. Many parents are so blinded by a fatherly fondness, that they take the imperfections of their children for so many beauties; and the folly and impertinence of the brave boy

* It is said the Author wrote this satyrical romance in a prison.

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must pass upon their friends and acquaintance for wit and true sense. But I who am only a step-father disavow the authority of this modern and prevalent custom; nor will I beseech you, with tears in my eyes, which is many a poor author's case, dear reader, to pardon or dissemble my child's faults; for what favour can I expect from you, who are neither his friend nor relation? You have a soul of your own, and the privilege of free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudest He that struts in a gaudy outside: you are a king by your own fire-side, as much as any monarch on his throne: you have liberty and property which set you above favour or affection, and may therefore freely like or dislike this history according to your humour.

I had a great mind to have exposed it as naked as it was born, without the addition of a preface, or the numberless trumpery of commendatory sonnets, epigrams, and other poems that usually usher in the conceptions of authors: for I dare boldly say, that though I bestowed some time in writing the book, yet it cost me not half so much labour as this very preface. I very often took
up

up my pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my life think of any thing to the purpose. Sitting once in a very studious posture, with my paper before me, my pen in my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, considering how I should begin; a certain friend of mine, an ingenious gentleman, and of a merry disposition, came in and surprised me. He asked me what I was so very intent and thoughtful upon? I was so free with him as not to mince the matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my brain for a preface to don Quixote, and had made myself so uneasy about it, that I was now resolved to trouble my head no further either with preface or book, and even to let the achievements of that noble knight remain unpublished: for, continued I, why should I expose myself to the lash of the old legislator, the vulgar? They will say I have spent my youthful days very finely, to have nothing to recommend my grey hairs to the world, but a dry insipid legend, not worth a rush, wanting good language as well as invention, barren of conceits or pointed wit, and without either quotation in the margin, or annotations at the

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end, which other books, though ever so fabulous and profane, have to set them off. Other authors can pass upon the publick, by stuffing their books from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole company of ancient philosophers; thus amusing their readers into a great opinion of their prodigious reading, Plutarch and Cicero are flurred on the public for as orthodox doctors as St. Thomas, or any of the fathers. And then the method of these moderns is so wonderfully agreeable and full of variety, that they cannot fail to please. In one line they will describe you a whining amorous coxcombe, and the next shall be some dry scrap of a homily, with such ingenious turns as cannot choose but ravish the reader. Now I want all these embellishments and graces: I have neither marginal notes nor critical remarks; I do not so much as know what authors I follow, and consequently can have no formal index, as it is the fashion now, methodically strung on the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; which last two are commonly crammed into the same piece, though one of them was a famous painter, and the
the

the other a saucy critic. I shall want also the pompous preliminaries of commendatory verses sent me by the right honourable my lord such a one, by the honourable the lady such a one, or the most ingenious master such a one; tho' I know I might have them at an easy rate from two or three brothers of the quill of my acquaintance, and better, I am sure, than the best quality in Spain can compose.

In short, my friend, said I, the great don Quixote may lie buried in the musty records of la Mancha till providence has ordered some better hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I must own I am altogether incapable of the task; besides, I am naturally lazy, and love my ease too well to take the pains of turning over authors for those things which I can express as well without it. And these are the considerations that made me so thoughtful when you came in. The gentleman, after a long and loud fit of laughing, rubbing his forehead; On my conscience, friend, said he, your discourse has freed me from a mistake that has a great while imposed upon me: I always took you for a man of sense, but now I am sufficiently con-

vinced to the contrary. What! puzzled at so inconsiderable a trifle! a business of so little difficulty confound a man of such deep sense and searching thought as once you seemed to be!

I am sorry, sir, that your lazy humour and poor understanding should need the advice I am about to give you, which will presently solve all your objections and fears concerning the publishing of the renowned don Quixote, the luminary and mirror of all knight-errantry. Pray, sir, said I, be pleased to instruct me in whatever you think may remove my fears, or solve my doubts. The first thing you object, replied he, is your want of commendatory copies from persons of figure and quality: there is nothing sooner helped; it is but taking a little pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose name you please to them, you may father them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapi-zonde, whom I know to be most celebrated poets: but suppose they were not, and that some presuming pedantic critic might snarl, and deny this notorious truth, value it not two farthings; and though they should convict you of forgery,

gery, you are in no danger of losing the hand with which you wrote * them.

As to marginal notes and quotations from authors for your history, it is but dropping some scattered Latin sentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no pains. For example, in treating of liberty and slavery, clap me in, “non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;” and, at the same time, make Horace, or some other author, vouch it in the margin. If you treat of the power of death, come round with this close, “pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque tures.” If of loving our enemies, as heaven enjoins, you may, if you have the least curiosity, presently turn to the divine precept, and say, “ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros;” or if you discourse of bad thoughts, bring in this passage, “de corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.” If the uncertainty of friendship be your theme, Cato offers you his old couplet with all his heart; “donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos: tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris;” and so pro-

* He lost his left hand (izquierdo) in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

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ceed. These scraps of Latin will at least gain you the credit of a great grammarian, which, I will assure you, is no small accomplishment in this age. As to annotations or remarks at the end of your book you may safely take this course. If you have occasion for a giant in your piece, be sure you bring in Goliath, and on this very Goliath (who will not cost you one farthing) you may spin out a swingeing annotation. You may say, "The giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom David the shepherd slew with the thundering stroke of a pebble in the valley of Terebinthus:" vide Kings, in such a chapter, and such a verse, where you may find it written. If not satisfied with this, you would appear a great humanist, and would shew your knowledge in geography, take some occasion to draw the river Tagus into your discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable remark. "The river Tagus, say you, was so called from a certain king of Spain. It takes its rise from such a place, and buries its waters in the ocean, kissing first the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion that the sands of this river are gold, &c." If
you

you have occasion to talk of robbers, I can presently give you the history of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you would discant upon whores or women of the town, there is the bishop of Mondono, who can furnish you with Lamia, Lais, and Flora, courtesans, whose acquaintance will be very much to your reputation. Ovid's Medea can afford you a good example of cruelty. Calypso from Homer, and Circe out of Virgil, are famous instances of witchcraft or enchantment. Would you treat of valiant commanders? Julius Cæsar has writ his commentaries on purpose; and Plutarch can furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you would mention love, and have but three grains of Italian, you may find Leon the Jew ready to serve you most abundantly. But if you would keep nearer home, it is but examining Fonseca of divine love, which you have here in your study; and you need go no farther for all that can be said on that copious subject. In short, it is but quoting these authors in your book, and let me alone to make large annotations; I will engage to croud your margin sufficiently, and scribble you four or five sheets to boot at the

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the end of your book. And for the citation of so many authors, it is the easiest thing in nature. Find out one of these books with an alphabetical index, and without any farther ceremony remove it verbatim into your own: and though the world will not believe you have occasion for such lumber, yet there are fools enough to be thus drawn into an opinion of the work; at least, such a flourishing train of attendants will give your book a fashionable air, and recommend it to sale; for few chapmen will stand to examine it, and compare the authorities upon the compter, since they can expect nothing but their labour for their pains. But, sir, if I know any thing of the matter, you have no occasion for any of these things; for your subject being a satyr on knight-errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicero, ever dreamt or heard of it. Those fabulous extravagancies have nothing to do with the impartial punctuality of true history; nor do I find any business you can have either with astrology, geometry, or logic, and I hope you are too good a man to mix sacred things with profane. Nothing but pure nature is your business;

ness; her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate, your picture is the better. And since this writing of your's aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no need to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages out of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints. Do but take care to express yourself in a plain easy manner, in well chosen, significant, and decent terms, and to give an harmonious and pleasing turn to your periods: study to explain your thoughts, and set them in the truest light, labouring as much as possible not to leave them dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible: let your diverting stories be expressed in diverting terms, to kindle mirth in the melancholic, and heighten it in the gay: let mirth and humour be your superficial design, though laid on a solid foundation, to challenge attention from the ignorant, and admiration from the judicious; to secure your work from the contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the praises of men of sense. Mind this, and your business is done.

I listened

I listened with attention to my friend's discourse, and found it so reasonable and convincing, that without any reply I took his advice, and have told you the story by way of preface; wherein you may see, gentlemen, how happy I am in so ingenious a friend, to whose seasonable counsel you are all obliged for the omission of all this pedantic garniture in the history of the renowned don Quixote de la Mancha, whose character among all the neighbours about Montiel is, that he was the most chaste lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been known in those parts these many years. I will not urge the service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a knight's acquaintance, but only beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for recommending you to the familiarity of the famous Sancho Panza his squire, in whom, in my opinion, you will find united and described all the squire-like graces which are scattered up and down in the whole bead-roll of books of chivalry. And now I take my leave, intreating you not to forget your humble servant.



THE
HISTORY
Of the renowned

DON QUIXOTE de la Mancha.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I

*The rank and way of living of the renowned
Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

HERE lived not long ago in a certain village in La Mancha*, which I shall not name, one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a grey-hound. He fed more on † beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, eggs and bacon on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three

* A small territory partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile; it is a liberty within itself, distinct from all the country about.

† Beef being cheaper in Spain than mutton.

quarters

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quarters of his income: the rest was expended in a plush-coat, velvet-breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best home-spun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. His whole family consisted of a house-keeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse, and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied, and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting. Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular): however, we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixada (*i. e.* lanthorn-jaws) though this concerns us but little, provided we adhere to the truth in every point of this history.

Be it known then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do, which was almost all the year round, he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry; which he did with that application and delight, that at last he, in a manner, wholly left off his country-sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely enamoured with those amusements, that he sold many acres of arable-land to purchase books of that kind; by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had: but among them all, none pleased him so well as the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the clearness of his prose, and those intricate expres-

expressions with which it is interlaced, appeared to him so many pearls of eloquence, particularly when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addresses, many of them in this extraordinary style. "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason, does so engage my reason, that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty:" and this, "The sublime heavens, which your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserfer of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These, and such like expressions, surprisngly puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well approve of those terrible wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinished adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself: which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been entirely engrossed in much more important designs.

He

He would often dispute with the *curate of the parish a man of learning, who had taken his degrees at Ciguinza, who was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul: but master Nicholas, the barber-surgeon of the same town, would say, that none of them could compare with the knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, it was certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he finical, nor such a puling, whining lover as his brother, and as for courage he was not a jot behind him.

Thus he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that of nights he would pore on till it was day, and on days he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree, that at last he lost the use of his reason. Crouds of disorderly notions picked out of his books, entered his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch, that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read, seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would

* In Spain the curate is the head priest in the parish, and he who has the cure of souls: thus, *el cura* means the rector, or as the vulgar have it, the parson; but the first not being commonly used, and the last seeming too gross, I chose to make it curate, those who have read the former translations being used to the word.

say that the cid Ruydiaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the knight of the burning sword, who, with a single back-stroke had cut in halves two fierce and mighty giants. But he approved better of Bernardo del Carpo, who, at Roncevalles deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground and choaked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus the son of the earth.

Of the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things; for though he was one of that monstrous brood who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his saltying out of his castle to rob all he met, and then again, when in Barbary he carried away the idol of Mohammed, which was all massy gold, as the history says. But he so hated that traitor Galalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely he would have given up his house-keeper, nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily fell upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a mad-man's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world armed cap-a-pee, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom
he

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he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprizes, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial sceptre of Trebisond; and, hurried away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grand-father, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner: but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting, for instead of a complete helmet there was only a single head-piece; however, his industry supplied that defect, for with some paste-board he made a kind of half-beaver or vizor; which being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried it's edge upon the paste-board vizor; but the very first stroke unluckily ruined in a moment the work of a whole week. Now, though he found he had broken it with so little difficulty, he was not very well pleased to find he had lost his labour; and therefore to secure it from the like accident, he made it a-new, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work;

work; and so, without any farther experiment, he resolv'd it should pass for a full and sufficient helmet to all intents and purposes.

Next morning he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real*, however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the cid's Babieca could be compared with him. Four days was he considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal, so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such an one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another; a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed; liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante†; a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he was

* A piece of money with four co ne s, diamond fashion.

† Rozin commonly means an ordinary horse; ante is before and formerly. Thus the word rozinante may imply that he was formerly an ordinary horse, but now a very extraordinary one.

8 THE HISTORY OF

now; in a word, a horse before or above all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

Having thus named his horse so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the authors of this most authentic history draw this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honor on that part of the world.

And now his armour being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new-named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress, was like a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. Should I, said he to himself, by good or ill fortune chance to encounter some giant, as is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or in short, overcome him and have him at my mercy,

mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I might send him as a trophy of my valour? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission; "Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in a single combat by that never-enough deservedly-extolled knight-errant don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honour to dispose of me, according to your will." O how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant! especially having withal bethought himself of a person on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, it is believed, happened thus; near the place where he lived, dwelt a good likely country-lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though it is believed she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo; and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart: upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess or lady of quality: so at the last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devised.

Of Don Quixote's first sally.

ALL these preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world, that wanted such a deliverer; the more when he considered what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuses to correct, and what duties to discharge. So one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself cap-a-pee, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his target, grasped his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back-yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprize. But he had not gone far ere a terrible thought alarmed him, a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind, that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought to appear in arms against any professed knight: nay, he also considered, that though he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his shield with any device, till he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valour.

These



*Don Quixote sets out equipt as a
Knight Errant.*



These thoughts staggered his resolution; but his folly prevailing more than any reason, he resolved to be dubbed a knight by the first he should meet, after the example of several others, who, as his distracting romances informed him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he proposed to overcome it, by scouring his own at leisure till it should look whiter than ermine. And having thus dismissed these busy scruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his horse's discretion to go which way he pleased; firmly believing, that in this consisted the very being of adventures. And as he thus went on, I cannot but believe, said he to himself, that when the history of my famous atchievements shall be given to the world, the learned author will begin it in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my early setting out: "Scarce had the ruddy-coloured Phœbus begun to spread the golden tresses of his lovely hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarce had those feathered poets of the grove, the pretty painted birds, tuned their little pipes, to sing their early welcomes in soft melodious strains to the beautiful Aurora, who having left her jealous husband's bed, displayed her rosy graces to mortal eyes from the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, disdaining soft repose, forsook the voluptuous down, and mounting his famous steed Rozinante, entered the ancient and celebrated plains of Montiel."

tiel." This was indeed the very road he took; and then proceeding, "O happy age! O fortunate times! cried he, decreed to usher into the world my famous achievements; achievements worthy to be engraven on brass, carved in marble, and delineated in some master-piece painting, as monuments of my glory, and examples for posterity! And thou, venerable sage, wise enchanter, whatever be thy name; thou whom fate has ordained to be the compiler of this rare history, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the eternal companion of all my adventures." After this, if he had been really in love; "O princess Dulcinea, cried he, lady of this captive heart, much sorrow and woe you have doomed me to in banishing me thus, and imposing on me your rigorous commands, never to appear before your beauteous face! Remember, lady, that loyal heart your slave, who for your love submits to so many miseries." To these extravagant conceits he added a world of others, all in imitation and in the very style of those, which the reading of romances had furnished him with; and all this while he rode so softly, that the sun's heat increased so fast and was so violent, that it would have been sufficient to have melted his brains had he had any left.

He traveled almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating; which put him into a kind of despair; for he desired nothing more, than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigour of his arm.

Some

Some authors say, that his first adventure was that of the pass called Puerto Lapice; others, that of the windmill; but all that I could discover of certainty in this matter, and that I meet with in the annals of la Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day; and towards the evening, being heartily tired, and almost famished, don Quixote looking about him, in hopes to discover some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself, at last, near the road which he kept, he espied an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discovered a star directing him to the gate, nay to the palace of his redemption. Thereupon hastening towards the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. There stood by chance at the inn-door two young female-adventurers, alias common-wenches, who were going to Seville with some carriers, who happened to take up their lodging there that very evening: and, as whatever our knight errant saw, thought, or imagined, was all of a romantic cast, and appeared to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn but he fancied it to be a castle fenced with four towers, and lofty pinnacles glittering with silver, together with a deep moat, draw-bridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopped a while at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements, and

and found his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that nobody came, and that Rozinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanced to the inn-door, where spying the two young doxies, they seemed to him two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle. It happened also at the very moment, that a swine-herd chanced to wind his horn to get his hogs together; and don Quixote presently imagined this was the wished-for signal which some dwarf gave to notify his approach; therefore with the greatest joy in the world he rode up to the inn. The wenches, affrighted at the approach of a man cased in iron, and armed with a lance and target, were for running into their lodging; but don Quixote perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the pasteboard beaver of his helmet, and discovering his withered dusty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accosted them in this manner: "I beseech you, ladies, do not fly, nor fear the least offence: the order of knight-hood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the universe, and least of all to persons of your ladyships' exalted rank and merit." The wenches looked earnestly upon him, endeavouring to get a glimpse of his face, which his ill contrived beaver partly hid; but when they heard themselves thus complimented with the title of ladyship, an honour to which their condition never had the least pretence, they could not forbear laughing

laughing outright; which don Quixote resented as a great affront. "Give me leave to tell ye, ladies," cried he, "that modesty and civility are very becoming in the fair sex; whereas, laughter without ground is the highest piece of indiscretion: however, added he, I do not presume to say this to offend you, or incur your displeasure; no, ladies, I assure you I have no other design but to do you service."

This uncommon way of expression, joined to the knight's scurvy figure, increased their mirth; which incensed him to that degree, that this might have carried things to an extremity had not the inn-keeper luckily appeared at that juncture. He was a man whose burden of fat inclined him to peace and quietness, yet when he observed such a strange disguise of human shape in his odd armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the wenches company in their laughter; but having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolved to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly: Sir knight, said he, if your worship be disposed to alight, you will find nothing here but of a bed, as for all other accommodations you may be supplied to your mind. Don Quixote observing the humility of the governor of the castle (for such the inn-keeper and inn seemed to him) seignor Castellano, said he, the least thing in the world suffices me, for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose. The inn-keeper thought he called

him *Castillano, as taking him to be one of the true Castilians, whereas he was indeed of Andalusia, nay of the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, no less thievish than Cacus, or less mischievous than a truant-scholar or court-page, and therefore he made him this reply: "At this rate, sir knight, your bed might be a pavement, and your rest to be still awake; you may then safely alight, and I dare assure you, you can hardly miss being kept awake all the year long in this house, much less one single night." With that he went and held don Quixote's stirrup, who not having broken his fast that day, dismounted with no small trouble or difficulty.

He immediately desired the governor (that is the inn-keeper) to have especial care of his steed, assuring him that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the inn-keeper viewed him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as don Quixote said: however, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armour by the help of the good-natured wenches, who had already reconciled themselves to him; but though they had eased him of his corset and back plate, they could by no means undo his gorget, nor take off his ill-contrived beaver, which he had tied so fast with green ribbons, that it was impossible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no means

* Castillano signifies both a constable or governor of a castle, and an inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile in Spain.

permit that, and so was forced to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most pleasant sights in the world. And while his armour was taking off by the two kind lasses, imagining them to be persons of quality, and ladies of that castle, he very gratefully made them the following compliment, [in imitation of an old romance.]

There never was on earth a knight

So waited on by ladies fair,

As once was he, don Quixote hight,

When first he left his village dear:

Damsels' undress him ran with speed,

And princesses to dress his steed.

O Rozinante! for that is my horse's name, ladies, and mine don Quixote de la Mancha; I never thought to have discovered it, until some feats of arms atchieved by me in your service had made me better known to your ladyships: but necessity forcing me to apply to present purpose that passage of the antient romance of sir Lancelot, which I now repeat, has extorted the secret from me before it is time. Yet a day will come, when you shall command and I obey, and then the valour of my arm shall evince the reality of my zeal to serve your ladyships:

The females, who were not used to such rhetorical speeches, could make no answer to this, they only asked him whether he should eat any thing; that I will with all my heart, cried don Quixote, whatever it be, for I am of opinion

nothing can come to me more seasonably. Now as ill-luck would have it, it happened to be on Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which is called *abadexo* in Castille, *bacallao* in Andalusia, *curadillo* in some places, and in others *truchuela* or little trout, though after all it is but poor jack: so they asked him whether he could eat any of that *truchuela*, because they had no other fish to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant a small trout, told them, that provided there were more than one, it was the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; for, continued he, it is all one to me whether I am paid a piece of eight in one single piece, or in eight small reals, which are worth as much: besides, it is probable the small trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef; or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In short let it be what it will, so it comes quickly, for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be supported without recruiting food. Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door, for the benefit of the fresh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of that salt fish, but ill-watered, and as ill-dressed, and as for the bread, it was as mouldy and brown as the knight's armour. But it would have made one laugh to have seen him eat; for having his helmet on, with his beaver lifted up, it was impossible for him to feed himself without help, so that one of those ladies had that office; but there was no giving him drink that way, and he must have gone without

without it, had not the inn-keeper bored a cane, and setting one end of it to his mouth, poured the wine in at the other; all which the don suffered patiently, because he would not cut the ribbons that fastened his helmet.

While he was at supper, a fow-gelder happened to wind his * instrument four or five times as he came near the inn; which made don Quixote the more positive of his being in a famous castle, where he was entertained with music at supper, that the poor jack was young trout, the bread of the finest flour, the wenches great ladies, and the inn-keeper the governor of the castle; which made him applaud himself for his resolution, and his setting out on such an account. The only thing that vexed him was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight, for he fancied he could not lawfully undertake any adventure until he had received the order of knighthood.

C H A P. III.

An account of the pleasant method taken by don Quixote to be dubbed a knight.

TH E mind of our hero being disturbed with that thought, he abridged even his short supper: and as soon as he had done he called his host, then shut him and himself up in the sta-

* In the original *Silvato de Cennas*.

ble, and falling at his feet, I will never rise from this place, cried he, most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind. The inn-keeper, strangely at a loss, to find his guest at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavoured to make him rise, but all in vain, until he had promised to grant him what he asked. I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble sir, replied don Quixote, and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is, that to-morrow you will be pleased to bestow the honour of knighthood upon me. This night I will watch my armour in the chapel of your castle, and then in the morning you shall gratify me, as I passionately desire, that I may be duly qualified to seek out adventures in every corner of the universe, to relieve the distressed, according to the laws of chivalry, and the inclinations of knight-errants like myself. The inn-keeper, who, as I said, was a sharp fellow, and had already shrewd suspicion of the disorder in his guest's understanding, was fully convinced of it when he heard him talk after this manner; and to make sport that night, resolved to humour him in his desires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his choice of such an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the first order, such as his gallant deportment discovered him to be: that he himself had in his youth followed that honourable profession, ranging

ranging through many parts of the world in search of adventures, without so much as forgetting to visit the * suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the wharf of St. Lucar, the fountain of Cordova, the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and divers other places, where he had exercised the nimbleness of his feet and the subtilty of his hands, doing wrongs in abundance, solliciting many widows, debauching divers damsels, bubbling young heirs, and in a word, making himself famous in most of the courts of judicature in Spain; until at length he retired to his castle, where he lived on his own estate and those of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition soever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they got in recompence of his good will, he added, that his castle at present had no chaple where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pulled down in order to be rebuilt; but that he knew they might lawfully be watched in any other place in case of a necessity, and therefore he might do it that night in the court-yard of the castle; and in the morning, God willing, all the necessary ceremonies should be performed, so that he might assure himself he should be dubbed a knight, nay as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then asked don Quix-

* These are places noted for disorderly doings.

ote whether he had any money? Not a cross, replied the knight, for I never read in an history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carried money about him. You are mistaken, cried the inn-keeper; for admit the histories are silent in this matter, the authors thinking it needless to mention things so evidently necessary as money and clean shirts, yet there is no reason to believe the knights went without either; and you may rest assured that all the knight-errants, of whom so many histories are full, had their purses well lined to supply themselves with necessaries, and carried also with them some shirts, and a small box of salves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of surgeons to cure them every time they fought in fields and desarts, unless they were so happy as to have some sage or magician for their friend to give them present assistance, sending them some damsel or dwarf through the air in a cloud, with a small bottle of water of so great a virtue, that they no sooner tasted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never received any. But when they wanted such a friend in former ages, the knights thought themselves obliged to take care that their squires, should be provided with money and other necessaries, as lint and salves to dress their wounds; and if those knights ever happened to have no squires, which was but very seldom, then they carried those things behind them in a little bag, as if it had been something of greater value, and so neatly fitted to their saddle that it was hardly seen; for had

it

it not been upon such an account, the carrying of a bag was not much allowed among knight-errants. I must therefore advise you, continued he, nay, I might even charge and command you, as you are shortly to be my son in chivalry, never from this time forward to ride without money, nor without the other necessities of which I spoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you least expect it. Don Quixote promised to perform very punctually all his injunctions; and so they disposed every thing in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoined to the inn. To which purpose the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horse-through close by a well in that yard; then bracing his target and grasping his lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horse-trough, with a graceful deportment. In the mean while the inn-keeper acquainted all those that were in the house with the extravagancies of his guest, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight: they all admired very much at so strange a kind of folly, and went on to observe him at a distance; where they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and some times lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms. It was now undoubted night, but yet the moon did shine with such a brightness, as might almost have vied with that of the planet which lent it her; so that the knight was wholly exposed to the spectators' view. While he was thus employed, one of the carriers who lodged in the inn

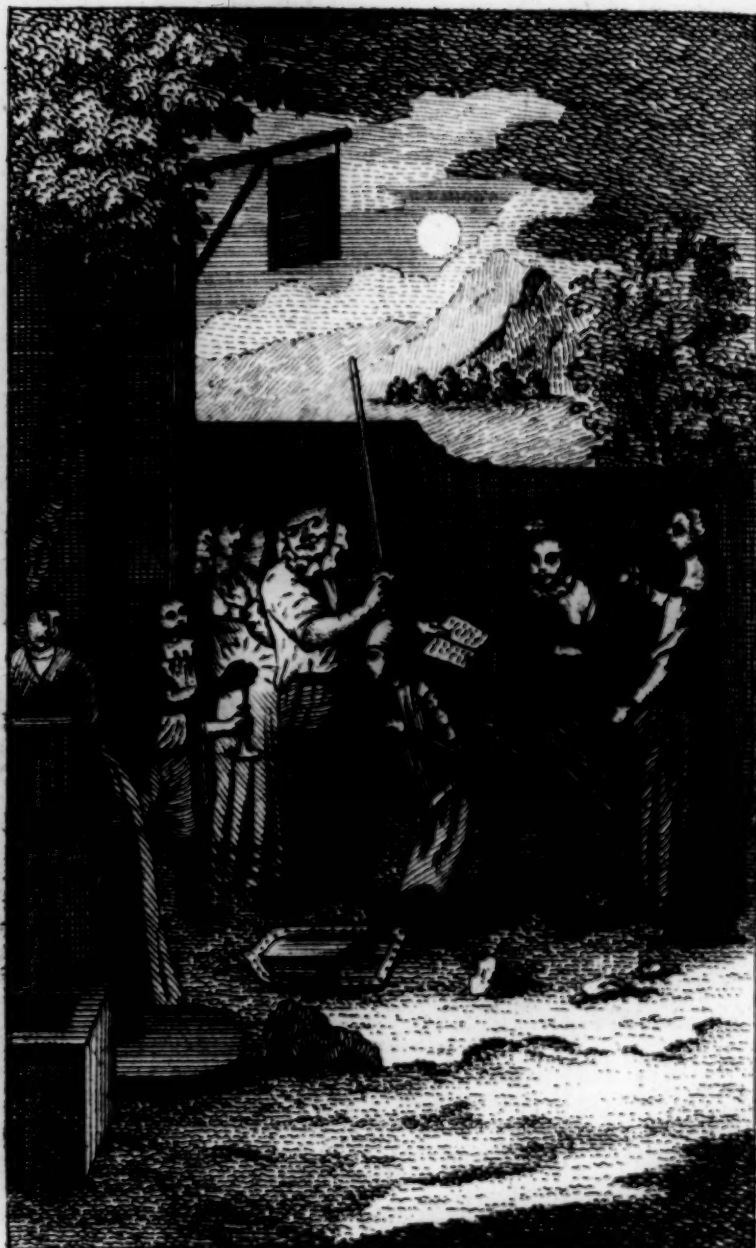
came out to water the mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough. With that don Quixote, who saw him make towards him, cried out to him aloud, O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight, who preparest to lay thy hands on the arms of the most valorous errant that ever wore a sword, take heed; do not audaciously attempt to prophane them with a touch, lest instant death be the too sure reward of thy temerity. But the carrier never regarded these dreadful threats, and laying hold on the armour by the straps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for don Quixote no sooner saw this but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his lady Dulcinea, Assist me, lady, cried he, in this first opportunity that offers itself to your faithful slave; nor let your favour and protection be denied me in this first trial of my valour! Repeating such like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier such a terrible knock on his inconsiderate head with his lance that he laid him at his feet in a woeful condition; and had he backed that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a surgeon. This done, don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again in the horse-trough, and then walked on backwards and forwards with as great an unconcern as he did at first.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happened, came also to water his mules,

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One of the family in the photo



Don Quixote knighted at the Inn.

mules, while the first yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offered to clear the trough of the armour, don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any one's assistance, once more dropped his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall so heavily on the fellow's pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His out-cry soon alarmed and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; which don Quixote perceiving, Thou queen of beauty (cried he, bracing on his shield, and drawing his sword) thou courage and vigour of my weakened heart, now is the time when thou must enliven thy adventurous slave with the beams of thy greatness, while this moment he is engaging in so terrible an adventure! With this, in his opinion, he found himself supplied with an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attacked him, he would undoubtedly have faced them all. On the other side, the carriers, enraged to see their comrades thus used, though they were afraid to come near, gave the knight such a volley of stones, that he was forced to shelter himself as well as he could under the cover of his target, without daring to go far from the horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The inn-keeper called to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and consequently the law would acquit him, though he should kill them. Don Quixote also yet made

more noise calling them false and treacherous villains, and the lord of the castle base and unhospitable, and a discourteous knight, for suffering a knight-errant to be so abused. I would make thee know, cried he, what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but received the order of knight-hood; but for you, base ignominious rabble! fling on, do your worst; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiscretion and insolence. This he spoke with so much spirit and undauntedness, that he struck a terror into all his assailants; so that partly through fear, and partly through the inn-keeper's persuasions, they gave over flinging stones at him; and he, on his side, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then returned to the guard of his arms as calm and composed as before.

The inn-keeper, who began somewhat to dislike these mad tricks of his guest, resolved to dispatch him forthwith, and bestow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent further mischief: so coming to him, he excused himself for the insolence of those base scoundrels, as being done without his privity or consent, but their audaciousness, he said, was sufficiently punished. He added, that he had already told him there was no chapel in his castle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finish the rest of the ceremony of knighthood, which consisted only in the application of the sword to the neck and shoulders, as he had read in the register of the ceremonies of the order;

order; and that this might be performed as well in a field as any where else: that he had already fulfilled the obligation of watching his arms, which required no more than a two-hour's watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who easily believed him, told him he was ready to obey him, and desired him to make an end of the business as soon as possible; for if he were but knighted, and should see himself once attacked, he believed he should not leave a man alive in the castle, except those whom he should desire him to spare for his sake.

Upon this the inn-keeper, lest the knight should proceed to such extremities, fetched the book in which he used to set down the carriers' accounts for straw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females already mentioned, and a boy who held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he ordered don Quixote to kneel; then reading his manual, as if he had been repeating some pious orison, in the midst of his devotion he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword, still mumbling some words between his teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the wenches to gird the sword about the knight's waste; which she did with much solemnity, and I may add discretion, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every circumstance of the ceremony: it is true, the thoughts of the knight's late prowess, did not a little

a little contribute to check the expression of her mirth. As she girded on his sword, Heaven, cried the kind lady, make your worship a lucky knight, and prosper you wherever you go. Don Quixote desired to know her name, that he might understand to whom he was indebted for the favour she had bestowed upon him, and also make her partaker of the honour he was to acquire by the strength of his arm. To which the lady answered with all humility, that her name was Tolosa, a cobbler's daughter, who kept a stall among the little shops of Sanchobinaya at Toledo, and that, whenever he pleased to command her, she would be his humble servant. Don Quixote begged of her to do him the favour to add hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his sake to be called from that time the lady Tolosa; which she promised to do. Her companion having buckled on his spurs, occasioned the like conference between them; and when he had asked her name, she told him she went by the name of Miller, being the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Our new knight entreated her also to style herself the lady Miller, making her new offers of service. These extraordinary ceremonies (the like never seen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of post-haste, don Quixote could not rest till he had taken the field in quest of adventures; therefore having immediately saddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embraced the inn-keeper, and returned him so many thanks at so extravagant a rate,

rate, for the high obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight; that it is impossible to give a true relation of them all: to which the inn-keeper, in haste to get rid of him, returned as rhetorical, though shorter answers; and, without stopping his horse for the reckoning, was glad with all his heart to see him go.

C H A P. IV.

What befell the knight after he had left the inn.

THE beams of Aurora began to blush upon the morn, when don Quixote sallied out of the inn, so well pleased, so gay, and so overjoyed to find himself knighted; that he infused the same satisfaction into his horse, who seemed ready to burst his girths for joy. But calling to mind the admonitions which the inn-keeper had given him, concerning the provision of necessary accommodations in his travels, particularly money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home to furnish himself with them, and likewise get him a squire, designing to entertain as such a labouring man his neighbour, who was poor and had a charge of children, but yet very fit for the office. With this resolution he took the road which led to his own village; and Rozinante, that seemed to know his will by instinct, began to carry him a round trot so briskly, that his heels seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The knight had not travelled far, when he fancied he heard an effeminate voice complaining in a thicket on his right-hand.

I thank

“ I thank heaven (said he, when he heard the cries) for favouring me so soon with an opportunity to perform the duty of my profession, and reap the fruit of my desires! for these complaints are certainly the moans of some distressed creature, who wants my present help.” Then, turning to that side, with all the speed which Rozinante could make, he no sooner came into the wood but he found a mare tied to an oak, and to another a young lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waste upwards. This was he who made such a lamentable out-cry; and not without cause, for a lusty country-fellow was strapping him soundly with a girdle, at every stripe putting him in mind of a proverb, Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, sirrah. Good master, cried the boy, I will do so no more, as I hope to be saved, I will never do so again! Indeed, master, hereafter I will take more care of your goods. Don Quixote seeing this, cried in an angry tone. “ Discourteous knight, it is an unworthy act to strike a person who is not able to defend himself: come, bestride thy steed, and take thy lance,” (for the farmer had something that looked like one resting upon the same tree to which his mare was tied) “ then I will make thee know thou hast acted the part of a coward.” The country-fellow, who gave himself for lost at the sight of an apparition in armour brandishing his lance at his face answered him in mild and submissive words: “ Sir knight, cried he, this boy, whom I am chastising

ing is my seryant, employed by me to look after a flock of sheep, which I have not far off; but he is so heedless that I lose some of them every day. Now, because I correct him for his carelessness or his knavery, he says I do it out of covetousness to defraud him of his wages; but upon my life and soul he belies me. What! the lie in my presence, you saucy clown, cried don Quixote, by the sun that shines I have a good mind to run thee through the body with my lance. Pay the boy this instant without any more words, or, by the power that rules us all, I will immediately dispatch and annihilate thee; come, unbind him this moment." The country-man hung down his head, and without any further reply unbound the boy; who being asked by don Quixote what his master owed him, told him it was nine months wages, at seven reals a month. The knight having cast it up, found it came to sixty-three reals in all; which he ordered the farmer to pay the fellow immediately, unless he intended to lose his life that very moment. The poor country-man trembling for fear, told him, that, as he was on the brink of death, by the oath he had sworn (by the by he had not yet sworn at all) he did not owe the lad so much; for there was to be deducted for three pair of shoes which he had bought him, and a real for his being let blood twice when he was sick. That may be, replied don Quixote; but set the price of the shoes and the bleeding, against the stripes which you have given him without cause; for if he has used

used the shoe-leather which you paid for; you have in return misused and impaired his skin sufficiently; and if the surgeon let him bleed when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him now he is in health; so that he owes you nothing on that account. The worst is, fir knight, cried the farmer, that I have no money about me; but let Andrew go home with me and I will pay him every piece out of hand. What! I go home with him, cried the younger, the devil-a-bit, fir! Not I truly, I know better things, for as soon as he should get me by himself, he would slay me alive like another St. Bartholomew. He will never dare to do it, replied don Quixote; I command him, and that's sufficient to restrain him: therefore provided he will swear by the order of knighthood, which has been conferred upon him, that he will duly observe this regulation, I will freely let him go, and thou art secure of thy money. Good fir, what is it you say, cried the boy; this master of mine is no knight, nor ever was of any order in his life: he is John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar. This signifies little, answered don Quixote, for there may be knights among the Haldudoes; besides, the brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works. That is true, fir, quoth Andrew; but of what works can this master of mine be the son, who denies me my wages which I have earned with the sweat of my brows? I do not deny to pay thee thy wages, honest Andrew, cried the master; be but so kind

kind as to go along with me, and by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I swear, I will pay thee every piece, as I said, nay and sweet-scented to boot. "You may spare your perfume, said don Quixote, do but pay him in reals and I am satisfied; but be sure you perform your oath, for if you fail, I myself swear by the same oath to return and find you out, and punish you though you should hide yourself as close as a lizard. And, if you would be informed who it is who lays these injunctions on you, that you may understand how highly it concerns you to observe them, know, I am the valourous don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the avenger and redresser of grievances; and so farewell; but remember what you have promised and sworn as you will answer the contrary at your peril." This said, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and quickly left the master and the man a good way behind him.

The country-man, who followed him with both his eyes, no sooner found that he had passed the wood, and was quite out of sight, but he went back to his boy Andrew. Come, child, said he, I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs and redresser of grievances has ordered me. Ay, quoth Andrew, on my word you will do well to fulfil the commands of that good knight, whom heaven grant long to live; for he is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that adads if you do not pay me he will come back and make his words good.

good. I dare swear as much, answered the master; and to shew thee how much I love thee, I am willing to increase the debt, that may enlarge the payment. With that he caught the youngster by the arm, and tied him again to the tree; where he handled him so unmercifully, that scarce any signs of life were left in him. Now call your righter of wrongs, master Andrew, cried the farmer, and you shall see he will never be able to undo what I have done; though I fancy it is but a part of what I am to do, for I have a good mind to slay you alive, as you said I would, you rascal. However he untied him at last, and gave him leave to go and seek his judge, in order to have his decree put in execution. Andrew went his ways not very well pleased you may be sure, yet fully resolved to find out the valorous don Quixote de la Mancha, and give an exact account of the whole transaction, that he might pay the abuse with seven-fold usury; in short, he crept off sobbing and weeping, while his master staid behind laughing. And in this manner was this wrong redressed by the valorous don Quixote de la Mancha.

In the mean time, being highly pleased with himself and what had happened, imagining he had given a most fortunate and noble beginning to his feats of arms, as he went on towards his village, "O most beautiful of beauties," said he with a low voice, "Dulcinea del Toboso well mayest thou deem thyself most happy, since it was thy good fortune to captivate and hold a willing slave to thy pleasure so valorous
and

and renowned a knight as is, and ever shall be, don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, had the order of knighthood bestowed on him but yesterday, and this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice could design or cruelty commit: this day has he wrested the scourge out of the hands of that tormentor, who so unmercifully treated a tender infant, without the least occasion given." Just as he had said this, he found himself at a place where four roads met; and this made him presently bethink himself of those cross-ways which often used to put knight-errants to a stand, to consult with themselves which way they should take; and that he might follow their example, he stopped a while, and after he had seriously reflected on the matter, he gave Rozinante the reins, subjecting his own will to that of his horse, who pursuing his first intent, took the way that led to his own stable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two miles but he discovered a great company of people riding towards him, who proved to be merchants of Toledo, who were going to buy silks in Murcia. They were six in all, every one screened with his umbrella, besides four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. The knight no sooner perceived them, but he imagined this to be some new adventure; and because he was resolved to imitate as much as possible the passages which he had read in his books, he was pleased to represent this to himself as such a particular adventure as he had
a singular

a singular desire to meet with ; and so, with a dreadful grace and assurance, fixing himself in his stirrups, couching his lance, and covering his breast with his target, he posted himself in the middle of the road, expecting the coming up of the supposed knighterrants. As soon as soon as they came within hearing, with a loud voice and haughty tone, " Hold, cried he, let all mankind stand, nor hope to pass on further unless all mankind acknowledge and confess, that there is not in the universe a more beautiful damsel than the empress of la Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." At these words, the merchants made a halt to view the unaccountable figure of their oponent ; and easily conjecturing, both by his expression and disguise that the poor gentleman had lost his senses, they were willing to understand the meaning of that strange confession which he would force from them ; and therefore one of the company, who loved and understood raillery, having discretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him. " Sir knight, cried he, we do not know this worthy lady you talk of ; but be pleased to let us see her, and then if we find her possessed of those matchless charms of which yo assert her to be the mistress, we will freely and without the least compulsion own the truth which you would extort from us. " Had I once shewed you that beauty," replied don Quixote, " what wonder would it be to have you acknowledge so notorious and evident a truth ? The importance of the thing lies in obliging

obliging you to believe it, confess it, affirm it, swear it, and maintain it without feeling her, and therefore make this acknowledgment this very moment, or know, it is with me you must join in battle, ye proud and unreasonable mortals, come on one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all at once according to the dishonourable practice of men of your stamp; here I expect you all my single self and will stand the encounter, confiding in the justice of my cause," Sir knight, replied the merchant, "I beseech you in the name of all the princes here present, that, for the discharge of our consciences, which will not permit us to affirm a thing we never heard or saw, and which besides tends so much to the dishonour of the empresses and queens of Alcaria and Estremadura, your worship will vouchsafe to let us see some portraiture of that lady, though it were no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by a small sample we may judge of a whole piece, and by that means rest secure and satisfied, and you contented and appeased. Nay, I verily believe that we all find ourselves already so inclinable to comply with you, that though her picture should represent her to be blind of one eye, and distilling vermillion and brimstone at the other, yet to oblige you we should be ready to say in her favour whatever your worship desires." Distill, ye infamous scoundrels, replied don Quixote, in a burning rage: "distill, say you? know, that nothing distills from her but amber and civet: neither is she defective

defective in her eyes or shape, but more straight than a Guadaramain spindle. But you shall all severely pay for the horrid blasphemy which thou hast uttered against the transcendent beauty of my incomparable lady." Saying this, with his lance couched, he ran so furiously at the merchant who had thus provoked him, that had not good fortune so ordered it that Rozinante should stumble and fall in the midst of his career, the audacious trisler had paid dearly for his railery; but as Rozinante fell, he threw down his master, who rolled and tumbled a good way on the ground without being able to get upon his legs, though he used all his skill and strength to effect it; so encumbered he was with his lance, target, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his rusty armour. However, in this helpless condition he played the hero with his tongue; Stay, cried he, cowards, rascals, do not fly! it is not through my fault that I lie here, but through that of my horse, ye poltrons!

One of the grooms, who was not over-burdened with good-nature, hearing the overthrown knight thus insolently treat his master, could not bear it without returning him answer on his ribs; and therefore coming up to him, as he lay wallowing, he snatched his lance, and having broken it to pieces, he so belaboured don Quixote's sides with one of them, that in spite of his arms he thrashed him like a wheat-sheaf. His master indeed called to him not to lay on so vigorously, and to let him alone; but the fellow, whose hand was in, would not give over

over rib-roasting the knight till he had tired out his passion and himself; and therefore running to the other pieces of the broken lance, he fell to it again without ceasing, till he had splintered them all on the poor knight's iron inclosure. He, on his side, notwithstanding all this storm of bastinadoes, lay all the while bellowing, threatening heaven and earth, and those vile ruffians as he took them to be. At last the mule-driver was tired, and the merchants pursued their journey, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse at the poor knight's expence. When he found himself alone, he tried once more to get on his feet; but if he could not do it when he had the use of his limbs, how should he do it now, bruised and battered as he was? but yet for all this he esteemed himself a happy man, being still persuaded that his misfortune was one of those accidents common in knight-errantry, and such an one as he could wholly attribute to the falling of his horse; nor could he possibly get up, so fore and mortified as his body was all over.

CHAP. V.

The knight's misfortunes continued.

FINDING it impossible to move, he resolved to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to bethink himself what passage in his books might afford him some comfort; and presently his folly brought to his remembrance the story of Baldwin and

the marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left the former wounded on the mountain; a story learned and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated and even believed by the old; and yet not a jot more authentic than the miracles of Mohammed. This seemed to him as if made on purpose for his present circumstances, and therefore he began rolling and tumbling up and down, expressing the greatest pain and resentment, and breathing out with a languishing voice the same complaints which the wounded knight of the wood is said to have made.

Alas where art thou lady dear,
That for my woe thou dost not moan?
Thou little know'st what ails me here,
Or art to me disloyal grown!

Thus he went on with the lamentations of that romance till he came to these verses:

O thou, my uncle and my prince,
Marquis of Mantua, noble lord! —

When kind fortune so ordered it, that a peasant who lived in the same village, and near his house, happened to pass by as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. The fellow seeing a man lie at his full length on the ground, asked him who he was, and why he made such a sad complaint? Don Quixote, whose distempered brain presently represented to him the countryman for the duke of Mantua, his imaginary uncle, made him

him no answer, but went on with the romance, giving him an account of his misfortunes, and of the loves of his wife and the emperor's son, just as the book relates them. The fellow stared, much amazed to hear a man talk such unaccountable stuff; and taking off the vizor of his helmet, broken all to pieces with the blows bestowed upon it by the mule-driver, he wiped off the dust that covered his face, and presently knew the gentleman. Master Quixada! cried he (for so he was properly called when he had the right use of his senses, and had not yet from a sober gentleman transformed himself into a wandering knight) how came you in this condition? But the other continued in his romance, and made no answers to all the questions the countryman put to him, but what followed in course in the book. Which the good man perceiving, he took off the battered adventurer's armour as well as he could, and searched for his wounds; but finding no sign of any blood, or any other hurt, he endeavoured to set him upon his legs; and at last, with a great deal of trouble, he heaved him upon his own ass, as being the more easy and gentle of carriage; he also got all the knight's arms together, not leaving behind so much as the splinters of his lance; and having tied them up, and laid them on Rozinante, which he took by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he led them all towards the village, and trudged on foot himself very pensive, while he reflected on the extravagances which he heard don

Quixote utter. Nor was the knight himself less melancholy, for he felt himself so bruised and mortified, that he could hardly sit on the ass, and now and then he breathed such grievous sighs, as seemed to pierce the very skies, which moved his compassionate neighbour once more to intreat him to declare to him the cause of his grief. But one would have imagined the devil prompted him with stories that had some resemblance of his circumstances; for in that instant, wholly forgetting Baldwin, he bethought himself of the moor Abindarez, when Rodrigo de Narvaez, alcaid of Antequera, took and carried him prisoner to his castle; so that when the husbandman asked him again how he did, and what ailed him? he answered word for word, as the prisoner Abindarez replied to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the Diana of George de Monte-major, where that adventure is related; applying it so properly to his purpose, that the countryman wished himself at the devil, rather than within the hearing of such strange nonsense; and being now fully convinced that his neighbour's brains were turned, he made all the haste he could to the village, to be rid of his tedious and troublesome impertinences. Don Quixote in the mean time thus went on: You must know, don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful Xerifa, of whom I gave you an account, is at present the most lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whose sake I have done, still do, and will atchieve the most famous deeds of chivalry that

that ever were, or ever shall be seen in the universe. Good sir, replied the villager, do you not perceive that I am neither don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but only a poor sinner, Pedro Alonzo by name, your worship's neighbour? Nor are you Baldwin nor Abindarez, but only that worthy gentleman senior Quixada. I know very well who I am, answered the battered knight; and what is more, I know that I may not only be the persons I have named, but also the twelve peers of France, nay, and the nine worthies all in one; since my achievements will out-rival not only the famous exploits which made any of them singly illustrious, but all their mighty deeds accumulated together.

Thus discoursing, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the countryman staid at some distance until it was dark, that the distressed gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own house, which he found in great confusion. The curate and the barber of the village, both of them don Quixote's intimate acquaintance, happened to be there, discoursing with the house-keeper. What do you think, pray good doctor Perez, said she (for this was the curate's name) what do you think of my master's mischance? neither he, nor his horse, nor his target, lance, nor armour have been seen these six days. What shall I do, wretch that I am? I dare lay my life, and it is as sure as I am a living creature, that those cursed books of er-

rantry, which he used to be always poring upon, have set him beside his senses ; for now I remember I have often heard him mutter to himself, that he had a mind to turn knight-errant, and jaunt up and down the world to find adventures. May Satan and Barabbas e'en take all such legends that have thus crackt the best head-piece in all la Mancha ! His niece said as much ; addressing herself to the barber, You must know, Mr. Nicholas, quoth she, that many times my uncle would read you those unconscionable books of misadventures for eight and forty hours together ; then away he would throw you his book, and drawing his sword, he would fence against the walls ; and when he had tired himself with cutting and flashing, he would cry, he had killed four giants as big as any steeples ; and the sweat he put himself into, he would say was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight ; then would he swallow you a huge jug of cold water, and presently he would be as quiet, and as well as ever he was in his life ; and he said that this same water was a sort of precious drink brought him by the sage Esquife, a great magician, and his especial friend. Now it is I who am the cause of all this mischief, for not giving you timely notice of my uncle's raving, that you might have put a stop to it, before it was too late, and have burnt all these communicated books ; for there are I do not know how many of them that deserve as much to be burned as those of the rankest heretic. I am of your mind, said the curate, and verily

rily to-morrow shall not pass over before I have fairly brought them to a trial, and condemned them to the flames, that they may not minister occasion to such as would read them, to be perverted after the example of my good friend. The countryman, who with don Quixote stood without, listening to all this discourse, now perfectly understood by this the cause of his neighbour's disorder; and therefore without any more ado, he called out aloud, Here! house! open the gates there, for the lord Baldwin, and the lord marquis of Mantua, who is coming forely wounded, and for the moorish lord Abindarez, whom the valorous don Rodrigo de Narvaez, alcaid of Antequera, brings prisoner. At which words they all got out of doors, and the one finding it to be her uncle, and the other to be her master, and the rest their friend, who had not yet alighted from the ass, because indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him; to whom the knight, Forbear, said he, for I am terribly wounded, by reason that my horse failed me; carry me to bed, and if it be possible, let the enchantress Urganda* be sent for to cure my wounds. Now, in the name of mischief, quoth the house-keeper, see whether I did not guess right, on which foot my master halted? Come, get you to bed, I beseech you, and my life for your's, we will

* A good-natured enchantress in Amadis de Gaul, and wife to the sage Alquife, whom the house-keeper erroneously misnames by the word Esquife in the preceding page.

take care to cure you without sending to the same Urganda. A hearty curse, and the curse of curses, I say it again and again a hundred times, light upon those books of chivalry that have put you in this pickle. Thereupon they carried him up to his bed, and searched for his wounds, but could find none; and then he told them he was only bruised, having had a dreadful fall from his horse Rozinante while he was fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and audacious that ever could be found upon the face of the earth. How, cried the curate, have we giants too in combination against us! Nay, then may I forfeit my habit, if I do not burn them all by to-morrow night. Then did they ask the don a thousand questions; but to every one he made no other answer, but that they should give him something to eat, and then leave him to his repose; a thing which was to him of the greatest importance. They complied with his desires, and then the curate informed himself at large in what condition the countryman had found him; and having had a full account of every particular, as also of the knight's extravagant talk, both when the fellow found him, and as he brought him home, this increased the curate's desire of effecting what he had resolved to do the next morning. At which time he called upon his friend, master Nicholas, the barber, and went with him to don Quixote's house.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleasant and curious scrutiny which the curate and the barber-surgeon made of the library of our ingenious gentleman.

THE curate came, attended by the barber, while the knight was yet asleep, and desired his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the authors of his woes; she readily consented, and so in they went and the house-keeper with them. There they found above a hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of small ones. As soon as the house-keeper had spied them out, she ran out of the study, and returned immediately with a holy-water-pot and a sprinkler: here, doctor, cried she, pray sprinkle every creek and corner in the room, lest there should lurk in it some one of the many forcerers these books swarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear them in going about to send them out of the world. The curate could not forbear smiling at the old-woman's simplicity; and desired the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruse the title-pages, for perhaps they might find some among them that might not deserve to be committed to the flames. Oh! by no means, cried the niece, spare none of them, they all helped some how or other to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had best throw them all out at the window in the yard, and lay them together in a heap, and then set them on fire, or else

carry them into the back-yard, and there make a pile of them and burn them, and so the smoke will offend no body; the house-keeper joined with her, so eagerly bent they were both upon the destruction of those poor innocents; but the curate would not consent to those irregular proceedings, and resolved first to read at least the title-pages of every book.

The first that master Nicholas put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four volumes. There seems to me some mystery in this book's being the first taken down (cried the curate, as soon as he had looked upon it) for I have heard it is the first book of knight-errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the model of all the rest; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the first teacher and author of so pernicious a sect, it ought to be condemned to the fire without mercy. I beg a reprieve for him, cried the barber, for I have been told it is the best book that has been written in that kind; and therefore as the only good thing of that sort it may deserve a pardon: well then, replied the curate, for this time let him have it, let us see that other which lies next him. These, said the barber, are the exploits of *Esplandian*, the lawfully begotten son of *Amadis de Gaul*. Verily, said the curate, the father's goodness shall not excuse the want of it in the son: here, good mistress house-keeper, open that window and throw it into the yard, and let it serve as a foundation to that pile we are to
set

set blazing presently. She was not slack in her obedience; and thus poor don Esplandian was sent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of his firey trial. To the next, cried the curate. This, said the barber, is Amadis of Greece; and I am of opinion that all those that stand on this side are of the same family. Then let them all be sent packing into the yard, replied the curate; for rather than lose the pleasure of burning queen Pintiquinestra, and the shepherd Darinel with his eclogues, and the confounded unintelligible discourses of the author, I think I should burn my own father along with them, if I met him in the-disguise of a knight-errant. I am of your mind, cried the barber. And I too, said the niece; Nay then, quoth the old female, let them come, and down with them all into the yard. They were delivered to her accordingly, and many they were; so that to save herself the labour of carrying them down stairs, she fairly sent them flying out at the window.

What overgrown piece of lumber have we here? cried the curate. Olivante de Laura, returned the barber. The same author wrote the garden of flowers; and to deal ingenuously with you, I cannot well tell which of the two books has most truth in it, or to speak more properly, less lies: but this I know for certain, that he shall march into the back-yard like a nonsensical arrogant block-head as he is.

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30 THE HISTORY OF

The next, cried the barber, is Florismart of Hyrcania. How! my lord Florismart, is he here? replied the curate: nay then truly he shall even follow the rest to the yard, in spite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and insipid style deserves no better usage. Come toss him into the yard, and this other too, good mistress. With all my heart, quoth the governess; and straight she was as good as her word.

Here is the noble don Platir, cried the barber: it is an old book, replied the curate, and I can think of nothing in him that deserves a grain of pity: away with him without any more words; and down he went accordingly.

Another book was opened, and it proved to be, The Knight of the Cross. The holy title, cried the curate, might, in some measure, atone for the badness of the book; but then, as the saying is, the devil lurks behind the cross! To the flames with him.

Then the barber taking down another book, cried here is the mirror of knighthood. Oh! I have the honour to know him, replied the curate. There you will find the lord Rinalde of Montalban, with his friends and companions, all of them greater thieves than Cacus, together with the twelve peers of France, and that faithful historian Turpin. Truly, I must needs say, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, at least because their story contains something of the famous
Boyardo's

Boyardo's invention; out of which the christian poet Ariosto also borrowed his subject: yet, if I happen to meet with him in this bad company, and speaking in any other language than his own, I will shew him no manner of favour; but, if he talks in his own native tongue, I will treat him with all the respect imaginable. I have him at home in Italian, said the barber, but I cannot understand him. It is not convenient you should, replied the curate; and I could willingly have excused the good captain who translated it, that trouble of attempting to make him speak Spanish, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his primitive graces; a misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate verses, since their utmost wit and industry can never enable them to preserve the native beauties and genius that shine in the original. For this reason I am for having not only this book, but likewise all those which we shall find here, treating of French affairs, thrown and deposited in some dry vault, till we have maturely determined what ought to be done with them; yet give me leave to except one Bernardo del Carpio, that must be somewhere here among the rest, and another called Roncesvalles; for whenever I meet with them, I will certainly deliver them up into the hands of the house-keeper, who shall toss them into the fire. The barber gave his approbation to every particular, well knowing that the curate was so good a christian, and so great a lover of truth, that he would not have uttered a falsity for all the world.

world. Then, opening another volume, he found it to be Palmerin de Oliva, and the next to that Palmerin of England. Ha! Have I found you, cried the curate! Here, take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his ashes scattered in the air: but let Palmerin of England be preserved as a singular relic of antiquity; and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he devoted to inclose Homer's works. For I must tell you, neighbour, that book deserves particular respect for two things: first, for it's own excellencies; and, secondly, for the sake of it's author, who is said to have been a learned king of Portugal: then all the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are well, and artfully managed, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum strictly observed in every character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, master Nicholas, continued he, with submission to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul shall be exempted from the fire; and let all the rest be condemned without any further inquiry or examination. By no means, I beseech you, returned the barber, for this which I have in my hands is the famous don Bellianis.

Truly, cried the curate, he, with his second, third and fourth parts, had need of a dose of rhuarb to purge his excessive choler: besides, his castle of fame should be demolished, and a heap of other rubbish removed; in order to which I give my vote to grant them
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the benefit of transportation; and, as they shew signs of amendment, so shall mercy or justice be used towards them: in the mean time, neighbour, take them into custody, and keep them safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with them. Content, cried the barber; and to save himself the labour of looking on any more books of that kind he bid the house-keeper take all the great volumes and throw them into the yard. She, who longed to be at that sport as much as to be making her wedding-smock, had no need of being twice spoken to; so that laying hold on no less than eight volumes at once, she presently made them leap towards the place of execution; but as she went too eagerly to work, taking more books than she could conveniently carry, she happened to drop one at the barber's foot, which he took up out of curiosity to see what it was, and found it to be the history of the famous knight Tirante the white. Good-lack-a-day, cried the curate, is Tirante the white here? O! pray, good neighbour, give it me by all means, for I promise myself to find in it a treasure of delight and a mine of recreation. There we have that valorous knight don Kyrie-Eleison Montalban, with his brother Thomas of Montalban and the knight Fonseca; the combat of the valorous Detriante with the mastiff; the dainty and witty conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the loves and guiles of the widow Reposada; together with the lady empress, that was in love with Hippolito her gentle-

gentleman-usher. I vow and protest to you, neighbour, continued he, that as for the style there is no better book in the world. Why here your knights eat and drink, sleep and die natural deaths in their beds, nay, and first make their last will and testament; with a world of other things, of which all the rest of these sort of books do not say one syllable. Yet after all I must tell you, that for wilfully taking the pains to write so many foolish things, the worthy author fairly deserves to be sent to the gallies for all the days of his life. Take it home with you and read it, and then tell me whether I have told you the truth or no. I believe you, replied the barber; but what shall we do with all these small books that are left? Certainly replied the curate, these cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too small; you will find they are only poets. And so opening one, it happened to be the *Diana of Montemajor*; which made him say (believing all the rest to be of that stamp) these do not deserve to be punished like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do that mischief which these stories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do nobody any prejudice. Oh! good sir, cried the niece, burn them with the rest, I beseech you; for should my uncle get cured of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himself to the reading of these books, we should have him turn shepherd, and so wander through the fields, nay, and what would be worse yet, turn poet, which they

they say is a catching and an incurable disease. The gentlewoman is in the right, said the curate, and it will not be amiss to remove that stumbling-block out of our friend's way; and since we began with the Diana of Montemajor, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia, and the enchanted water, as also the longer poems: and let the work escape with it's prose, and the honour of being first of that kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the barber, the second of that name, by Salmantino; nay, and a third too, by Gil Polo. Pray, said the curate, let Salmantino increase the number of the criminals in the yard; but as for that by Gil Polo, preserve it as charitably as if Apollo himself had written it, and go on as fast as you can, I beseech you, good neighbour, for it grows late. Here, quoth the barber, I have ten books of the Fortune of Love, written by Anthony de Lefrasco, a Sardinian poet. Now, by my holy orders, cried the curate, I do not think since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, there was ever a more comical, more whimsical book. Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in it's way it is certainly the best and most singular that ever was published, and he who never read it, may safely think he never in his life read any thing that was pleasant. Give it me, neighbour, continued he, for I am more glad to have found it, than if any one had given me a cassoc of the best Florence prunella.

prunella. With that he laid it aside with extraordinary satisfaction, and the barber went on; These that follow, cried he, and the shepherd of Iberia, the nymph of Enares, and the cure of jealousy, take them, jailor, quoth the curate, and never ask me why, for then we shall never have done. The next, said the barber, is the shepherd of Filida. He is no shepherd, returned the curate, but a very discreet courtier; keep him as a precious jewel. There is a bigger, cried the barber, called, The treasure of divers poems. Had there been less of them, said the curate, they would have been more esteemed. It is fit the book should be pruned, and cleared of several trifles that disgrace the rest. Keep it, however, because the author is my friend, and for the sake of his other more heroic and lofty productions. Here is a book of songs by Lopez Maldonado, cried the barber. He is also my particular friend, said the curate: his verses are very well liked when he reads them himself; and his voice is so excellent, that they charm us whenever he sings them. He seems indeed to be somewhat too long in his eclogues; but can we ever have too much of a good thing? Let him be preserved among the best. What is the next book? The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes, replied the barber. That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance these many years, cried the curate; and I know he has been more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book indeed has I do not know what that looks like
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a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing: therefore we must stay for the second part, which he has promised us; perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the present; till that time keep him close prisoner at your house. I will, quoth the barber: but see; I have here three more for you, the *Auricana* of don Alonso de Ercilla, the *Austriada* of Juan Ruffo, a magistrate of Cordova, and the *Monferrato* of Christopher de Virves, a Valentian poet. These, cried the curate, are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy. Reserve them as the most valuable performances which Spain has to boast of in poetry.

At last the curate grew so tired with prying into so many volumes, that he ordered all the rest to be burnt at a venture. But the barber shewed one which he had opened by chance ere the dreadful sentence was passed. Truly, said the curate, who saw by the title it was the tears of Angelica, I should have wept myself, had I caused such a book to share the condemnation of the rest; for the author was not only one of the best poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and translated some of Ovid's fables with extraordinary success.

Don Quixote's second sally in quest of adventures.

WHILE they were thus amused, the knight began to rave and talk aloud to himself. Here, here, valorous knight, cried he, now is the time that you must exert the strength of your mighty arms; for lo! the courtiers bear away the honour of the tournament. This amazing outcry called away the inquisitors from any further examination of the library; and therefore the house-keeper and the niece being left to their own discretion, it is thought the Carolea, and Leo of Spain, with the deeds of the emperor, written by don Lewis d'Avila, which to be sure were part of the collection, were committed to the flames unseen and unheard, without any legal trial; a fate which perhaps they might have escaped, had the curate been there to have weighed what might have been urged in their defence.

When they entered don Quixote's chamber, they found him rising out of his bed as mad as ever he was, tearing his throat, and making a heavy bustle, laying about him with his sword back-stroke and fore-stroke, as broad awake as if he had never slept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their arms, and carried him to bed again by main force; where, after he was somewhat quiet and settled, turning himself to the curate, Certainly, cried he, my lord archbishop Turpin, it
is

is a great dishonour to us who are called the twelve peers, to suffer the knights of the court to bear away the honour of the tournament without any farther opposition, after we the knight-adventurers had carried it three days before. Be pacified, my good friend, replied the curate; fortune may have yet a better success in reserve for you, and they who lose to day may win to-morrow: at present think on your health, for doubtless you must needs be now extremely tired, if not very much wounded. Wounded! replied don Quixote, no; but as for being bruised I will not deny it, for that base-born knight don Orlando has battered all my limbs with the trunk of an oak, out of meer envy, because he sees that I only dare to rival his exploits: but may I no more be called Rinaldo of Montalban, if, in spite of his enchantments, I do not make him severely pay for this as soon as I can leave my bed; and therefore let my dinner be brought in; for it is what I want most at this juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this vile abuse. Accordingly they brought him some victuals, which when he had eaten, he fell asleep again, and they left him, all of them strangely amazed at his uncommon madness. That night the house-keeper burnt all the books, not only those in the yard, but all those that were in the house; and several suffered in the general calamity, that deserved to have been treasured in everlasting archives, had not their fate and the remissness of the inquisitors ordered it otherwise.

And

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And thus they verified the proverb, *That the good often fare the worse for the bad.*

One of the remedies which the curate and the barber bethought themselves of, in order to their friend's recovery, was to stop up the door of the room where his books lay, that he might not find it, nor miss them when he rose; for they hoped the effect would cease when they had taken away the cause; and they ordered, that if he inquired about it, they should tell him, that a certain inchanter had carried away study, books and all. Two days after, don Quixote being got up, the first thing he did was to visit his darling books; and as he could not find the study in the place where he had left it, he went up and down; and looked for it in every room. Sometimes he came to the place where the door used to stand, and then stood feeling and groping about a good while, then cast his eyes, and stared on every side, without speaking a word. At last, after a long deliberation, he thought fit to ask his house-keeper which was the way to his study? What study, (answered the woman, according to her instructions) or rather, what nothing is it you look for? alas! here is neither study nor books in the house now, for the devil has run away with them all. No, it was not the devil, said the niece, but a conjurer, or an inchanter, as they call them, who, since your absence, came hither one night mounted on a dragon, on the top of a cloud, and then alighting went into your study, where what he did, he and the devil
best

best can tell, for a while after, he flew out at the roof of the house, leaving it all full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find the books, nor so much as the very study; only the house-keeper and I very well remember, that when the old thief went away, he cried out aloud, that out of a private grudge which he bore in his mind to the owner of those books, he had done the house a mischief, as we should soon perceive; and then I think he called himself the sage Muniaton. Not Muniaton, but * Freston, you should have said, cried don Quixote. Truly, quoth the niece, I cannot tell whether it was Freston or Friston, but sure I am that his name ended with a ton. It is so, returned don Quixote, for he is a famous necromancer, and my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice; for seeing by his art, that in spite of all his spells, in process of time I shall fight and vanquish in single combat, a knight whose interest he espouses, therefore he endeavours to do me all manner of mischief; but I dare assure him, that he strives against the stream, nor can his power reverse the first decrees of fate. Who doubts of that? cried the niece: but, dear uncle, what makes you run yourself into these quarrels? had not you better stay at home, and live in peace and quietness, than go rambling up and down like a vagabond, and seeking for better bread than is made of wheat,

* An enchanter in don Bellianis of Greece.

without once so much as considering, that many go to seek wool, and come home shorn themselves? Oh! good niece, replied don Quixote, how ill thou understandest these matters! know, that before I will suffer myself to be shorn, I will tear and pluck off the beards of all those audacious mortals, that shall attempt to profane the tip of one single hair within the verge of these mustachoes. To this neither the niece nor the governess thought fit to make any reply, for they perceived the knight to grow very angry. Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the least sign of his desire to renew his rambling; during which time there passed a great deal of pleasant discourse between him and his two friends the curate and the barber; while he maintained, that there was nothing the world stood so much in need of as knights-errant; wherefore he was resolved to revive the order: in which disputes Mr. Curate sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes submitted; for had he not now and then given way to his fancies, there would have been no conversing with him.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, earnestly solicited one of his neighbours, a country-labourer, and a good honest fellow, (if we may call a poor man honest) for he was poor indeed, poor in purse and poor in brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the

the poor silly clown consented to go along with him, and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that it was likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these great promises, and many others, Sancho Panzá (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This being done, don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, and mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but above all he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one, might be of great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much on foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause a-while; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for

it: however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with shirts, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the inn-keeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children farewell; and don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his house-keeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by any body, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote had gotten into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travelled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning; at which time the sun-beams being almost parallel to the surface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove so offensive. As they jogged on, I beseech your worship, sir knight-errant, quoth Sancho to his master, be sure you do not forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big. You must

must know, friend Sancho, replied don Quixote, that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and to outdo my predecessors in generosity: for whereas, sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with service, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province of great or small extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have passed six days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised. Why, should this come to pass, quoth Sancho Panza, and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then happy be lucky, my Whither-d'ye-go Mary Gutierrez would be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes an't like your worship. Who doubts of that? cried don Quixote? I doubt of it, replied Sancho Panza;

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for I cannot help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would set well upon Mary Gutierrez's head; for I must needs tell you, she is not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of: no, countess would be better for her, an't please you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as she can handsomely manage. Recommend the matter to Providence, returned don Quixote, it will be sure to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferior thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the dignity of a vice roy. No more I won't, sir, quoth Sancho, especially since I have so rare a master as your worship, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the good success which the valorous don Quixote had in the most terrifying and never to be imagined adventure of the wind-mills, with other transactions worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

WHILE they were thus discoursing, they discovered about thirty or forty wind-mills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, Fortune, cried he, directs our affairs better than we our selves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin

See the picture page 10.⁴ to

to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to heaven. What giants, quoth Sancho Panza? Those whom thou seest yonder, answered don Quixote, with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length. Pray look better, sir, quoth Sancho; those things yonder are no giants, but wind-mills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go. It is a sign, cried don Quixote, thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all. This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him, that they were wind-mills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, Stand, cowards, cried he as loud as he could; stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all. At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when don Quixote spied, Base miscreants, cried he, though

you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance. He then most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first wind-mill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, he and Rozinante having received such a blow. Mercy on me! cried Sancho, did not I give your worship fair warning? did not I tell you they were wind-mills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had wind-mills in his head? Peace, friend Sancho, replied don Quixote: there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into wind-mills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword. Amen, say I, replied Sancho; and so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante,

ante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice *; for don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, I have read, said he, friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of † the Pounder or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak or holm-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of atchievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe. Heaven grant you may, cried Sancho: I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling me-

* A pass in the mountains, such as they call Puerto Seco, a dry port, where the king's officers levy tolls and customs upon passengers and goods.

† Machuca, from Machucar, to pound in a mortar.

thinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall. It does so, replied don Quixote; and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them. Then I have no more to say, quoth Sancho; and yet, heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you; for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights. Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desired him, however, to consider, that it was high time to go to dinner, but his master answered him, that he might eat when he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do it. Sancho having thus obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his master; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best pampered vintner in Malaga thirsty to have seen him. While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think

think in the least of all his masters great promises; and was so far from esteeming it a trouble to travel in quest of adventures, that he fancied it to be the greatest pleasure in the world, though they were never so dreadful.

In short, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken one. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass that time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their absent mistresses. As for Sancho, he did not spend the night at that idle rate; for having his paunch well stuffed with something more substantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his master waked him, neither the sprightly beams which the sun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds, that chearfully on every branch welcomed the smiling morn, would have been able to have made him stir. As he got up, to clear his eye-sight, he took two or three long-winded swigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it somewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his very heart, for he shrewdly mistrusted that he was not in a way to cure it of that distemper as soon as he could have wished. On the other

side, don Quixote would not breakfast, having been feasting all night on the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his mistress; and therefore they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they came near it, Here it is, brother Sancho, said don Quixote, that we may wanton, and as it were, thrust our arms up to the very elbows, in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one necessary caution; know, that though thou shouldest see me in the greatest extremity of danger, thou must not offer to draw thy sword in my defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base plebeians and vile scoundrels; for in such a case thou mayest assist thy master: but if those with whom I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight, till thou art one thyself. Never fear, quoth Sancho; I will be sure to obey your worship in that, I will warrant you; for I have ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels; and yet I do not care to take blows at any one's hand neither; and should any knight offer to set upon me first, I fancy I should hardly mind your laws; for all laws, whether of God or man, allow one to stand in one's own defence if any offer to do one a mischief. I agree to that, replied don Quixote; but as for helping me against any knights, thou must set bounds to thy natural impulses. I will be sure to do it, quoth Sancho;

cho; never trust if I do not keep your commandment as well as I do the sabbath.

As they were talking, they spied coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seemed little less. They wore riding-masks, with glasses at the eyes, against the dust, and umbrella's to shelter them from the sun. After them came a coach with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There proved to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had don Quixote perceived the monks who where not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cried to his squire, Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be some necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and it is my duty to prevent so great an injury. I fear me this will prove a worse job than the wind-mills, quoth Sancho. 'Slife, sir, don't you see these are Benedictine friars, and it is likely the coach belongs to some travellers that are in it; therefore once more take warning, and don't you be led away by the devil. I have already told thee, Sancho, replied don Quixote, thou art miserably ignorant in matters of adventures:
what

what I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently. This said, he spurred on his horse, and posted himself just in the midst of the road where the monks were to pass. And when they came within hearing, Cursed implements of hell, cried he, in a loud and haughty tone, immediately release those high-born princesses whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your pernicious deeds. The monks stopped their mules, no less astonished at the figure, than at the expressions of the speaker. Sir knight, cried they, we are no such persons as you are pleased to term us, but religious men, of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs; and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carried away by force in that coach. I am not to be deceived with fair words, replied don Quixote; I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs; and immediately without expecting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante, and ran so furiously, with his lance couched, against the first monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself off to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him dead, or grievously wounded. The other observing the discourteous usage of his companion, claped his heels to his over-grown mule's flanks, and scoured over the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho Panza no sooner saw the monk fall, but he nimbly skipped off his ass, and running

to

to him, began to strip him immediately, but then the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and asked why he offered to strip him? Sancho told them, that this belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on his guts, thumped and mauled him in every part of his carcase, and there left him sprawling without breath or motion. In the mean time the monk, scared out of his wits, and as pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who staid for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after them.

As I said before, don Quixote was all that while engaged with the lady in the coach. Lady, cried he, your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this my strenuous arm; and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am called don Quixote de la Mancha, by
profession

profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: nor do I desire any other recompence for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourselves to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance. To this strange talk, a certain Biscayan, the lady's squire, gentleman-usher, or what you will please to call him, who rode along with the coach, listened with great attention; and perceiving that don Quixote not only stopped the coach, but would have it presently go back to Toboso, he bore briskly up to him, and laying hold on his lance, "Get gone," cried he to him in bad Spanish and worse Biscayan *, "Get gone thou knight, and devil go with thou; or by he who me create, if thou do not leave the coach, me kill thee now so sure as me be a Biscayan." Don Quixote, who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this answer: Wert thou a gentleman †, as thou art not, ere this I would have chastised thy insolence and temerity, thou inconsiderable mortal. What! me no gentleman? replied the Biscayan; I swear thou be liar, as me be christian. If thou throw away lance, and

* The Biscainers generally speak broken Spanish, as is imitated in the original; wherefore the English is rendered accordingly.

† Cavallero in Spanish signifies a gentleman as well as a knight; and being here used, is to be supposed to have caused the difference betwixt don Quixote and the Biscainer.

draw sword, me will make no more of thee than cat does of mouse; me will shew thee me be Biscayan, and gentleman by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman in spite of devil; and thou lye if thou say contrary. I will try titles with you, as the man said, replied don Quixote; and with that throwing away his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his target, and attacked the Biscayan, fully bent on his destruction. The Biscayan seeing him come on so furiously, would gladly have alighted, not trusting to his mule, which was one of those scurvy jades that are let out to hire; but all he had time to do was only to draw his sword, and snatch a cushion out of the coach to serve him instead of a shield; and immediately they assaulted one another with all the fury of mortal enemies. The by-standers did all they could to prevent their fighting; but it was in vain, for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish he would kill his very lady, and all those who presumed to hinder him, if they would not let him fight. The lady in the coach being extremely affrighted at these passages, made her coachman drive out of harm's-way, and at a distance was an eye-witness of the furious combat. At the same time the Biscayan let fall such a mighty blow on don Quixote's shoulder over his target, that had not his armour been sword-proof he would have cleft him down to the very waist. The knight feeling the weight of that immeasurable blow, cried out aloud, Oh! lady of my soul, Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour

cour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to set forth your worth. The breathing out of this short prayer, the griping fast of his sword, the covering of himself with his shield, and the charging of his enemy, was but the work of a moment; for don Quixote was resolved to venture the fortune of the combat all upon one blow. The Biscayan, who read his design in his dreadful countenance, resolved to face him with equal bravery, and stand the terrible shock, with up-listed sword, and covered with the cushion, not being able to manage his jaded mule, who defying the spur, and not being cut out for such pranks, would move neither to the right nor to the left. While don Quixote, with his sword aloft, was rushing upon the wary Biscayan, with a full resolution to cleave him asunder, all the spectators stood trembling with terror and amazement, expecting the dreadful event of those prodigious blows which threatened the two desperate combatants: the lady in the coach, with her women, were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that Providence might deliver them and the squire out of the great danger that threatened them.

But we must here deplore the abrupt end of this history, which the author finishes just at the very point when the fortune of the battle is going to be decided, pretending he could find nothing more recorded of don Quixote's wondrous atchievements than what
he

he had already related. However, the second undertaker of this work could not believe, that so curious a history could lie for ever inevitably buried in oblivion; or that the learned of La Mancha were so regardless of their country's glory, as not to preserve in their archives, or at least in their closets, some memoirs, as monuments of this famous knight; and therefore he would not give over inquiring after the continuation of this pleasant history, till at last he happily found it, as the next book will inform the reader.

THE

T H E
H I S T O R Y

Of the renowned

DON QUIXOTE de la Mancha.

P A R T I. B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

*The event of the most stupendous combat between the
brave Biscayan and the valorous don Quixote.*

WE left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned don Quixote, in the first book of this history, with their swords lifted up, and ready to discharge on each other two furious and most terrible blows, which had they fallen directly, and met with no opposition, would have cut and divided the two combatants from head to heel, and have split them like a pomegranate: but, as I said before, the story remained imperfect; neither did the author inform us where we might find the remaining part of the relation. This made me extremely uneasy, and turned the pleasure, which the perusal of the beginning had afforded me, into disgust, when I had reason to despair of ever seeing the rest. Yet, after all, it seemed to me no less impossible than unjust, that so valiant a knight should have been destitute of some learned person to record his incomparable exploits; a misfortune

a misfortune which never attended any of his predecessors, I mean the knights adventurers, each of whom was always provided with one or two learned men, who were always at hand to write not only their wondrous deeds, but also to set down their thoughts and childish actions, were they never so hidden. Therefore, as I could not imagine that so worthy a knight should be so unfortunate as to want that which has been so profusely lavished on such a one as Platyr, and others of that stamp; I could not induce myself to believe, that so admirable a history was ever left unfinished, and rather chose to think that time, the devourer of all things, had hid or consumed it. On the other side, when I considered that several modern books were found in his study, as, *The Cure of Jealousy*, and *The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, I had reason to think, that the history of our knight could be of no ancient date; and that, had it never been continued, his neighbours and friends could not have forgotten the most remarkable passages of his life. Full of this imagination, I determined forthwith to make a particular and exact inquiry into the life and miracles of our renowned Spaniard, don Quixote, that refulgent glory and mirror of the knighthood of La Mancha; and the first who in these depraved and miserable times devoted himself to the neglected profession of knight-errantry, to redress wrongs and injuries, to relieve widows, and defend the honour of damsels; such of them,

I mean,

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I mean, who in former ages rode up and down over hills and dales with whip in hand, mounted on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, secure from all manner of danger, and who, unless they happened to be ravished by some boistrous villain or huge giant, were sure, at fourteen years of age (all which time they never slept one night under a roof) to be decently laid in their graves, as pure virgins as the mothers that bore them. For this reason, and many others, I say, our gallant don Quixote is worthy everlasting and universal praise: nor ought I to be denied my due commendation for my indefatigable care and diligence, in seeking and finding out the continuation of this delightful history; though after all I must confess, that had not Providence, chance, or fortune, as I will now inform you, assisted me in the discovery, the world had been deprived of two hours diversion and pleasure, which it is likely to afford to those who will read it with attention. One day, being in the * Alcaña at Toledo, I saw a young lad offer to sell a parcel of old written papers to a shopkeeper. Now I being apt to take up the least piece of written or printed papers that lies in my way, though it were in the middle of the street, could not forbear laying my hands on one of the manuscripts to see what it was, and I found it to be written in Arabic, which I could not read. This made

* An exchange; a place full of shops.

me look about to see whether I could find ever a Morisco * that understood Spanish, to read it for me, and give me some account of it; nor was it very difficult to meet with an interpreter there; for had I wanted one for a better and more ancient tongue †, that place would have infallibly supplied me. It was my good fortune to find one immediately; and having informed him of my desire, he no sooner read some lines, but he began to laugh. I asked him what he laughed at? At a certain remark here in the margin of the book, said he. I desired him to explain it; whereupon still laughing, he did it in these words: "This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, is said to have had the best hand for salting of Pork of any woman in La Mancha." I was surprized when I heard him name Dulcinea del Toboso, and presently thought that those old papers contained the history of don Quixote. This made me press him to read the title of the book; which he did, turning it thus extemporary out of Arabic; The history of don Quixote de la Mancha; written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian historiographer. I was so overjoyed when I heard the title, that I had much ado to conceal it; and presently taking the bargain out of the shop-keeper's hand, I agreed with the young man for the whole, and bought that

* A Morisco is one of the race of the Moors.

† Meaning some Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.

for half a real, which he might have sold me for twenty times as much, had he but guessed at the eagerness of his chapman. I instantly withdrew with my purchase to the cloister of the great church, taking the Moor with me; and desired him to translate me those papers that treated of don Quixote, without adding or omitting the least word, offering him any reasonable satisfaction. He asked me but two * arrobes of raisins, and two bushels of wheat, and promised me to do it faithfully with all expedition: in short, for the quicker dispatch, and the greater security, being unwilling to let such a lucky prize go out of my hands, I took the Moor to my own house, where in less than six weeks he finished the whole translation.

Don Quixote's fight with the Biscayan was with the utmost exactitude drawn on one of the leaves of the first quire, in the same posture as we left them, with their swords lifted up over their heads, the one guarding himself with his shield, the other with his cushion. The Biscayan's mule was pictured so to the life, that with half an eye you might have known it to be an hired mule. Under the Biscayan was written Don Sancho de Aspetia, and under Rozinante Don Quixote. Rozinante was so admirably delineated, so slim, so stiff, so lean, so jaded, with so sharp a ridgebone, and altogether so like one wasted with an incurable consumption, that any one

* An Arroba is about 32 lb. weight.

must have owned at first sight, that no horse ever better deserved that name. Not far off stood Sancho * Panza holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet there was a scroll, in which was written Sancho † Canzas: and if we may judge of him by his picture, he was thick and short, paunch-belly'd, and long-haunched; so that in all likelihood for this reason he his sometimes called Panza and sometimes Cariza in the history. There were some other niceties to be seen in that piece, but hardly worth observation, as not giving any light into this true history, otherwise they had not passed unmentioned; for none can be amiss so they be authentic. I must only acquaint the reader, that if any objection is to be made as to the veracity of this, it is only that the author is an Arabian, and those of that country are not a little addicted to lying: but yet, if we consider that they are our enemies, we should sooner imagine, that the author has rather suppressed the truth, than added to the real worth of our knight; and I am the more inclinable to think so, because it is plain, that where he ought to have enlarged on his praises, he maliciously chooses to be silent; a proceeding unworthy of an historian, who ought to be exact, sincere, and impartial; free from passion, and not to be biased either by interest, fear, resentment, or affection, to deviate from truth, which is the mother of history, the preserver and eternizer of great

* Paunch.

† Haunches, or rather thigh-bones.

actions,

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actions, the professed enemy of oblivion, the witness of things passed, and the director of future times. As for this his history, I know it will afford you as great variety as you could wish, in the most entertaining manner; and if in any point it falls short of your expectation, I am of opinion it is more the fault of the infidel * its author, than the subject: and so let us come to the second book, which, according to our translation, began in this manner.

Such were the bold and formidable looks of the two enraged combatants, that with uplifted arms, and with destructive steel, they seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and the infernal mansions; while the spectators seemed entirely lost in fear and astonishment. The choleric Biscayan gave the first blow, and that with so great a force, and so desperate a fury, that had not his sword turned in his hand, that single stroke had put an end to the dreadful combat, and all our knight's adventures. But fate, that reserved him for greater things, so ordered it, that his enemy's sword turned in such a manner, that though it struck him on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side of his head, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet and one half of his ear, which like a dreadful ruin fell together to the ground. Assist me ye powers! but it is in

* Galgo in the original, which properly means a Greyhound, but here it signifies a dog. They call Moors dogs in Spain.

vain : the fury which then engrossed the breast of our hero of La Mancha is not to be expressed ; words would but wrong it ; for what colour of speech can be lively enough to give but a slight sketch or faint image of his unutterable rage ? Exerting all his valour, he raised himself upon his stirrups, and seemed even greater than himself ; and at the same instant gripping his sword fast with both hands, he discharged such a violent blow full on the Biscayan's cushion and his head, that in spite of so good a defence, as if a whole mountain had fallen upon him, the blood gushed out at his mouth, nose, and ears, all at once ; and he tottered so in his saddle, that he had fallen to the ground immediately, had he not caught hold of the neck of his mule : but the dull beast itself being roused out of its stupidity with that terrible blow, began to run about the fields ; and the Biscayan, having lost his stirrups and his hold, with two or three winces the mule shook him off, and threw him on the ground. Don Quixote beheld the disaster of his foe with the greatest tranquility and unconcern imaginable ; and seeing him down, slipped nimbly from his saddle, and running to him, set the point of his sword to his throat, and bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned, that he could make him no reply ; and don Quixote had certainly made good his threats, so provoked was he, had not the ladies in the coach, who with great uneasiness and fear beheld these

sad transactions, hastened to beseech don Quixote very earnestly to spare his life. Truly, beautiful ladies, said the victorious knight, with a great deal of loftiness and gravity, I am willing to grant your request; but upon condition that this same knight shall pass his word of honour to go to Toboso, and there present himself in my name before the peerless lady donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall see convenient. The lady, who was frightened almost out of her senses, without considering what don Quixote enjoined, or enquiring who the lady Dulcinea was, promised in her squire's behalf a punctual obedience to the knight's commands. Let him live then, replied don Quixote, upon your word, and owe to your intercession that pardon which I might justly deny his arrogance.

CHAP. II.

What farther befel don Quixote with the Biscayan; and of the danger he ran among a parcel of Yangueshians.

BEFORE this Sancho Panza had got up again, not much the better for the kicks and thumps bestowed on his carcase by the monks grooms; and seeing his master engaged in fight, he went devoutly to prayers, beseeching heaven to grant him victory, that he might now win some island, in order to his being made governor of it, according to his promise. At last, perceiving the danger was over, the combat at an end, and his master

master ready to mount again, he ran in all haste to help him ; but before the knight could put his foot in the stirrup, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and kissing his hand. An't please your worship, cried he, my good lord don Quixote, I beseech you make me governor of the island you have won in this dreadful and bloody fight ; for though it were never so great, I find myself able to govern it as well as the best he that ever went about to govern an island in all the world. Brother Sancho, replied don Quixote, these are no adventures of islands ; these are only rencounters on the road, where little is to be got besides a broken head, or the loss of an ear : therefore have patience, and some adventure will offer itself, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a government, but even to something more considerable. Sancho gave him a great many thanks ; and having once more kissed his hand, and the skirts of his coat of armour, he helped him to get upon Rozinante ; and then leaping on his ass, he followed the hero ; who, without taking leave of those in the coach, put on a good round pace, and rode into a wood that was not far off. Sancho went after him as fast as his ass would trot ; but finding that Rozinante was like to leave him behind, he was forced to call to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote accordingly checked his horse, and soon gave Sancho leisure to overtake him. Methinks, Sir, said the fearful squire, as soon as he came up with him, it will not be amiss

for us to betake ourselves to some church, to get out of harm's-way; for if that same man whom you have fought with should do otherwise than well, I dare lay my life they will get a warrant from the holy * brotherhood, and have us taken up; which if they do, upon my word it will go hard with us before we can get out of their clutches. Hold thy tongue, cried don Quixote: Where didst thou ever read, or find, that a knight-errant was ever brought before any judge for the homicides which he committed? I cannot tell what you mean by your homilies, replied Sancho; I do not know that ever I say one in my born days, not I: but well I wot, that the law lays hold on those that goes to murder one another in the fields; and for your what d'ye call 'em, I've nothing to say to 'em. Then be not afraid, good Sancho, cried don Quixote; for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, and with much more ease out of those of the holy brotherhood. But come, tell me truly, Dost thou believe that the whole world can boast of another knight that may pretend to rival me in valour? Didst thou ever read in history, that any other ever shewed more resolution to undertake, more vigour to attack, more breath to hold out, more dexterity and activity to strike, and more art and force to overthrow his enemies? Not I, by my troth, replied Sancho, I never did meet with any

* An institution spread through all Spain, to suppress robbers, and make the roads safe to travellers.

thing like you in history; for I neither can read or write; but that which I dare wager is, that I never in my life served a bolder master than your worship: Pray heaven this same boldness may not bring us to what I bid you beware of. All I have to put you in mind of now is, that you get your ear dressed; for you lose a deal of blood! and by good luck I have here some lint and a little white salve in my wallet. How needless would all this have been, cried don Quixote, had I but bethought myself of making a small bottle full of the balsam of fireabrams? a single drop of which would have spared us a great deal of time and medicaments. What is that same balsam, an't please you? cried Sancho. A balsam, answered don Quixote, of which I have the receipt in my head; he that has some of it may defy death itself, and dally with all manner of wounds: therefore when I have made some of it, and given it thee, if at any time thou happenest to see my body cut in two by some unlucky back stroke, as it is common among us knights-errant, thou hast no more to do, but to take up nicely that half of me which is fallen to the ground, and clap it exactly to the other half on the saddle before the blood's congealed, always taking care to lay it just in its proper place; then thou shalt give me two draughts of that balsam, and thou shalt immediately see me become whole, and sound as an apple. If this be true, said Sancho, I will quit you of your promise

about the island this minute of an hour, and will have nothing of your worship for what service I have done, and am to do you, but the receipt of that same balsam : for, I dare say, let me go wherever I will, it will be sure to yield me three good reals an ounce ; and thus I shall make shift to pick a pretty good livelihood out of it. But stay though, continued he, does the making stand your worship in much, Sir ? Three quarts of it, replied don Quixote, may be made for three reals. Body of me, cried Sancho, why do not you make some out of hand, and teach me how to make it ? Say no more, friend Sancho, replies don Quixote ; I intend to teach thee much greater secrets, and design thee nobler rewards ; but in the mean time dress my ear, for it pains me more than I could wish. Sancho then took his lint and ointment out of his wallet ; but when don Quixote perceived the vizor of his helmet was broken, he had like to have run stark-staring mad ; then laying hold of his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, By the great Creator of the universe, cried he, by every syllable contained in the four holy evangelists, I swear to lead a life like the great marquis of Mantua, when he made a vow to revenge the death of his cousin Baldwin ; which was, never to eat bread on a table-cloth, never to lie with the dear partner of his bed, and other things, which, though they are at present slipped out of my memory, I comprize in my vow no less than if I had now mentioned them ;

them ; and this I bind myself to, till I have fully revenged myself on him that has done me this injury.

Good your worship, cried Sancho, (amazed to hear him take such a horrid oath) think on what you are doing ; for if that same knight has done as you bid him, and gone and cast himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I do not see but you and he are quit ; and the man deserves no further punishment, unless he does you some other mischief. It is well observed, replied don Quixote ; and therefore as to the point of revenge, I revoke my oath ; but I renew and confirm the rest, protesting solemnly to lead the life I have mentioned, till I have by force of arms despoiled some knight of as good a helmet as mine was. Neither do thou fancy, Sancho, that I make this protestation lightly, or make a smoke of straw : no, I have a laudable precedent for it, the authority of which will sufficiently justify my imitation ; for the very same thing happened about Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear*. Good sir, quoth Sancho, let all such cursing and swearing go to the devil ; there's nothing can be worse for your soul's health, nay for your bodily health neither. Besides, suppose we should not this good while meet any one with a helmet on, what a sad case should we then be in ? will your worship then keep your oath in spite of so many hardships, such as to lie

* The story is in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*,

rough for a month together, far from any inhabited place, and a thousand other idle penances which that mad old marquis of Mantua punish'd himself with by his vow? Do but consider, that we may ride I don't know how long upon this road without meeting any arm'd knight to pick a quarrel with; for here are none but carriers and waggoners, who are so far from wearing any helmets, that it is ten to one whether they ever heard of such a thing in their lives. Thou art mistaken, friend Sancho, replied don Quixote; for we shall not be two hours this way without meeting more men in arms than there were at the siege of Albraca, to carry off the fair Angelica*. Well then, let it be so, quoth Sancho; and may we have the luck to come off well, and quickly win that island which costs me so dear; and then I do not matter what befalls me. I have already bid thee not trouble thyself about this business, Sancho, said don Quixote; for should we miss of an island, there is either the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa†, as fit for thy purpose as a ring to thy finger; and what ought to be no small comfort to thee, they are both upon Terra firma‡. But we will talk of this in its proper season: at this time I would have thee

* Meaning king Marsilio, and the thirty two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. Ariosto.

† A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.

‡ In allusion to the famous Firm Island, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.

see whether thou hast any thing to eat in thy wallet, that we may afterwards seek for some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam I told thee of: for I protest my ear smarts extremely. I have here an onion, replied the squire, a piece of cheese, and a few stale crusts of bread; but sure such coarse fare is not for such a brave knight as your worship. Thou art grossly mistaken, friend Sancho, answered don Quixote: know, that it is the glory of knights-errant to be whole months without eating: and when they do, they fall upon the first thing they meet with, though it be never so homely. Hadst thou but read as many books as I have done, thou hadst been better informed as to that point: for, though I think I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find, that the knights-errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, or when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets; at other times they indulged themselves with little other food beside their thoughts. Though it is not to be imagined they could live without supplying the exigencies of human nature, as being after all no more than mortal men; yet it is likewise to be supposed, that as they spent the greatest part of their lives in forests and deserts, and always destitute of a cook, consequently their usual food was but such coarse country fare as thou now offerest me. Never then make thyself uneasy about what pleases me, friend Sancho;

nor

nor pretend to make a new world, nor to unhinge the very constitution and ancient customs of knight-errantry. I beg your worship's pardon, cried Sancho: for as I never was bred a scholar, I may chance to have missed in some main point of your laws of knighthood; but from this time forward I will be sure to stock my wallet with all sorts of dry fruits for you, because your worship is a knight: as for myself, who am none, I will provide good poultry and other substantial victuals. I do not say, Sancho, replied don Quixote, that a knight-errant is obliged to feed altogether on fruit; I only mean, that this was their common food, together with some roots and herbs, which they found up and down the fields, of all which they had a perfect knowledge, as I myself have. It is a good thing to know those herbs, cried Sancho: for, if I am not much mistaken, that kind of knowledge will stand us in good stead before long. In the meantime, continued he, here is what good heaven has sent us. With that he pulled out the provision he had, and they fell to heartily together. But their impatience to find out a place where they might be harboured that night, made them shorten their sorry meal, and mount again, for fear of being benighted: so away they put on in search of a lodging. But the sun and their hopes failed them at once, as they came to a place where some goat-herds had set up some small huts; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging

lodging there that night. This was as great a mortification to Sancho, who was altogether for a good town, as it was a pleasure to his master, who was for sleeping in the open field, as believing that, as often as he did it, he confirmed his title to knighthood by a new act of possession.

C H A P. III.

What passed between don Quixote and the goat-herds.

THE knight was very courteously received by the goat-herds; and as for Sancho, after he had set up Rozinante and his ass as well as he could, he presently repaired to the attractive smell of some pieces of kid's flesh which stood boiling in a kettle over the fire. The hungry squire would immediately have tried whether they were fit to be removed out of the kettle into the stomach; but was not put to that trouble: for the goat-herds took them off the fire, and spread some sheep-skins on the ground, and soon got their rural feast ready; and cheerfully invited his master and him to partake of what they had. Next, with some coarse compliments, after the country way, they desired don Quixote to sit down on a trough with the bottom upwards; and then six of them, who were all that belonged to that fold, squatted them down round the skins, while Sancho stood to wait upon his master, and give him drink in a horn cup, which the goat-

goat-herds used. But he seeing his man stand behind, said to him, That thou mayest understand, Sancho, the benefits of knight-errantry, and how the meanest retainers to it have a fair prospect of being speedily esteemed and honoured by the world, it is my pleasure that thou sit thee down by me, in the company of these good people; and that there be no difference now observed between thee and me, thy natural lord and master; that thou eat in the same dish, and drink in the same cup: for it may be said of knight-errantry, as of love, that it makes all things equal. I thank your worship, cried Sancho; but yet I must needs own, had I but a great deal of meat before me, I could eat it as well, or rather better, standing, and by myself, than if I sat by an emperor; and, to deal plainly and truly with you, I had rather munch a crust of brown bread and an onion in a corner, without any more ado or ceremony, than feed upon turkey at another man's table, where one is fain to sit mincing and chewing his meat an hour together, drink little, be always wiping his fingers and his chops, and never dare to cough nor sneeze, though he has never so much a mind to it, nor do many things which a body may do freely by one's self: therefore, good sir, change those tokens of your kindness, which I have a right to by being your worship's squire, into something that may do me more good. As for these same honours, I heartily thank you as much as if I had accepted them; but

but yet I give up my right to them from this time to the world's end. Say no more, replied don Quixote, but sit thee down ; for the humble shall be exalted : and so pulling him by the arms, he forced him to sit by him.

All this while the goat-herds, who did not understand this jargon of knights-errant, chivalry, and squires, fed heartily, and said nothing, but stared upon their guests ; who very fairly swallowed whole luncheons as big as their fists with a mighty appetite. The first course being over, they brought in the second, consisting of dried acorns, and half a cheese as hard as a brick : nor was the horn idle all the while, but went merrily round up and down so many times, sometimes full, and sometimes empty, like the two buckets of a well, that they made shift at last to drink off one of the two skins of wine which they had there. And now don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, he took a handful of acorns, and looking earnestly upon them ; O happy age, cried he, which our first parents called the golden age ! not because gold, so much adored in this iron-age, was then easily purchased ; but because those two fatal words, mine and thine, were distinctions unknown to the people of those fortunate times ; for all things were in common in that holy age. Men, for their sustenance, needed only to lift their hands, and take it from the sturdy oak, whose spreading arms liberally invited them to gather the wholesome savoury
Fruit ;

fruit; while the clear springs, and silver rivulets, with luxuriant plenty, offered them their pure refreshing water. In hollow trees, and in the clefts of rocks, the labouring and industrious bees erected their little commonwealths, that men might reap with pleasure and with ease the sweet and fertile harvest of their toils. The tough and strenuous cork-trees did of themselves, and without other art than their native liberality, dismiss and impart their broad light bark, which served to cover those lowly huts, propped up with rough-hewn stakes, that were first built as a shelter against the inclemencies of the air: all then was union, all peace, all love and friendship, in the world: as yet no rude plough-share presumed with violence to pry into the pious bowels of our mother-earth; for she, without compulsion, kindly yielded, from every part of her fruitful and spacious bosom, whatever might at once satisfy, sustain, and indulge her frugal children. Then was the time when innocent beautiful young shepherdesses went tripping over the hills and vales: their lovely hair sometimes plaited, sometimes loose and flowing, clad in no other vestment but what was necessary to cover decently what modesty would always have concealed: the Tyrian dye, and the rich glossy hue of silk, tortured and dissembled in every colour, which are now esteemed so fine and magnificent, were unknown to the innocent plainness of that age; yet, bedecked with more becoming leaves and flowers, they may be said

to outshine the proudest of the vain-dressing ladies of our age, arrayed in the most magnificent garbs, and all the most sumptuous adornings, which idleness and luxury have taught succeeding pride : lovers then expressed the passion of their souls in the unaffected language of the heart, with the native plainness and sincerity in which they were conceived, and divested of all that artificial contexture, which enervates what it labours to enforce : imposture, deceit, and malice had not yet crept in, and imposed themselves unbribed upon mankind in the disguise of truth and simplicity : justice, unbiassed either by favour or interest, which now so fatally pervert it, was equally and impartially dispensed ; nor was the judges fancy, law, for then there were neither judges, nor causes to be judged ; the modest maid might walk where-ever she pleased alone, free from the attacks of lewd lascivious importuners. But in this degenerate age, fraud and a legion of ills infecting the world, no virtue can be safe, no honour be secure ; while wanton desires, diffused into the hearts of men, corrupt the strictest watches, and the closest retreats ; which, though as intricate and unknown as the labyrinth of Crete, are no security for chastity. Thus that primitive innocence being vanished, and oppression daily prevailing, there was a necessity to oppose the torrent of violence : for which reason the order of knighthood-errant was instituted, to defend the honour of vir-

gins, protect widows, relieve orphans, and assist all the distressed in general. Now I myself am one of this order, honest friends; and though all people are obliged by the law of nature to be kind to persons of my order, yet since you, without knowing any thing of this obligation, have so generously entertained me, I ought to pay you my utmost acknowledgment; and, accordingly, return you my most hearty thanks for the same.

All this long oration, which might very well have been spared, was owing to the acorns that recalled the golden age to our knight's remembrance, and made him thus hold forth to the goat-herds, who devoutly listened, but edified little, the discourse not being suited to their capacities. Sancho, as well as they, was silent all the while, eating acorns, and frequently visiting the second skin of wine, which for coolness-sake was hung upon a neighbouring cork-tree. As for don Quixote, he was longer, and more intent upon his speech than upon his supper. When he had done, one of the goat-herds addressing himself to him, Sir knight, said he, that you may be sure you are heartily welcome, we will get one of our fellows to give us a song; he is just a coming: a good notable young lad he is, I will say that for him, and up to the ears in love. He is a scholar, and can read and write; and plays so rarely upon the * Rebeck, that it is

* A fiddle, with only three strings, used by shepherds.

a charm

a charm but to hear him. No sooner were the words out of the goat-herd's mouth, but they heard the sound of the instrument he spoke of; and presently appeared a good comely young man of about two and twenty years of age. The goat-herds asked him if he had supped? And he having told them he had, Then, dear Antonio, says the first speaker, pr'ythee sing us a song, to let this gentleman, our guest, see that we have those among us who know somewhat of music, for all we live amidst woods and mountains. We have told him of thee already; therefore pr'ythee make our words good, and sing us the ditty thy uncle the prebendary made of thy love, that was so liked in our town. With all my heart, replied Antonio; and so, without any further intreaty, sitting down on the stump of an oak, he tuned his fiddle, and very handsomely sung the following song.

ANTONIO'S *amorous complaint.*

TH O' love ne'er prattles at your eyes,
(The eyes those silent tongues of love)

Yet sure, Olalia, you're my prize:

For truth, with zeal, ev'n heav'n can move.

I think my love you only try,

Ev'n while I fear you've seal'd my doom:

So, though involv'd in doubts I lie,

Hope sometimes glimmers thro' the gloom.

A flame so fierce, so bright, so pure,

No scorn can quench, or art improve:

Thus like a martyr I endure;

For there's a heav'n to crown my love.

In dress and dancing I have strove
 My proudest rivals to outvy:
 In serenades I've breath'd my love,
 When all things slept but love and I.
 I need not add, I speak your praise
 Till every nymph's disdain I move;
 Tho' thus a thousand soes I raise,
 'Tis sweet to praise the fair I love.
 Teresa once your charms debas'd;
 But I her rudeness soon reprov'd:
 In vain her friend my anger fac'd;
 For then I fought for her I lov'd.
 Dear cruel fair, why then so coy?
 How can you so much love withstand?
 Alas! I crave no lawless joy,
 But with my heart would give my hand.
 Soft, easy, strong is Hymen's tye:
 Oh! then no more the blifs refuse.
 Oh! wed me, or I swear to die,
 Or linger wretched and recluse.

Here Antonio finished his song: Don
 Quixote intreated him to sing another; but
 Sancho Panza, who had a greater mind to
 sleep than to hear the finest singing in the
 world, told his master, There is enough.
 Good sir, quoth he, your worship had bet-
 ter go and lie down where you are to take
 your rest this night; besides, these good peo-
 ple are tired with their day's labour, and ra-
 ther want to go to rest, than to sit up all
 night to hear ballads. I understand thee,
 Sancho, cried don Quixote; and indeed I
 thought thy frequent visiting the bottle would
 make thee sonder of sleep than of music.
 Make

Make us thankful, cried Sancho; we all liked the wine well enough. I do not deny it, answered don Quixote; but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleasest; as for me, it better becomes a man of my profession to wake than to sleep: yet stay and dress my ear before thou goest; for it pains me extremely. Thereupon one of the goat-herds beholding the wound, as Sancho offered to dress it, desired the knight not to trouble himself; for he had a remedy that would quickly cure him: and then fetching a few rosemary leaves, which grew in great plenty thereabout, he bruised them, and mixed a little salt among them; and having applied the medicine to the ear, he bound it up, assuring him, he needed no other remedy: which in a little time proved very true.

CHAP. IV.

The story which a young goat herd related to those that were with don Quixote.

A Young fellow, who used to bring them provisions from the next village, happened to come while this was doing; and addressing himself to the goat-herds, Hark ye, friends, said he, do ye hear the news? What news? cried one of the company. That fine shepherd and scholar Chrysostome died this morning, answered the other; and they say it was for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcella, rich William's daughter, that goes up and down the country in the habit of a shepherdess. For Marcella! cried one of the

the

the goat-herds. I say for her, replied the fellow, and what is more: it is reported, he has ordered by his will, they should bury him in the fields, like any heathen moor, just at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree-fountain, where they say he had the first sight of her. Nay, he has likewise ordered many other strange things to be done, which the heads of the parish will not allow of; for they seem to be after the way of the Pagans. But Ambrose, the other scholar, who likewise apparelled himself like a shepherd, is resolved to have his friend Chrysostome's will fulfilled in every thing, just as he has ordered it. All the village is in an uproar. But, after all, it is thought Ambrose and his friends will carry the day; and to-morrow morning he is to be buried in great state where I told you. I fancy it will be worth seeing; howsoever, be it what it will, I will go and see it, even though I could not get back again to-morrow. We will all go, cried the goat-herds, and cast lots, who shall tarry to look after the goats. Well said, Peter, cried one of the goat-herds; but as for casting of lots, I will save you that labour; for I will stay myself, not so much out of kindness to you neither, or want of curiosity, as because of the thorn in my toe, that will not let me go. Thank you, however, quoth Peter. Don Quixote, who heard all this, intreated Peter to tell him who the deceased was, and also to give him a short account of the shepherdes.

Peter

Peter made answer, that all he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, who lived not far off; that he had been several years at the university of Salamanca, and then came home greatly improved in his learning. But, above all, quoth he, it was said of him, that he had great knowledge in the stars, and whatsoever the sun and moon do in the skies; for he would tell us to a tittle the clip of the sun and moon. We call it an eclipse, cried don Quixote, and not a clip, when either of those two great luminaries are darkened. He would also (continued Peter, who did not stand upon such nice distinctions) foretell when the year would be plentiful or estil. You would say steril, cried don Quixote. Steril, or Estil, replied the fellow, that is all one to me: but this I say, that his parents and friends, being ruled by him, grew wondrous rich in a short time; for he would tell them, This year sow barley, and no wheat: in this you may sow pease, and no barley: next year will be a good year for oil: the three after that, you shall not gather a drop: and whatsoever he said would certainly come to pass. That science, said don Quixote, is called astrology. I do not know what you call it, answered Peter; but I know he knew all this, and a great deal more. But, in short, within some few months after he had left the university, on a certain morning we saw him come dressed for all the world like a shepherd, and driving his flock, having laid down the
long

long gown, which he used to wear as a scholar. At the same time one Ambrose, a great friend of his, who had been his fellow-scholar also, took upon him to go like a shepherd, and keep him company; at which we all did not a little marvel. I had almost forgot to tell you how he that was dead was a mighty man for making of verses, insomuch that he commonly made the carols which we sung on Christmas-eve; and the plays which the young men in our neighbourhood enacted on Corpus Christi day; and every one would say, that no body could mend them. Somewhat before that time Chrysoftome's father died, and left him a deal of wealth, both in land, money, cattle, and other goods, whereof the young man remained dissolute master; and, in troth, he deserved it all; for he was as good-natured a soul as ever trod on shoe of leather; mighty good to the poor, a main friend to all honest people, and had a face like a blessing. At last it came to be known, that the reason of his altering his garb in that fashion was only that he might follow that shepherdes Marcella, whom our comrade told you of before, for he was fallen mightily in love with her. And now I will tell you such a thing you never heard the like in your born days, and may not chance to hear of such another while you breathe, though you were to live as long as Sarnah. Say Sarah, cried don Quixote; who hated to hear him blunder thus. The Sarna, or the itch, (for that is all one with us, quoth Peter) lives long

long enough too; but if you go on thus, and make me break off my tale at every word, we are not like to have done this twelve-month.

Pardon me, friend, replied don Quixote; I only spoke to make thee understand that there's a difference between Sarna and Sarah: however, thou sayest well, for the Sarna (that is, the itch) lives longer than Sarah; therefore pray make an end of thy story, for I will not interrupt thee any more. Well then, quoth Peter, you must know, good master of mine, that there lived near us one William, a yeoman, who was richer than Chrysofome's father: now he had no child in the versal world but a daughter; her mother died in child-bed of her (rest her soul) and was as good a woman as ever went upon two legs: methinks I see her standing before me, with that blessed face of her's, the sun on the one side, and the moon on the other. She was a main house-wife, and did a deal of good among the poor; for which I dare say, she is at this minute in paradise. Alas! her death broke old Williams heart, he soon went after her, poor man, and left all to his little daughter, Marcella by name, giving charge of her to her uncle, the parson of our parish. Well, the girl grew such a fine child, and so like her mother, that it used to put us in mind of her every foot: however it was thought she would make a finer woman yet; and so it happened indeed: for, by that time she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, no man set his eyes on her, that did not bless heaven for having made her so handsome; so that most men fell in
love

love with her, and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her uncle kept her up very close : yet the report of her great beauty and wealth spread far and near, insomuch, that she had I do not know how many sweet-hearts : almost all the young men in our town asked her of her uncle ; nay, from I do not know how many leagues about us, there flocked whole droves of suitors, and the very best in the county too, who all begged and sued, and teased her uncle to let them have her. But though he would have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, as soon as she was fit for a husband, yet would not he advise or marry her against her will ; for he is a good man, I will say that for him, and a true christian every inch of him, and scorns to keep her from marrying to make a benefit of her estate ; and, to his praise be it spoken, he has been mainly commended for it more than once, when the people of our parish meet together. For I must tell you, sir Errant, that here in the country, and in our little towns, there is not the least thing can be said or done, but people will talk and find fault : but let busy-bodies prate as they please, the parson must have been a good body indeed, who could bring his whole parish to give him a good word, especially in the country. Thou art in the right, cried don Quixote ; and therefore go on, honest Peter ; for the story is pleasant, and thou tellest it with a grace. May I never want God's grace, quoth Peter, for that is most to the purpose. But for our parson,

son, as I told you before, he was not for keeping his niece from marrying; and therefore he took care to let her know of all those that would have taken her to wife, both what they were, and what they had; and he was often at her, to persuade her to pitch upon one of them for a husband; yet would she never answer otherwise, but that she had no mind to wed as yet, as finding herself too young for the burden of wedlock. With these and such like excuses, she got her uncle to let her alone, and wait till she thought fit to choose for herself: for he was used to say, that parents are not to bestow their children where they have no liking; and in that he spoke like an honest man. And thus it happened, that when we least dreamed of it, that coy lass, finding herself at liberty, would needs turn shepherdess, and neither her uncle, nor all those of the village who advised her against it, could work any thing upon her, but away she went to the fields to keep her own sheep with the other young lasses of the town. But then it was ten times worse; for no sooner was she seen abroad, when I cannot tell how many spruce gallants, both gentlemen and rich farmers, changed their garb for love of her, and followed her up and down in shepherd's guise. One of them, as I have told you, was this same Chrysostome, who now lies dead, of whom it is said, he not only loved, but worshipped her. Howsoever I would not have you think or surmise, because Marcella took that course

of life, and was as it were under no manner of keeping, that she gave the least token of naughtiness or light behaviour; for she ever was, and is still so coy, and so watchful to keep her honour pure and free from evil tongues, that among so many wooers who court her, there's not one can make his brags of having the least hope of ever speeding with her. For though she does not shun the company of shepherds, but uses them courteously, so far as they behave themselves handsomely; yet whensoever any of them does but offer to break his mind to her, be it never so well meant, and only in order to marry, she casts him away from her, as with a sling, and will never have any more to say to him.

And thus this fair maiden does more harm in this country, than the plague would do; for her courtesousness and fair looks draw on every body to love her: but then her dogged stubborn coyness breaks their hearts, and makes them ready to hang themselves; and all they can do, poor wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and many such names, whereby they plainly shew what a sad condition they are in: were you but to stay here some time, you would hear these hills and vallies ring again with the doleful moans of those she has denied, who yet cannot for the blood of them give over sneaking after her. We have a place not far off, where there are about two dozen of beech-trees, and on them all you may

may find I know not how many Marcella's cut in the smooth bark. On some of them there is a crown carved over the name, as much as to say that Marcella bears away the crown, and deserves the garland of beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there another whines; here is one singing doleful ditties, there another is wringing his hands and making woful complaints. You shall have one lay him down at night at the foot of a rock, or some oak, and there lie weeping and wailing without a wink of sleep, and talking to himself till the sun finds him the next morning; you shall have another lie stretched upon the hot sandy ground, breathing his sad lamentations to heaven, without heeding the sultry heat of the summer-sun. And all this while the hard-hearted Marcella never minds any one of them, and does not seem to be the least concerned for them. We are all mightily at a loss to know what will be the end of all this pride and coyness, who shall be the happy man that shall at last tame her, and bring her to his mind. Now because there is nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give credit to what our comrade has told us, as to the occasion of Chrysofome's death; and therefore I would needs have you go and see him laid in his grave to-morrow; which I believe will be worth your while; for he had many friends, and it is not half a league to the place where it was his will to be buried. I intend to be there, answered don Quixote, and in the

mean time I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary satisfaction that this story has afforded me. Alas! Sir knight, replied the goat-herd, I have not told you half the mischiefs this proud creature hath done here, but to-morrow perhaps we shall meet some shepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Mean while it will not be amiss for you to take your rest in one of the huts; for the open air is not good for your wound, though what I have put to it is so special a medicine, that there is not much need to fear but it will do well enough. Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the goat-herd's long story, and wished him at the devil for his pains, at last prevailed with him to lie down in Peter's hut, where don Quixote, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, devoted the remainder of the night to amorous expostulations with his dear Dulcinea. As for Sancho, he laid himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a disconsolate lover, but like a man that had been soundly kicked and bruised in the morning.

CHAP. V.

A continuation of the story of Marcella.

SCARCE had day began to appear from the balconies of the east, when five of the goat-herds got up, and having waked don Quixote, asked him if he held his resolution
of

of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight, who nothing more desired, presently arose, and ordered Sancho to get Rozinante and the ass ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they set forwards. They had not yet gone a quarter of a league before they saw advancing towards them, out of a cross path, six shepherds clad in black skins, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rose-bay-tree, with long holly-staves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horseback, attended by three young lads on foot, came directly after them: as they came near, they saluted each other civilly, and after the usual question, Which way are you travelling? they found they were all going the same way to see the funeral, and so they all joined company. I imagine, senior Vivaldo, said one of the gentleman, addressing himself to the other, we shall not find our time mispent in going to see this famous funeral; for it must of necessity be very extraordinary, according to the account which these men have given us of the dead shepherd and his murdering mistress. I am so far of your opinion, answered Vivaldo, that I would not only stay one day, but a whole week, rather than miss the sight. This gave don Quixote occasion to ask them what they had heard concerning Chrysothome and Marcella? One of the gentlemen made answer, That having met that morning with those shepherds, they could not forbear in-

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quiring

quiring of them, why they wore such a mournful dress? Whereupon one of them acquainted them with the sad occasion, by relating the story of a certain shepherdes, named Marcella, no less lovely than cruel, whose coyness and disdain has made a world of unfortunate lovers, and caused the death of that Chrysostome, to whose funeral they were going. In short, he repeated to don Quixote all that Peter had told him the night before. After this, Vivaldo asked the knight why he travelled so compleatly armed in so peaceable a country? My profession, answered the champion, does not permit me to ride otherwise. Luxurious feasts, sumptuous dresses, and downy ease, were invented for effeminate courtiers; but labour, vigilance, and arms, are the portion of those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the most unworthy, and the meanest of the fraternity. He needed to say no more to satisfy them his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better understand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by a knight-errant? Have you not read then, said don Quixote, the annals and history of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of king Arthur, who, according to antient tradition in that kingdom, never died, but was turned into a crow by enchantment, and shall one day resume his former shape, and recover his kingdom again? For which reason since that time, the people

ple of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a crow. In this good king's reign, the most noble order of the knights of the round table was first instituted, and then also the amours between sir Lancelot of the Lake and queen Guinever were really transacted, as that history relates; they being managed and carried on by the mediation of that honourable matron the lady Quintaniona. Which produced that excellent history in verse, so sung and celebrated here in Spain.

There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he sir Lancelot hight,
When first he left his country dear.

And the rest, which gives so delightful an account both of his love and fears of arms. From that time the order of knight-errantry began by degrees to dilate and extend itself into most parts of the world. Then did the great Amadis de Gaul signalize himself by heroick exploits, and so did his offspring to the fifth generation. The valorous Felixmart of Hyrcania than got immortal fame, and that undaunted knight Tirante the White, who never can be applauded to his worth. Nay, had we but lived a little sooner, we might have been blessed with the conversation of that invincible knight of our modern times, the valorous don Belianis of Greece. And this, gentlemen, is that order of chivalry, which, as much a
sinner

sinner as I am, I profess, with a due observance of the laws which those brave knights observed before me; and for that reason I chuse to wander through these solitary deserts, seeking adventures; fully resolved to expose my person to the most formidable dangers which fortune can obtrude on me, that by the strength of my arm I may relieve the weak and the distressed.

After all this stuff, you may be certain the travellers were sufficiently convinced of don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they less surprized than were all those who had hitherto discovered so unaccountable distraction in one who seemed a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay disposition, had no sooner made the discovery, but he resolved to make the best advantage of it, that the shortness of the way would allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occasion to divert them with his whimsies, Methinks, sir knight-errant, said he to him, you have taken up one of the strictest and most mortifying professions in the world. I do not think but that a Carthusian friar has a better time on it than you have. Perhaps, answered don Quixote, the profession of a Carthusian may be as austere; but I am within two fingers breadth of doubting, whether it may be as beneficial to the world as ours. For, if we must speak the truth, the soldier, who puts his captain's command in execution, may be said to do as much at least

as the captain who commanded him. The application is easy : for, while those religious men have nothing to do, but with all quietness and security to say their prayers for the prosperity of the world, we knights, like soldiers, execute what they do but pray for, and procure those benefits to mankind, by the strength of our arms, and at the hazard of our lives, for which they only intercede. Nor do we this sheltered from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, exposed to summer's scorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. So that we may justly stile ourselves the ministers of heaven, and the instruments of its justice upon earth ; and as the business of war is not to be compassed without vast toil and labour, so the religious soldier must undoubtedly be preferred before the religious monk, who living still quiet and at ease, has nothing to do but to pray for the afflicted and distressed. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I would insinuate as if the profession of a knight-errant was a state of perfection equal to that of a holy recluse : I would only infer from what I have said, and what I myself endure, that ours without question is more laborious, more subject to the discipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to the penance of hunger and thirst, and, in a word, to rags, to want and misery. For if you find that some knights-errant have at last by their valour been raised to thrones and empires, you may be
sure

sure it has been still at the expence of much sweat and blood. And had even those happier knights been deprived of those assisting sages and enchanters, who helped them in all emergencies, they would have been strangely disappointed of their mighty expectations. I am of the same opinion, replied Vivaldo. But one thing among many others, which I can by no means approve in your profession, is, that when you are just going to engage in some very hazardous adventure, where your lives are evidently to be much endangered, you never once remember to commend yourselves to God, as every good Christian ought to do on such occasions, but only recommend yourselves to your mistresses, and that with as great zeal and devotion as if you worshipped no other deity; a thing which, in my opinion, strongly relishes of Paganism. Sir, replied don Quixote, there is no altering that method; for should a knight-errant do otherwise, he would too much deviate from the antient and established customs of knight-errantry, which inviolably oblige him, just in the moment when he is rushing on, and giving birth to some dubious achievement, to have his mistress still before his eyes, still present to his mind, by a strong and lively imagination, and with soft, amorous, and energetick looks imploring her favour and protection in that perilous circumstance. Nay, if no body can overhear him, he is obliged to whisper, or speak
between

between his teeth, some short ejaculations, to recommend himself with all the fervency imaginable to the lady of his wishes, and of this we have innumerable examples in history. Nor are you for all this to imagine that knights-errant omit recommending themselves to heaven; for they have leisure enough to do it even in the midst of the combat.

Sir, replied Vivaldo, you must give me leave to tell you, I am not yet thoroughly satisfied in this point: for I have often observed in my reading, that two knights-errant, having first talked a little together, have fallen out presently, and been so highly provoked, that having turned their horses heads to gain room for the career, they have wheeled about, and then with all speed run full tilt at one another, hastily recommending themselves to their mistresses in the midst of their career; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of them has been thrown to the ground over the crupper of his horse, fairly run through and through with his enemies lance; and the other forced to catch hold of his horse's main to keep himself from falling. Now I cannot apprehend how the knight that was slain had any time to recommend himself to heaven, when his business was done so suddenly. Methinks those hasty invocations, which in his career were directed to his mistress, should have been directed to heaven, as every good Christian would have done.

Besides,

Besides, I fancy every knight-errant has not a mistress to invoke, nor is every one of them in love. Your conjecture is wrong, replied don Quixote; a knight-errant cannot be without a mistress; it is not more essential for the skies to have stars, than it is to us to be in love. Insomuch, that I dare affirm, that no history ever made mention of any knight-errant, that was not a lover: for were any knight free from the impulses of that generous passion, he would not be allowed to be a lawful knight; but a base born intruder, and one who was not admitted within the pale of knighthood at the door, but leaped the fence, and stole in like a robber and a thief. Yet, sir, replied the other, I am much mistaken, or I have read that don Galaor, the brother of Amadis, never had any certain mistress to recommend himself to; and yet, for all that, he was not the less esteemed. One swallow never makes a summer, answered don Quixote. Besides, I know, that knight was privately very much in love; and as for his making his addresses, wherever he met with beauty, that was an effect of his natural inclination, which he could not easily restrain. But after all, it is an undeniable truth, that he had a favourite lady, whom he had crowned empress of his will; and to her he frequently recommended himself in private, for he did not a little value himself upon his discretion and secrecy in love. Then, sir, said Vivaldo, since it is so much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I presume

presume you who are of that profession cannot be without a mistress. And therefore, if you do not set up for secrecy as much as don Galaor did, give me leave to beg of you in the name of all the company, that you will be pleased so far to oblige us, as to let us know the name and quality of your mistress, the place of her birth, and the charms of her person. For without doubt, the lady cannot but esteem herself happy in being known to all the world to be the object of the wishes of a knight so accomplished as yourself. With that don Quixote breathing out a deep sigh, I cannot tell, said he, whether this lovely enemy of my repose is the least affected with the world's being informed of her power over my heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your request is, that her name is *Dulcinea*, her country *La Mancha*, and *Toboso* the happy place which she honours with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my mistress and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assigned to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when applied to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centered. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold; her smooth forehead the Elysian Plain; her brows are two celestial bows; her eyes two glorious suns; her cheeks two beds of roses; her lips

are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaster; her breasts marble; her hands ivory; and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom. Then for the parts which modesty has veiled, my imagination, not to wrong them, chuses to lose itself in silent admiration; for nature boasts nothing that may give an idea of their incomparable worth. Pray, sir, said Vivaldo, oblige us with an account of her parentage, and the place of her birth, to compleat the description. Sir, replied don Quixote, she is not descended from the antient Curtius's, Caius's, nor Scipio's of Rome, nor from the more modern Colonna's, nor Ursini's; nor from the Moncada's, and Requesens's of Catalonia; nor from the Rebilla's, and Villanova's of Valencia; nor from the Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Ureas, Foze's, or Gurrea's of Arragon; nor from the Cerda's, Manriquez's, Mendoza's, and Gufmans of Castile; nor from the Alencastro's, Palla's, and Menezes of Portugal; but she derives her great original from the family of Toboso in La Mancha, a race, which though it be modern, is sufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious progenies of succeeding ages. And let no man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon these conditions, which Zerbin fixed at the foot of Orlando's armour.

Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dare Orlando's fury face.

I draw

I draw my pedigree from the Cachopines of Laredo, replied Vivaldo, yet I dare not make any comparisons with the Toboso's of La Mancha; though to deal sincerely with you, it is a family I never heard of till this moment. It is strange, replied Don Quixote, you should never have heard of it before.

All the rest of the company gave great attention to this discourse; and even the very goat-herds and shepherds were now fully convinced that don Quixote's brains were turned topsy-turvey. But Sancho Panza believed every word that dropped from his master's mouth to be truth, as having known him, from his cradle, to be a man of sincerity. Yet that which somewhat staggered his faith, was this story of Dulcinea of Toboso; for he was sure he had never heard before of any such princess, nor even of the name, though he lived by Toboso.

As they went on thus discoursing, they saw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty shepherds more, all accoutered in black skins with garlands on their heads, which, as they afterwards perceived, were all of yew or cypress; six of them carried a bier covered with several sorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goat-herds espying, Those are they, said he, that are carrying poor Chrysothome to his grave; and it was in yonder bottom that he gave charge they should bury his corpse. This made them all double their

H 2

pace,

pace, that they might get thither in time ; and so they arrived just as the bearers had sat down the bier upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their spades, just at the foot of a rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condoled their mutual loss ; and then don Quixote, with those who came with him, went to view the bier ; where they saw the dead body of a young man in shepherd's weeds all strewed over with flowers. The deceased seemed to be about thirty years old ; and, dead as he was, it was easily perceived that both his face and shape were extraordinary handsome. Within the bier were some few books and several papers, some open, and the rest folded up. This doleful object so strangely filled all the company with sadness, that not only the beholders, but also the grave-makers, and all the mourning shepherds remained a long time silent ; till at last one of the bearers, addressing himself to one of the rest, Look, Ambrose, cried he, whether this be the place which Chrysostome meant, since you must needs have his will so punctually performed ? This is the very place, answered the other : there it was that my unhappy friend many times told me the sad story of his cruel fortune ; there it was that he first saw that mortal enemy of mankind ; there it was that he made the first discovery of his passion, no less innocent than violent ; there it was that the relentless Marcella last denied, shunned him, and drove him to that extremity of sor-





The Burial of Chrysostome

row and despair that hastened the sad catastrophe of his tragical and miserable life; and there it was, that, in token of so many misfortunes, he desired to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then addressing himself to don Quixote and the rest of the travellers, This body, gentlemen, said he, which here you now behold, was once enlivened by a soul which heaven had enriched with the greatest part of its most valuable graces. This is the body that Chrysothome who was unrivalled in wit, matchless in courteousness, incomparable in gracefulness, a phoenix in friendship, generous and magnificent without ostentation, prudent and grave without pride, modest without affectation, pleasing and complaisant without meanness: in a word, the first in every esteemable qualification, and second to none in misfortune: he loved well, and was hated; he adored, and was disdained; he begged pity of cruelty itself; he strove to move obdurate marble; pursued the wind; made his moans to solitary desarts; was constant to ingratitude; and for the recompense of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, through the barbarity of a shepherdess, whom he strove to immortalize by his verse; as these papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice them to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth.

Should you do so, cried Vivaldo, you would appear more cruel to them than their exasperated unhappy parent. Consider, sir, it is not consistent with discretion, nor even with justice, so nicely to perform the request of the dead, when it is repugnant to reason. Augustus Cæsar himself would have forfeited his title to wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had ordered by his will. Therefore, sir, now that you resign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a worse fate, the death of oblivion. What, though he has doomed them to perish in the height of his resentment, you ought not indiscreetly to be their executioner ; but rather reprieve and redeem them from eternal silence, that they may live, and, flying through the world, transmit to all ages the dismal story of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid such tempting snares and enchanting destruction ; for not only to me, but to all here present is well known the history of your enamoured and desperate friend ; we are no strangers to the friendship that was between you, as also to Marcella's cruelty which occasioned his death. Last night being informed that he was to be buried here to-day, moved not so much by curiosity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us so much trouble to hear. Therefore,

fore, in the name of all the company, like me, deeply affected with a sense of Chrysofome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and desirous to prevent such deplorable disasters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to save some of these papers, whatever you resolve to do with the rest. And so, without expecting an answer, he stretched out his arm, and took out those papers which lay next to his hand. Well, sir, said Ambrose, you have found a way to make me submit, and you may keep those papers ; but for the rest, nothing shall make me alter my resolution of burning them. Vivaldo said no more ; but being impatient to see what those papers were, which he had rescued from the flames, he opened one of them immediately and read the title of it, which was, The Despairing Lover. That said Ambrose, was the last piece my dear friend ever wrote ; and therefore, that you may all hear to what sad condition his unhappy passion had reduced him, read it aloud, I beseech you, sir, while the grave is making. With all my heart, replied Vivaldo : and so the company having the same desire, presently gathered round about him, and he read the following lines.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The unfortunate shepherd's verses, and other unexpected matters.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Relentless tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy slave impart
The matchless story of his pain.
In vain I labour to conceal
What my extorted groans reveal;
Who can be racked, and not complain?

But oh! who duly can express
Thy cruelty, and my distress?
No human heart, no human tongue.
Then fiends assist, and rage infuse!
A raving fury be my muse,
And hell inspire the dismal song!

Owls, ravens, terrors of the night,
Wolves, monsters, fiends, with dire affright,
Join your dread accents to my moans!
Join, howling winds, your sullen noise;
Thou, grumbling thunder, join thy voice;
Mad seas, your roar, and hell, thy groans.

Tho' still I moan in dreary caves,
To desert rocks, and silent graves,
My loud complaints shall wander far;
Born by the winds they shall survive,
By pitying echoes kept alive,
And fill the world with my despair.

Love's

Love's deadly cure is fierce disdain,
Distracting fear a dreadful pain,
And jealousy a matchless woe ;
Absence is death, yet while it kills,
I live with all these mortal ills,
Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and absent too.

No dawn of hope e'er chear'd my heart,
No pitying ray e'er sooth'd my smart,
All, all the sweets of life are gone ;
Then come despair, and frantick rage,
With instant fate my pain assuage,
And end a thousand deaths by one.

But ev'n in death let love be crown'd,
My fair destruction guiltless found,
And I be thought with justice scorn'd :
Thus let me fall unlov'd, unblest'd,
With all my load of woes oppress'd,
And even too wretched to be mourn'd.

O! thou, by whose destructive hate,
I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,
When I'm no more, thy pity spare !
I dread thy tears ; oh spare 'em then----
But oh ! I rave, I was too vain,
My death can never cost a tear.

Tormented souls, on you I call,
Hear one more wretch'd than you all ;
Come howl as in redoubled flames.
Attend me to th'eternal night,
No other dirge, or fun'ral rite,
A poor despairing lover claims.

And

And thou my song, sad child of woe,
When life is gone, and I'm below,
For thy lost parent cease to grieve.
With life and thee my woes increase,
And shou'd they not by dying cease,
Hell has no pain like these I leave.

These verses were greatly approved of by the whole company; only Vivaldo observed, that the jealousies and fears which the shepherd complained of, did not very well agree with what he had heard of Marcella's unspotted modesty and reservedness. But Ambrose, who had been always privy to the most secret thoughts of his friend, inform'd him, that the unhappy Chrysostome wrote those verses when he tore himself from his adored mistress, to try whether absence, the common cure of love, would relieve him, and mitigate his pain.

And as every thing disturbs an absent lover, and nothing is more usual than for him to torment himself with a thousand chimeras of his own brain, so did Chrysostome perplex himself with jealousies and suspicions, which had no ground but in his distracted imagination; and therefore whatever he said in those uneasy circumstances, could never affect, or in the least prejudice Marcella's virtuous character, upon whom, setting aside her cruelty, and her disdainful haughtiness, envy itself could never fix the least reproach. Vivaldo being thus convinced, they were going to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly

unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offered itself to their view. It was Marcella herself, who appeared at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but so beautiful, that fame seemed rather to have lessened than to have magnified her charms; those who had never seen her before, gazed on her with silent wonder and delight; nay, those who used to see her every day seemed no less lost in admiration than the rest. But scarce had Ambrose spy'd her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cryed out, What makest thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel basilisk of these mountains? comest thou to see whether the wounds of this murdered wretch will bleed afresh at thy presence? or comest thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal effects of thy native inhumanity, like another Nero at the sight of flaming Rome? or is to trample on this unfortunate corps, as Tarquin's ungrateful daughter did her father's? tell us quickly why thou comest, and what thou yet desirest? for since I know that Chrysofome's whole study was to serve and please thee while he lived, I am willing to dispose all his friends to pay thee like obedience now he is dead. I come not here to any of those ungrateful ends Ambrose, replied Marcella; but only to clear my innocence, and shew the injustice of all those who lay their misfortunes and Chrysofome's death to my charge: therefore I intreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I shall

I shall not need to use many words to convince people of sense of an evident truth. Heaven, you are pleased to say, has made me beautiful, and that to such a degree, that you are forced, nay, as it were compelled to love me, in spite of your endeavours to the contrary ; and for the sake of that love, you say I ought to love you again. Now, though I am sensible, that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive, that what is loved for being handsome, should be bound to love that by which it is loved, meerly because it is loved. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly ; and as what is ugly deserves not to be loved, it would be ridiculous to say, I love you because you are handsome, and therefore you must love me again though I am ugly. But suppose two persons of different sexes are equally handsome, it does not follow, that their desires should be alike and reciprocal ; for all beauties do not kindle love ; some only recreate the sight, and never reach, nor captivate the heart. Alas ! should whatever is beautiful beget love, and enslave the mind, mankind's desires would ever run confused and wandering, without being able to fix their determinate choice : for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the desires would consequently be also infinite ; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard, that true love is still confined to one, and voluntary and unforced. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations
for

for no other reason but that you say you love me? Tell me, I pray you, had heaven formed me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I with justice complain of you for not loving me? Pray consider also, that I do not possess those charms by choice; such as they are, they were freely bestowed on me by heaven: and as the viper is not to be blamed for the poison with which she kills, seeing it was assigned her by nature? so I ought not to be censured for that beauty which I derive from the same cause: for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a distant flame, or a sharp-edged sword, and only burns and wounds those who approach too near it. Virtue and Honour are the ornaments of the soul, and that body which is destitute of them cannot be esteemed beautiful, though it be naturally so. If honour then be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that is beloved for her beauty expose herself to the loss of it, merely to gratify the loose desires of one, who for his own selfish ends uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it? I was born free, and that I might continue so, I retired to these solitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glasses. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts, and my beauty. I am a distant flame, and a sword far off: those whom I have attracted with my sight, I have undeceived with my words; and if hope be the food of desire, as I never gave any encouragement

agement to Chrysoſtome, nor to any other; it may well be ſaid, it was rather his own obſtinacy than my cruelty that ſhortened his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honeſt, and therefore ought to have been complied with; I answer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he diſcovered his paſſion, I told him, I was reſolved to live and die ſingle, and that the earth alone ſhould reap the fruit of my reſervedneſs, and enjoy the ſpoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would perſiſt in his obſtinate purſuit, and ſail againſt the wind, what wonder is it he ſhould periſh in the waves of his indiſcretion? Had I ever encouraged him, or amused him with ambiguous words, then had I been falſe; and had I gratified his wiſhes, I had acted contrary to my better reſolves: he perſiſted though I had given him a due caution, and he diſpaired without being hated. Now I leave you to judge, whether I ought to be blamed for his ſufferings? If I have deceived any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promiſe to any one, let him deſpair; if I encourage any one, let him preſume; if I entertain any one, let him boaſt: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer, until I either deceive, break my promiſe, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleaſed to ſhew whether it is its will I ſhould love by deſtiny; and it is vain to think I will ever do it by choice; ſo let this general caution ſerve every one of thoſe who make their addreſſes to me for their own ends.

And

And if any one hereafter dies on my account, let not their jealousy, nor my scorn or hate, be thought the cause of their death ; for she who never pretended to love, cannot make anyone jealous, and a free and generous declaration of our fixed resolution ought not to be counted disdain or hate. In short, let him that calls me a tigress, and a basilisk, avoid me as a dangerous thing ; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over serving me : I assure them I will never seek nor pursue them. Therefore let none hereafter make it their business to disturb my ease, nor strive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am persuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough ; I neither love nor hate any one : the innocent conversation of the neighbouring shepherdesses, with the care of my flocks, help me to pass my time away, without either coquetting with this man, or practising arts to ensnare that other. My thoughts are limited by these mountains ; and if they wander further, it is only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by steps to raise my soul towards her original dwelling.

As soon as she had thus said, without expecting any answer, she left the place, and ran into the thickest of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charmed with her discretion as well as with her beauty.

However, so prevalent were the charms of the latter, that some of the company, who were desperately struck, could not forbear of-

fering to follow her, without being the least deterred by the solemn protestations which they had heard her make that very moment. But don Quixote perceiving their design, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry ; Let no man, cried he, of what quality or condition soever, presume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my displeasure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reasons, that she was not guilty of Chrysostome's death ; and has positively declared her firm resolution never to condescend to the desires of any of her admirers : for which reason, instead of being importuned and persecuted, she ought to be esteemed and honoured by all good men, as being perhaps the only woman in the world that ever lived with such a virtuous reservedness. Now, whether it were don Quixote's threats terrified the amorous shepherds, or that Ambrose's persuasion prevailed with them to stay and see their friend interred, none of the shepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was deposited into the bosom of the earth, not without many tears from all the assistants. They covered the grave with a great stone till a monument was made, which Ambrose designed to have set up there, with the following epitaph upon it.

CHRISOSTOME

CHRYSOSTOME'S EPITAPH.

HERE of a wretched swain
The frozen body's laid,
Killed by the cold disdain,
Of an ungrateful maid.

Here first love's pow'r he try'd,
Here first his pains express'd ;
Here first he was deny'd,
Here first he chose to rest.

You who the shepherd mourn,
From coy Marcella fly ;
Who Chrysoftome cou'd scorn,
May all mankind destroy.

The shepherds strewed the grave with boughs and flowers ; and every one having condoled a while with his friend Ambrose, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like ; as did also don Quixote, who was a person not to forget himself on such an occasion : he likewise bid adieu to the kind goat-herds that had entertained him, and to the two travellers who desired him to go with them to Seville, assuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures, every street and corner there producing some. Don Quixote returned them thanks for their kind information ; but told them, he neither would nor ought to go to Seville till he had cleared all those mountains of thieves and robbers which he heard greatly infested those

parts. Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from so good a design, took their leaves of him once more, and pursued their journey, sufficiently supplied with matter to discourse on from the story of Marcella and Chrysofome, and don Quixote's follies. As for him, he resolved to find out the shepherdess Marcella, if possible, to offer her his service to protect her to the utmost of his power: but he happened to be crossed in his designs, as you shall hear in the sequel of this story; for here the second book ends.

THE

THE
HISTORY

Of the renowned

DON QUIXOTE de la MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

*Giving an account of don Quixote's unfortunate
rencontre with certain bloody-minded and
wicked Yanguesian * carriers.*

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates,
that when don Quixote had taken leave
of all those that were at Chrysofome's fune-
ral, he and his squire went after Marcella
into the wood; and having ranged it above
two hours without being able to find her,
they came at last to a meadow, whose spring-
ing green, watered with a most delightful and
refreshing rivulet, invited, or rather pleasing-
ly forced them to alight, and give way to the
heat of the day, which began to be very vio-
lent: so leaving the ass and Rozinante to
graze at large, they ransacked the wallet; and
without ceremony the master and the man fell

* Carriers of the kingdom of Galacia are commonly so
called,

too, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horse of that sobriety and chastity, that all the mares in the pastures of Cordova could not have raised him to attempt an indecent thing. But either fortune, or the devil, who seldom sleeps, so ordered it, that a good number of Galician mares, belonging to some Yanguessian carriers, were then feeding in the same valley, it being the custom of those men, about the hottest time of the day, to stop wherever they meet with grass and with water to refresh their cattle: nor could they have found a fitter place than that where don Quixote was. Rozinante, as I said before, was chaste and modest; however, he was flesh and blood! so that as soon as he had smelt the mares, forsaking his natural gravity and reservedness, without asking his master's leave, away he trots it briskly to make them sensible of his little necessities: they who it seems had more mind to feed than to be merry, received their gallant so rudely with their heels and teeth, that in a trice they broke his girths and threw down his saddle, and left him disrobed of all his equipage. And for an addition to his misery, the carriers perceiving the violence that was offered to their mares, flew to their relief with poles and pack-staves, and so belaboured poor Rozinante that he soon sunk to the ground under the weight of their unmerciful blows.

Don

Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving at a distance the ill usage of Rozinanté, ran with all speed to his rescue; and as they came near the place, panting, and almost out of breath, Friend Sancho, cried don Quixote, I perceive these are no knights, but only a pack of scoundrels and fellows of the lowest rank; I say it, because thus thou mayest lawfully help me to revenge the injury they have done Rozinante before our eyes. What the devil do you talk of revenge, quoth Sancho? we are like to revenge our selves finely! you see they are above twenty, and we are but two; nay, perhaps but one and a half. I alone am worth a hundred, replied don Quixote; then, without any more words, he drew his sword, and flew upon the Yangueshians. Sancho, encouraged by his master's example, did the like; and with the first blow which don Quixote gave one of them, he cut through his leathern doublet, and gave him a deep slash in the shoulder. The Yangueshians, seeing themselves thus rudely handled, betook themselves to their leavers and pack-staves, and then all at once surrounding the valiant knight and his trusty squire, they charged them and laid on with great fury. At the second round, down they settled poor Sancho, and then don Quixote himself, who fell, as chance would have it, at the feet of Rozinante, that had not yet recovered his legs; neither could the knight's courage nor his skill avail against the fury of a number of rustical fellows armed with pack-staves. The
Yangueshians

Yangueshians fearing the bad consequences of the mischief they had done, made all the haste they could to be gone, leaving our two adventurers in a woeful condition. The first that came to himself was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself near his master, called to him thus, with a weak and doleful voice; Ah master! master! sir, sir knight! What's the matter, friend Sancho? said the knight in the same feeble and lamenting tone. I could wish, answered Sancho, that your worship would help me to two good draughts of the liquor you talk of, if you have any by you; perhaps it is as good to cure broken bones, as it is to heal outward wounds. Oh! that I had some of it here now, cried don Quixote; we could not then be said to want any thing: but I swear to thee, honest Sancho, by the faith of a knight-errant, within these two days (if no other disaster prevent me) I will have some at my disposal, or it shall hardly escape my hands. Two days, Sir! replied Sancho: why, pray how many days do you think it will be before we are able to stir out feet? As for myself, answered the bruised don Quixote, I must own I cannot set a certain term to the days of our recovery; but it is I who am the fatal cause of all this mischief; for I ought not to have drawn my sword against a company of fellows, upon whom the honour of knighthood was never conferred; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hosts suffered this punishment to befall me for transgressing

transgressing thus the laws of chivalry. Therefore, friend Sancho, observe what I am going to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the welfare of us both: it is, that for the future, whenever thou perceivest us to be any ways abused by such inferior fellows, thou art not to expect I should offer to draw my sword against them; for I will not do it in the least: no, do thou then draw, and chastise them as thou thinkest fit; but if any knight should come to take their parts, then will I be sure to step between thee and danger, and assault them with the utmost vigour and intrepidity. Thou hast already had a thousand proofs of the greatness of my valour, and the prevailing strength of my most dreadful arm; (so arrogant was the knight grown since his victory over the bold Biscayan) but Sancho was not so well pleased with his master's admonitions, but, however, he thought fit to answer him. Sir, says he, I am a peaceful man, an inoffensive quiet fellow, d'ye see; I can make shift to pass by an injury as well as any man, as having a wife to maintain, and children to bring up, and therefore pray take this from me by the way of advice, (for I will not offer to command my master) that I will not in any wise draw my sword neither against knight nor clown, not I. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, lords and beggars, whatever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least exception. Sancho (said his

his master, hearing this) I heartily wish I had breath enough to answer thee effectually, or that the pain which I feel in one of my short ribs would leave me but for so long as might serve to convince thee of thy error. Come, suppose, thou silly wretch, that the gale of fortune, which has hitherto been so contrary to us, should at last turn in our favour, swelling the sails of our desires, so that we might with as much security as ease arrive at some of those islands which I have promised thee; what would become of thee, if after I had conquered one of them, I were to make thee lord of it? Thou wouldest certainly be found not duly qualified for that dignity, as having abjured all knighthood, all thoughts of honour, and all intention to revenge injuries, and defend thy own dominions. For thou must understand, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the hearts and minds of the inhabitants are never so thoroughly subdued, or wedded to the interests of his new sovereign, but that there is reason to fear, they will endeavour to raise some commotions to change the face of affairs, and, as men say, once more try their fortune. Therefore it is necessary that the new possessor have not only understanding to govern, but also valour to attack his enemies, and defend himself on all occasions. I would I had had that understanding and valour you talk of, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, I must be free to tell you, I have more need of a Surgeon, than of a Preacher. Pray try whether you can
rise,

rise, and we will help Rozinante, though he does not deserve it ; for he is the chief cause of all this beating. For my part, I could never have believed the like of him before, for I always took him for as chaste and sober a person as myself. In short, it is a true saying, that “ a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend, before he knows him ; ” and I find, “ there is nothing sure in this world : ” for, who would have thought, after the dreadful flashes you gave to that knight-errant, such a terrible shower of bastinadoes would so soon have fallen upon our shoulders ? As for thine, replied don Quixote, I doubt they are used to endure such sort of showers ; but mine, that were nursed in soft linen, will most certainly be longer sensible of this misfortune ; and were it not that I imagine, (but why do I say imagine ?) were it not that I am positive that all these inconveniencies are inseparable from the profession of chivalry, I would abandon myself to grief, and die of mere despair on this very spot. I beseech you, Sir, quoth Sancho, since these rubs are the vails of your trade of knighthood, tell me whether they use to come often, or whether we may look for them at set times : for I fancy, if we meet but with two such harvests more, we shall never be able to reap the third, unless God of his infinite mercy assist us. Know, friend Sancho, returned don Quixote, that the life of knights-errant is subject to many hazards and misfortunes : but on the other side, they may at any time suddenly become

kings and emperors, as experience has demonstrated in many knights, of whose histories I have perfect knowledge. And I could tell thee now (would my pain suffer me) of some of them who have raised themselves to those high dignities only by the valour of their arm; and those very knights, both before and after their advancement, were involved in many calamities: for, the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Archelaus the inchanter, of whom it is credibly reported, that when he held him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred stripes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in the court-yard of his house. There is also a secret author of no little credit, who says, That the knight of the sun being taken in a trap in a certain castle, was hurried to a dungeon, where, after they had bound him hand and foot, they forcibly gave him a clyster of snow-water and sand, which would in all probability have cost him his life, had he not been assisted in that distress by a wise magician, his particular friend. Thus I may well bear my misfortune patiently, since those which so many greater persons have endured may be said to outdo it: for, I would have thee to know, that those wounds that are given with the instruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand, do not really disgrace the person struck. We read it expressly in the laws of duels, "That if a shoe-maker strikes another man with his last
which

which he held in his hand, though it be of wood, as a cudgel is, yet the party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgelled." I tell thee this, that thou mayest not think we are in the least dishonoured, though we have been horribly beaten in this rencounter; for the weapons which those men used were but instruments of their profession, and not one of them, as I very well remember, had either tuck, or sword, or dagger. They gave me no leisure, quoth Sancho, to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my hand on my cutlafs, but they crossed my shoulders with such a wooden blessing, as settled me on the ground without sense or motion where you see me lie, and where I do not trouble my head whether it be a disgrace to be mawled with cudgels or with packstaves: let them be what they will, I am only vexed to feel them so heavy on my shoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are on my mind. For all this, replied don Quixote, friend Sancho, I must inform thee, that there is no remembrance which time will not deface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period. Thank you for nothing, quoth Sancho! What worse can befalls us, than to have only death to trust to? Were our affliction to be cured with a plaister or two, a man might have some patience; but for ought I see, all the salves in an hospital would not set us on our legs again. Come, no more of this, said don Quixote; take cou-

rage, and make a virtue of necessity; for it is what I am resolved to do. Let us see how it fares with Rozinante; for if I do not mistake, the poor creature has not been the least sufferer in this adventure. No wonder at that, quoth Sancho, seeing he is a knight-errant too; I rather wonder, how my ass has escaped so well, while we have fared so ill. In our disasters, returned don Quixote, fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy. I say it, Sancho, because that little beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, to carry me to some castle, where I may get cured of my wounds. Nor do I esteem this kind of riding dishonourable, for I remember, that the good old Silenus, tutor and governor to the jovial god of wine, rode very fairly on a goodly ass, when he made his entry into the city with a hundred gates. Ay, quoth Sancho, it will do well enough, could you ride as fairly on your ass, as he did on his; but there is a deal of difference between riding and being laid across the pannel like a pack of rubbish. The wounds which we received in combat, said don Quixote, rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it; therefore good Sancho, trouble me with no more replies, but, as I said, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy ass, that we may leave this place before night comes upon us. But, Sir, said Sancho, I have heard you say, that it is a common thing among you knights-errant to sleep in the fields and deserts the best

best part of the year, and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of life. That is to say, answered don Quixote, when we can do no better, or when we are in love; and this is so true, that there have been knights who have dwelt on rocks, exposed to the sun, and other inclemencies of the sky, for the space of two years, without their lady's knowledge: one of those was Amadis, when, assuming the name of The Lovely Obscure, he inhabited the bare rock, either eight years, or eight months, I cannot now punctually tell which of the two; for I do not thoroughly remember that passage. Let it suffice that there he dwelt, doing penance, for I do not know what unkindness his lady Oriana had shewed him. But setting these discourses aside, I pray thee dispatch, least some mischief befall the ass, as it has done Rozinante. That would be the devil indeed, replied Sancho, and so breathing out some thirty lamentations, threescore sighs, and a hundred and twenty plagues and poxes on those that had decoyed him thither, he at last got upon his legs, yet not so but that he went stooping, with his body bent like a Turk's bow, not being able to stand upright. Yet in this crooked posture he made shift to saddle his ass, who had not forgot to take his share of licentiousness that day. After this he helped up Rozinante, who, could his tongue have expressed his sorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with Sancho and his master. After many bitter oh's, and screwed faces, Sancho laid

don Quixote on the ass, tied Rozinante to its tail, and they leading the ass by the halter, he took the nearest way that he could guess to the high road; to which he luckily came before he had travelled a short league, and then he discovered an inn; which, in spite of all he could say, don Quixote was pleased to mistake for a castle. Sancho swore bloodily it was an inn, and his master was as positive of the contrary. In short, their dispute lasted so long, that before they could decide it they reached the inn door, where Sancho straight went in, with all his train, without troubling himself any further about the matter.

CHAP. II.

Relates what happened to don Quixote in the inn which he took for a castle.

THE inn-keeper, seeing don Quixote lying quite across the ass, asked Sancho what ailed him? Sancho answered, It was nothing, only his master had got a fall from the top of a rock to the bottom, and had bruised his sides a little. The inn-keeper had a wife, very different from the common sort of hostesses, for she was of a charitable nature, and very compassionate of her neighbour's affliction; which made her immediately take care of don Quixote, and call her daughter (a good handsome girl) to set her helping-hand to his cure. One of the servants in the inn was an Asturian wench,

wench, a broad-faced, flat-headed, saddle-nosed dowdy; blind of one eye, and the other almost out: however, the activity of her body supplied all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her shoulders, which somewhat loaded her, as having too much flesh upon them, made her look downwards oftener than she could have wished. This charming original likewise assisted the mistress and the daughter; and, with the latter, helped to make the knight's bed, and a sorry one it was; the room where it stood was an old gambling cock-loft, which by manifold signs seemed to have been, in the days of yore, a repository for chopped straw. Somewhat further, in a corner of the garret, a carrier had his lodging; and though his bed was nothing but the pannels and coverings of his mules, it was much better then that of don Quixote, which only consisted of four rough hewn boards laid upon two uneven tressels, a flock bed that, for thinness, might well have passed for a quilt, and was full of knobs and bunches, which had they not peeped out through many a hole, and shewn themselves to be of wool, might well have been taken for stones: the rest of that extraordinary bed's furniture was a pair of sheets, which rather seemed to be of leather than of linen cloth, and a coverlet whose every individual thread you might have told, and never have missed one.

In

In this ungracious bed was the knight laid to rest his belaboured carcase, and presently the hostess and her daughter anointed and plaistered him all over, while Martines (for that was the name of the Asturian wench) held the candle. The hostess, while she greased him, wondering to see him so bruised all over, I fancy, said she, those bumps look much more like a dry beating than a fall. It was no dry beating, mistress, I promise you, quoth Sancho, but the rock had I know not how many cragged ends and knobs, whereof every one gave my master a token of his kindness. And by the way, forsooth, continued he, I beseech you save a little of that same tow and ointment for me too, for I do not know what is the matter with my back, but I fancy I stand mainly in want of a little greasing too. What, I suppose you fell too, quoth the landlady. Not I, quoth Sancho, but the very fright that I took to see my master tumble down the rock, has so wrought upon my body, that I am as sore as if I had been sadly mauled. It may well be as you say, cried the inn-keeper's daughter; for I have dreamed several times that I have been falling from the top of a high tower without ever coming to the ground; and, when I waked, I have found myself as out of order, and as bruised, as if I had fallen in good earnest. That is even my case, mistress, said Sancho; only ill luck would have it so, that I should find myself almost
as

as battered and bruised as my lord don Quixote, and yet all the while be as wide awake as I am now. How do you call this same gentleman, quoth Maritornes? He is don Quixote de la Mancha, replied Sancho; and he is a knight-errant, and one of the primeest and stoutest that ever the sun shined on. A knight-errant, said the wench, pray what is that? Heigh day! cried Sancho, does the wench know no more of the world than that comes to? Why, a knight-errant is a thing which in two words you see well cud-gelled, and then an emperor. To-day there is not a more wretched thing upon the earth, and to-morrow he will have you two or three kingdoms to give away to his squire. How comes it to pass then, quoth the landlady, that thou who art this great person's squire, hast not yet got thee at least an earldom? Fair and softly goes far, answered Sancho, Why, we have not been a month in our gears, so that we have not yet encountered any adventure worth the naming: besides, many a time we look for one thing, and light on another. But if my lord don Quixote happens to get well again, and I escape remaining a cripple, I will not take the best tide in the land for what I am sure will fall to my share.

Here don Quixote, who had listened with great attention to all these discourses, raised himself up in his bed with much ado, and taking the hostess in a most obliging manner by the hand, Believe me, said he, beautiful lady,

lady, you may well esteem it a happiness that you have now the opportunity to entertain my person in your castle. Self praise is unworthy a man of honour, and therefore I shall say no more of myself, but my squire will inform you who I am; only thus much let me add, That I will eternally preserve your kindness in the treasury of my remembrance, and study all occasions to testify my gratitude. And I wish, continued he, the powers above had so disposed my fate, that I were not already love's devoted slave, and captivated by the charms of the disdainful beauty who engrosses all my softer thoughts; for then would I be proud to sacrifice my liberty to this beautiful damsel. The hostess, her daughter, and the kind-hearted Maritornes stared on one another, quite at a loss for the meaning of this high-flown language, which they understood full as well as if it had been Greek. Yet, conceiving these were words of compliment and courtship, they looked upon him, and admired him as a man of another world: and so, having made such returns as their breeding would afford, they left him to his rest; only Maritornes staid to rub down Sancho, who wanted her help no less than his master.

Now you must know, that the carrier and she had agreed to pass the night together; and she had given him her word, that when all the people in the inn were in bed, she would be sure to come to him, and be at his service. And it is said of this good-natured

natured thing, that whenever she had passed her word in such cases, she was sure to make it good, though she had made the promise in the midst of a wood, and without any witness at all: For she stood much upon her gentility, though she under-valued herself so far as to serve in an inn; often saying, that nothing but crosses and necessity could have made her stoop to it.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, miserable bed was the first of the four in that wretched apartment; next to that was Sancho's kennel, which consisted of nothing but a bed-mat and a coverlet, which rather seemed shorn canvas than a rug. Beyond these two beds was that of the carrier, made, as we have said, of the pannels and furniture of two of the best of twelve mules which he kept, every one of them fine beasts, and in very good case; for he was one of the richest muleteers of Arevalo, as the Moorish author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been acquainted with him; nay, some do not stick to say, he was somewhat a kin to him. However it be, it appears, that Cid Mohamed Benengeli was a very exact historian, since he takes care to give us an account of things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable example which those historians should follow, who usually relate matters so concisely, that we have scarcely a smack of them, leaving the most essential part of the story drowned in the bottom of the ink-horn, either through neglect

lect, malice, or ignorance. A thousand blessings then be given to the curious author of *Tablante of Ricamonte*, and to that other indefatigable sage who recorded the achievements of count *Tomillas*; for they have described the most minute and trifling circumstances with a singular preciseness. But, to return to our story, you must know, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course *, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of the most punctual *Maritornes's* kind visit. By this time *Sancho*, duly greased and anointed, was crept into his sty, where he did all he could to sleep, but the pain in his ribs did all it could to prevent him. As for the knight, whose sides were in as bad circumstances as his squire's, he lay with both his eyes open like a hare. Now was every soul in the inn gone to bed, and no light to be seen, except a lamp which hung in the middle of the gate-way. This general tranquillity setting *don Quixote's* thoughts at work, offered to his imagination one of the most absurd follies that ever crept into a distempered brain from the perusal of romantic whimsies. Now he fancied himself to be in a famous castle, (for, as we have already said, all the inns he lodged in seemed no less than castles to him) and that the inn-keeper's daughter (consequently

* They get up in Spain in the night to dress their cattle, and give them their straw and barley, which serves for oats and hay.

daughter to the lord of the castle) strangely captivated with his graceful presence and gallantry, had promised him the pleasure of her embraces, as soon as her father and mother were gone to rest. This chimera disturbed him, as if it had been a real truth; so that he began to be mightily perplexed, reflecting on the danger to which his honour was exposed; but at last his virtue overcame the powerful temptation, and he firmly resolved not to be guilty of the least infidelity to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Genever herself, with her trusty matron Quintaniona should join to decoy him into the alluring snare.

While these wild imaginations worked in his brain, the gentle Maritornes was mindful of her assignation, and with soft and wary steps, bare-foot, and in her smock, with her hair gathered up in a fustian coife, stole into the room, and felt about for her beloved carrier's bed: but scarce had she got to the door, when don Quixote, whose ears were on the scout, was sensible that something was coming in: and therefore having raised himself in his bed, fore and wrapped up in plaisters, as he was, he stretched out his arms to receive his fancied damsel, and caught hold of Maritornes by the wrist, as she was, with her arms stretched, groping her way to her gallant; he pulled her to him, and made her sit down by his bed's side, she not daring to speak a word all the while. Now, as he imagined her to be the daughter of the lord

of the castle, her smock, which was of the coarsest canvas, seemed to him of the finest holland; and the glass-beads about her wrist, precious oriental pearls; her hair, that was almost as rough as a horse's main, he took to be soft flowing threads of bright curling gold; and her breath, that had a stronger hogue than stale venison, was to him a grateful compound of the most fragrant perfumes of Arabia. In short, flattering imagination transformed her into the likeness of those romantick beauties, one of whom, as he remembered to have read, came to pay a private visit to a wounded knight, with whom she was desperately in love; and the poor gentleman's obstinate folly had so infatuated his outward sense, that his feeling and his smell could not in the least undeceive him, and he thought he had no less than a balmy Venus in his arms, while he hugged a fulsome bundle of deformities, that would have turned any man's stomach but a sharp-set carrier's. Therefore clasping her still closer, with a soft and amorous whisper; oh! thou most lovely temptation, said he, oh! that I now might but pay a warm acknowledgement for the mighty blessing which your extravagant goodness would lavish on me; yes, most beautiful charmer, I would give an empire to purchase your more desirable embraces: but fortune, madam, fortune, that tyrant of my life, that unrelenting enemy to the truly deserving, has maliciously hurried and rivetted me to this bed, where I lie so
bruised

bruised and macerated, that, though I were eager to gratify your desires, I should at this dear unhappy minute be doomed to impotence: nay, to that unlucky bar fate has added a yet more invincible obstacle; I mean my plighted faith to the unrivaled Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my wishes, and absolute sovereign of my heart. Oh! did not this oppose my present happiness, I could never be so dull and insensible a knight as to lose the benefit of this extraordinary favour which you have now condescended to offer me.

Poor Maritornes all this while sweated for fear and anxiety, to find herself thus locked in the arms of the knight; and either without understanding, or willing to understand his florid excuses, she did all she could to get from him, and sheer off, without speaking one word. On the other side, the carrier, whose lewd thoughts had kept him awake, having heard his trusty lady when she first came in, and listened ever since to the discourse of the knight, began to be afraid that she had made some other assignation; and so, without any more ado, he crept softly to the bed of don Quixote, where he listened a while to hear what would be the end of all this talk, which he could not understand: but perceiving at last by the struggling of his faithful Maritornes, that it was none of her fault, and that the knight strove to detain her against her will, he could by no means bear his familiarity; and therefore taking it in

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mighty

mighty dudgeon, he up with his fist, and hit the enamoured knight such a swinging blow on the jaws, that his face was all over blood in a moment. And not satisfied with this, he got on the knight, and with his splay feet betrampled him, as if he had been trampling a hay-mow. With that the bed, whose foundations were none of the best, sunk under the additional load of the carrier, and fell with such a noise, that it waked the inn-keeper, who presently suspects it to be one of Maritornes's nightly skirmishes; and therefore having called her aloud, and finding that she did not answer, he lighted a lamp, and made to the place where he heard the bustle. The wench, who heard him coming, knowing him to be of a passionate nature, was scared out of her wits, and fled for shelter to Sancho's sty, where he lay snoring to some tune: there she pigged in, and slunk under the coverlet, where she lay snug, and trussed up as round as an egg. Presently her master came in, in a mighty heat: Where is this damped where, cried he? I dare say, this is one of her pranks. By this, Sancho awaked; and feeling that unusual lump, which almost overlaid him, he took it to be the nightmare, and began to lay about him with his fists, and thumped the wench so unmercifully, that at last flesh and blood were no longer able to bear it; and forgetting the danger she was in, and her dear reputation, she paid him back his thumps as fast as her fists could lay them on, and soon roused the drowsy squire

squire out of his sluggishness, whether he would or no : who finding himself thus pummelled, by he did not know who, he bustled up in his nest, and catching hold of Martines, they began the most pleasant skirmish in the world. When the carrier perceiving, by the light of the inn-keeper's lamp, the dismal condition that his dear mistress was in, presently took her part ; and leaving the knight, whom he had more than sufficiently mawled, flew at the squire, and paid him confoundedly. On the other hand, the inn-keeper, who took the wench to be the cause of all this hurly-burly, cuffed and kicked, and kicked and cuffed her over and over again ; and so there was a strange multiplication of fisticuffs and drubbings. The carrier pommelled Sancho, Sancho mawled the wench, the wench belaboured the squire, and the inn-keeper thrashed her again : and all of them laid on with such expedition, that you would have thought they had been afraid of losing time. But the jest was, that in the heat of the fray the lamp went out, so that being now in the dark, they plied one another at a venture ; they struck and tore, all went to rack, while nails and fists flew about without mercy.

There happened to lodge that night in the inn one of the officers belonging to that society which they call the old holy brotherhood of Toledo, whose chief office is to look after thieves and robbers. Being waked with the heavy bustle, he presently jumped out of

his bed, and with his short staff in one hand, and a tin box with his commission in it in the other, he groped out his way; and being entered the room in the dark, cried out, I charge ye all to keep the peace: I am an officer of the holy brotherhood. The first he popped his hand upon happened to be the poor battered knight, who lay upon his back at his full length, without any feeling, upon the ruins of his bed. The officer having caught him by the beard, presently cried out, I charge you to aid and assist me: but finding he could not stir, though he griped him hard, he presently fancied him to be dead, and murdered by the rest in the room. With that he bawled out to have the gates of the inn shut. Here is a man murdered, cried he; look that no body makes his escape. These words struck all the combatants with such a terror, that as soon as they reached their ears, they gave over, and left the argument undecided. Away stole the inn-keeper to his own room, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her kennel; only the unfortunate knight, and his as unfortunate squire, remained where they lay, not being able to stir; while the officer, having let go don Quixote's beard, went out for a light, in order to apprehend the supposed murderers: but the inn-keeper having wisely put out the lamp in the gateway, as he sneaked out of the room, the officer was obliged to repair to the kitchen chimney, where with much ado, puffing and blowing

blowing a long while amidst the embers, he at last made shift to get a light.

C H A P. III.

A Further account of the innumerable hardships which the brave don Quixote, and his worthy squire Sancho, underwent in the inn, which the knight unluckily took for a castle.

BY this time don Quixote was come to himself, who, with the same lamentable tone as the day before when he had been beaten by the carriers in the meadow, began to call Sancho. Sancho, friend Sancho, cried he, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho? Sleep! answered Sancho, highly out of humour, may Old Nick rock my cradle then. Why, how the devil should I sleep, when all the imps of hell have been tormenting me to night? Nay, thou art in the right, answered don Quixote, for either I have no skill in these matters, or this castle is enchanted. Hear what I say to thee, but first swear thou wilt never reveal it till after my death. I swear it, quoth Sancho. I am thus cautious, said don Quixote, because I hate to take away the reputation of any person. Why, quoth Sancho, I tell you again, I swear never to speak one word of the matter while you live; and I wish I may be at liberty to talk on it to-morrow. Why, cried don Quixote! Have I, Sancho, done thee so much wrong that thou wouldst have me die so soon! Nay, quoth Sancho, it is not for that neither; but be-
cause

cause I cannot abide to keep things long, for fear they should grow mouldy. Well, let it be as thou pleasest, said don Quixote: for I dare trust greater concerns to thy courtesy and affection. In short, know that this very night there happened to me one of the strangest adventures that can be imagined; for the daughter of the lord of this castle came to me, who is one of the most engaging and most beautiful damsels that ever nature has been proud to boast of: what could I not tell thee of the charms of her shape and face, and the perfection of her mind! what could I not add of other hidden beauties, which I condemned to silence and oblivion, lest I endanger my allegiance and fidelity to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! I will only tell thee, that the heavens envying the inestimable happiness which fortune had thrown into my hand; or rather, because this castle is enchanted, it happened, that in the midst of the most tender and passionate discourses that passed between us, the prophane hand of some mighty giant, which I could not see, nor imagine whence it came, hit me such a dreadful blow on the jaws, that they are still embrued with blood; after which the discourteous wretch, presuming on my present weakness, did so barbarously bruise me, that I feel myself in a worse condition now than I did yesterday, after the carriers had so roughly handled me for Rozinante's incontinency: from which I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not reserved for me. Nor

Nor for me, quoth Sancho; for I have been rib-roasted by above four hundred Moors, who have hammered my bones in such manner, that I may safely say, the assault and battery made on my body by the carriers poles and pack-staves, were but ticklings and stroakings with a feather to this *. But pray, sir, tell me, d'ye call this such a pleasant adventure, when we are so lamentably pounded after it? And yet your usage may well be accounted better than mine, seeing you have hugged that fair maiden in your arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heaviest blows that ever fell on a poor man's shoulders? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me, for I neither am, nor ever mean to be a knight-errant, and yet of all the misadventures, the greater part falls still to my lot. What, hast thou been beaten as well as I, said don Quixote? What a plague, cried Sancho, have I not been telling you so all this while? Come, never let it trouble thee, friend Sancho, replied don Quixote; for I will immediately make the precious balsam, that will cure thee in the twinkling of an eye.

The officer having by this time lighted his lamp, came into the room to see who it was that was murdered. * Sancho seeing him enter in his shirt, a napkin wrapped about his head like a turbant, and the lamp in his hand, he being also an ugly ill-looking fel-

* In the original, were tarts and cheese cakes to this; Tortas y pan pinto.

low; fir, quoth the squire to his master, pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor, that is come again to have the other bout with me, and * try whether he has not left some place unbruised for him now to mawl as much as the rest. It cannot be the Moor, replied don Quixote: for persons enchanted are to be seen by no body. If they do not suffer themselves to be seen, quoth Sancho, they suffer themselves to be felt: if not, let my carcase bear witness. So might mine, cried don Quixote: yet this is no sufficient reason to prove, that what we see is the enchanted Moor.

While they were thus arguing, the officer advanced, and wondered to hear two men talk so calmly to one another there: yet finding the unfortunate knight lying in the same deplorable posture as he left him, stretched out like a corps bloody, bruised, and be-plastered, and not able to stir himself; How is it, honest fellow, quoth he to the champion, how do you find yourself? Were I your fellow, answered don Quixote, I would have a little more manners than you have,

* Left some place unbruised, &c. The new translation has it, Left something at the bottom of the ink-horn; which is indeed what Cervantes literally says, Si se dexo algo en el tintero. But as no English reader would understand this, and many more of the like phrases (without notes at least) I have thought proper to deviate sometimes from the very words of the original. To leave something at the bottom of the ink-horn, is to leave a history, or any other book imperfect, or partly unwritten; here it alludes to the unbruised places of Sancho's body.

you

you blockhead, you ; is that your way of approaching knights-errant in this country ? The officer could not bear such a reprimand from one who made so scurvy a figure, and lifting up the lamp, oil and all, gave don Quixote such a blow on the head with it, that he had reason to fear he had made work for the surgeon, and therefore stole presently out of the room, under the protection of the night. Well, sir, quoth Sancho, do you think it was the enchanted Moor, or not ? For my part, I think he keeps the treasure you talk of for others, and reserves only kicks and cuffs, thumps and knocks, for your worship and myself. I am now convinced, answered don Quixote : therefore let us wave that resentment of these injuries, which we might otherwise justly shew ; for considering these inchanters can make themselves invisible when they please, it is needless to think of revenge. But, I pray thee rise, if thou canst, Sancho, and desire the governor of the castle to send me some oil, salt, wine, and rosemary, that I may make my healing balsam ; for truly I want it extremely, so fast the blood flows out of the wound which the fantasm gave me just now.

Sancho then got up as fast as his aking bones would let him, and with much ado made shift to crawl out of the room to look for the inn keeper, and stumbling by the way on the officer, who stood hearkening to know what mischief he had done ; Sir, quoth he to him, for heaven's sake, do so much

much as help us to a little oil, salt, wine, and rosemary, to make a medicine for one of the best knights-errant that ever trod on shoe of leather, who lies yonder grievously wounded by the enchanted Moor of this inn. The officer hearing him talk at that rate, took him to be out of his wits; and it beginning to be day-light, he opened the inn-door, and told the inn-keeper what Sancho wanted. The host presently provided the desired ingredients, and Sancho crept back with them to his master, whom he found holding his head, and sadly complaining of the pain which he felt there; though after all, the lamp had done him no more harm than only raising of two huge bumps; for that which he fancied to be blood, was only sweat, and the oil of the lamp that had liquored his hair and face.

The knight took all the ingredients, and having mixed them together, he had them set over the fire, and there kept them boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he asked for a phial to put this precious liquor in: but there being none to be got, the inn-keeper presented him with an old earthen jug, and don Quixote was forced to be contented with that. Then he mumbled over the pot above fourscore Paternoster's, Salve Regina's, and as many Avemaria's, and Credo's, making, the sign of the cross at every word by way of benediction. At which ceremony, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer were present; for as for the carrier, he

he was gone to look after his mules, and took no manner of notice of what was passed. This blessed medicine being made, don Quixote resolved to make an immediate experiment of it on himself; and to that purpose he took off a large draught of the overplus, which the pot would not hold: but he had scarce gulped it down, when it set him a vomiting so violently that you would have thought he would have cast up his heart, liver, and guts; and his reaching and straining put him into such a sweat, that he desired to be covered up warm, and left to his repose. With that they left him, and he slept three whole hours; and then waking, found himself so wonderfully eased, that he made no question but he had now the right balsam of Fierabrass; and therefore he imagined he might undertake the most dangerous adventures in the world, without the least hazard of his person.

Sancho, encouraged by the wonderful effect of the balsam on his master, begged that he would be pleased to give him leave to sip up what was left in the pot, which was no small quantity; and the don having consented, honest Sancho lifted it up with both his hands, and with a strong faith, and better will, poured every drop down his throat. Now the man's stomach not being so nice as his master's, the drench did not set him a vomiting after that manner; but caused such a wambling in his stomach, such a bitter loathing, kecking, and reaching, and such grinding

ing pangs, with cold sweats and swoonings, that he verily believed his last hour was come, and in the midst of his agony gave both the balsam and him that made it to the devil. Friend, said don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, I begin to think all this pain befalls thee, only because thou hast not received the order of knighthood; for it is my opinion, this balsam ought to be used by no man that is not a professed knight. What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it? quoth Sancho; a murrain on me, and all my generation, why did not you tell me this before? At length the dose began to work to some purpose, and forced its way at both ends so copiously, that both his bed-mat and coverlet were soon made unfit for any further use; and all the while he strained so hard, that not only himself, but the standers by thought he would have died. This dreadful hurricane lasted about two hours; and then too, instead of finding himself as free from pain as his master, he felt himself as feeble, and so far spent, that he was not able to stand.

But don Quixote, as we have said, found himself in an excellent temper; and his active soul loathing an inglorious repose, he presently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profession: for he thought those moments that were trifled away in amusements, or other concerns, only a blank in life; and all delays a depriving distressed persons, and the world in general, of

of his needed assistance. The confidence which he reposed in his balsam, heightened, if possible, his resolution; and thus carried away by his eager thoughts, he saddled Rozinante himself, and then put the pannel upon the ass, and his squire upon the pannel, after he had helped him to huddle on his cloaths: that done, he mounted his steed; and having spied a javelin that stood in a corner, he seized and appropriated it to himself, to supply the want of his lance. More than twenty people that were in the inn stood spectators of all these transactions; and among the rest the inn-keeper's daughter, from whom don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep sigh from the very bottom of his heart; which those who had seen him so mortified the night before, took to proceed from the pain of his bruises.

And now being ready to set forwards, he called for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, My lord governor, cried he, the favours I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment: therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be any proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be revenged for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now, and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppressed, and punish the bad, I promise you I will take

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effectual

effectual care, that you shall have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes. Sir knight, answered the inn-keeper with an austere gravity, I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may have been offered to my person; for I would have you to understand, that I am able to do myself justice, whenever any man presumes to do me wrong: therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expences in my inn. How! cried don Quixote, is this an inn? Yes, answered the host, and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road. How strangely have I been mistaken then! cried don Quixote; upon my honour I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too: but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying any thing; for I would by no means break the laws which we knight-errants are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they paid in any inn whatsoever; for this is the least recompence that can be allowed them for the intolerable labours they endure day and night, winter and summer, on foot and on horse-back, pinched with hunger, choaked with thirst, and exposed to all the injuries of the air, and all the inconveniencies in the world. I have nothing to do with all this, cried the inn-keeper: pay your reckoning, and do not trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I cannot afford to keep house at that

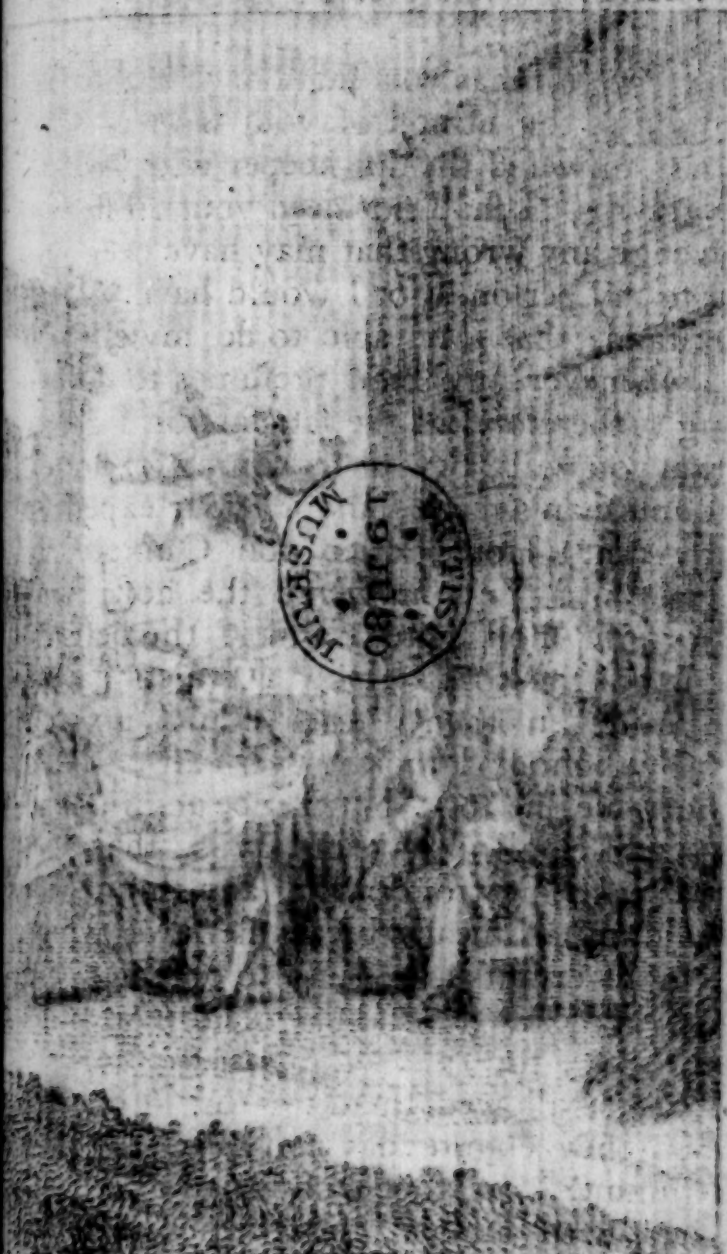


Fig. 1. The site of the ancient city of Babylon, showing the ruins of the city wall and the Temple of Bel.



Sancho tost in a Blanket .

that rate. Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper, replied don Quixote: then clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his javelin at the host, he rode out of the inn without any opposition, and got a good way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his squire came after him.

The knight being marched off, there remained only the squire, who was stopped for the reckoning. However, he swore bloodily he would not pay a cross; for the self-same law that acquitted the knight acquitted the squire. This put the inn-keeper into a great passion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho swore by his master's knighthood, he would sooner part with his life than his money on such an account; nor should the squires in after ages ever have occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a precedent, or breaking their rights. But as ill luck would have it, there happened to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordoua point-makers, and two Seville hucksters, all brisk, gamesome, arch fellows; who agreeing all in the same design, encompassed Sancho, and pulled him off his ass, while one of them went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate squire into it, and observing the roof of the place they were in, to be somewhat too low for their purpose, they carried him into the

back-yard, which had no limits but the sky, and there they tossed him for several times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove-tuesday. Poor Sancho made so grievous an outcry all the while, that his master heard him, and imagined those lamentations were of some person in distress, and consequently the occasion of some adventure: but having at last distinguished the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other way to get in. But he no sooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an eye-witness of the scurvy trick that was put upon his squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolick and caper in the air with so much nimbleness and agility, that it is thought the knight himself could not have forbore laughing, had he been any thing less angry. He did his best to get over the wall, but alas! he was so bruised, that he could not so much as alight from his horse. This made him fume and sweat, and vent his passion in a thousand threats and curses, so strange and various that it is impossible to repeat them. But the more he stormed, the more they tossed and laughed; Sancho on his side begging and howling, and threatening, and damning to as little purpose as his master, for it was weariness alone could make the tossers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and set him upon his ass again,

again, carefully wrapped in his mantle. But Maritornes's tender soul made her pity a male creature in such tribulation ; and thinking he had danced and tumbled enough to be thirsty, she was so generous as to help him to a draught of water, which she purposely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho put the pot to his mouth, but his master made him desist : Hold, hold, cried he, son Sancho, drink no water, child, it will kill thee : behold I have here the most holy balsam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually. Ha, (replied Sancho, shaking his head, and looking sourly on the knight with a side-face) have you again forgot that I am no knight ? or would you have me cast up the few guts I have left since last night's jobb ? Keep your brewings for yourself in the devil's name, and let me alone. With that he lifted up the jug to his nose, but finding it to be meer element, he spirted out again the little he had tasted, and desired the wench to help him to some better liquor : so she went and fetched him wine to make him amends, and paid for it too out of her own pocket ; for to give the devil his due, it was said of her, that though she was somewhat too free of her favours, yet she had something of christianity in her. As soon as Sancho had drank off his wine, he visited his ass's ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and free egress being granted him, he marched off mightily tickled with the thoughts of having had his ends :
and

and got off shot-free, though at the expence of his shoulders, his usual sureties : it is true, the inn-keeper kept his wallet for the reckoning ; but the poor squire was so dismayed, and in such haste to be gone, that he never missed it. The host was for shutting the inn-doors after him, for fear of the worst ; but the tossers would not let him, being a sort of fellows that would not have cared for don Quixote a straw, though he had really been one of the knights of the round-table.

C H A P. IV.

Of the discourse between the knight and the squire, with other matters worth relating.

SANCHO made shift to overtake his master, but so pale, so dead hearted, and so mortified, that he was scarce able to sit his ass. My dear Sancho, said don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, I am now convinced, beyond all doubt, that this castle, or inn, is enchanted : for what could they be that made such barbarous sport with thee, but spirits and beings of the other world ? And I the rather believe this, seeing, that when I looked over the wall, I saw thee thus abused, I strove to get over it, but could not stir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante, being fixed in the saddle by enchantment. For, by my honour, could I either have got over the wall, or dismounted, I would have revenged thee so effectually on those discourteous wretches, that they should never have forgot the severity of their punishment

ment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often informed thee, do not permit any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, unless it be in his own defence, and in case of great necessity. Nay, quoth Sancho, I would have paid them home myself, whether knight or no knight, but it was not in my power; and yet I dare say, those that made themselves so merry with my carcase were neither spirits nor enchanted folks, as you will have it, but meer flesh and blood as we be. I am sure they called one another by their Christian names and surnames, while they made me vault and frisk in the air: one was called Pedro Martinez, the other Tenorio Hernandez; and as for our dog of a host, I heard them call him Juan Palomeque the left handed. Then pray do not you fancy that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was some inchanters trick. It is a folly to make many words; it is as plain as the nose on a man's face, that these same adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us into a peck of troubles, and such a plaguy deal of mischief, that we shall not be able to set one foot afore the other. The short and the long is, I take it to be the wisest course to jog home and look after our harvest, and not to run rambling from * “Ceca to

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go on pilgrimage from other places, as Meca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify, “Sauntering about to no purpose.” A banter upon popish pilgrimages.

Meca,

Meca, lest we leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, or, out of God's blessing into the warm sun." Poor Sancho, cried don Quixote, how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry ! come, say no more, and have patience : a day will come when thou shalt be convinced how honourable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what satisfaction in this world, what pleasure can equal that of vanquishing and triumphing over one's enemy ? None, without doubt. It may be so for ought I know, quoth Sancho, though I know nothing of the matter. However, this I may venture to say, that ever since we have turned knights-errant, (your worship I mean, for it is not for such scrubs as myself to be named the same day with such folk) the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unless it be that with the Biscayan ; and in that too you came off with the loss of one ear and the vizor of your helmet. And what have we got ever since, pray, but blows, and more blows ; bruises, and more bruises ? besides this tossing in a blanket, which fell all to my share, and for which I cannot be revenged because they were hobgoblins that served me so forsooth, though I greatly long to be even with them, that I may know the pleasure you say there is in vanquishing one's enemy. I find, Sancho, said don Quixote, you and I are both sick of the same disease ; but I will endeavour with all speed to get me a sword made with so much art, that no sort of enchantment

chantment shall be able to hurt whosoever shall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he stiled himself, "The knight of the burning sword," which was one of the best blades that ever was drawn by a knight: for, besides the virtue I now mentioned, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the strongest armour that ever was tempered or enchanted. I will lay any thing, quoth Sancho, when you have found this sword, it will prove just such another help to me as your balsam; that is to say, it will stand no person in any stead but your dubbed knights; let the poor devil of a squire shift how he can. Fear no such thing, replied don Quixote; heaven will be more kind to thee than thou can imagine.

Thus they went on discoursing, when don Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road, The day is come, said he, turning to his squire, the day is come, Sancho, that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me: this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity. Do you see that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations. Why then, at this rate, quoth Sancho, there should be two armies; for there is as great a dust on the other side; with that don Quixote looked, and was transported with

with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain: for his imagination was so crowded with those battles, enchantments, surprizing adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his strong fancy changed every thing he saw into what he desired to see; and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts, and could not be discerned till they were very near: he was so positive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly believed him at last. Well sir, quoth the squire, what are we to do, I beseech you? What should we do, replied don Quixote, but assist the weaker and the injured side? For know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana: the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the king of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; so called, because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare*. Pray sir, quoth Sancho, why are these two great men going together by the ears? The occasion of their quarrel is this, answered don Quixote, Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian: now her father refuses to

* Alluding to the story of Scanderbeg king of Epirus.

give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion. Burn my beard, said Sancho, if Pentapolin be not in the right on't; I will stand by him, and help him all I may. I commend thy resolution, replied don Quixote, it is not only lawful, but requisite; for there is no need of being a knight to fight in such battles. I thought as much, quoth Sancho: but where shall we leave my ass in the mean time, that I may be sure to find him when the battle is over; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charged upon such a beast. It is true, answered don Quixote, and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though you were sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being changed for another. Then mounting to the top of a hillock, from whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, Look yonder Sancho, cried don Quixote! that knight whom you see in the gilded arms, bearing in his shield a crowned lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurealco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armour powdered with flowers of gold, bearing three crows argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, great duke of Quiracia. The other of a gigantick size that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brindabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three

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Arabia's; he is arrayed in a serpent's-skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belonged to the temple which Samson pulled down at his death, when he revenged himself upon his enemies. But cast your eyes on this side, Sancho, and at the head of the other army see the ever victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, prince of New Biscay, whose armour is quartered Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent, and who bears in his shield a cat Or, in a field Gules, with these four letters, MIAU, for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse, with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, a new created knight, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrick: he whom you see pricking that pined courser's flanks with his armed heels, is the mighty duke of Nervia, Espatafilaro of the wood, bearing in his shield a field of pure azure, powdered with Asparagus (Esparrago*) with this motto in Castilian, "Rastrea mi suerte; Thus trails, or drags

* The gingle between the duke's name Espatafilaro and Esparago (his arms) is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sounding titles in Spain, whose owners were arrant beggars. The trailing of his fortune may allude to the word Esparto, a sort of rush they make ropes with. Or perhaps he was without a mistress, to which the sparagras may allude: for in Spain they have a proverb, Solo comes el Esparrago: As solitary as sparagras, because every one of them springs up by itself.

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my fortune." And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assigned arms, colours, impresses and motto's, as readily as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes. And then proceeding without the least hesitation; that vast body, said he, that is just opposite to us, is composed of several nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant stream of the famous Xanthus: there the mountaineers that till the Massilian * fields: those that sift the pure gold of Arabia Fælix: those that inhabit the renowned and delightful banks of Thermodoon. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious sand. The Numidians, unsteady, and careless of their promises. The Persians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fixed habitations. The Scythians, cruel and savage, though fair-complexioned. The sooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thousand other nations whose countenances I know, though I have forgotten their names. On the other side, come those whose country is watered with the crystal streams of Betis, shaded with olive-trees. Those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus. Those whose mansions are laved by the profitable stream of the divine Genile. Those who range the verdant Tartesian

* This is an imitation of Homer's catalogue of ships.

meadows. Those who indulge their luxurious temper in the delicious pastures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of the Mancha, crowned with golden ears of corn. The ancient off-spring of the Goths, cased in iron. Those who wanton in the lazy current of Pisverga. Those who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, so celebrated for its hidden course, pursues its wandering race. Those who shiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the snowy Apennine. In a word, all that Europe includes within its spacious bounds, half a world in an army. It is scarce to be imagined how many countries he ran over, how many nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to them, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that still in the puffy stile of his fabulous books. Sancho listened to all this romantick muster roll as mute as a mouse, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side to the other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master named. But at length not being able to discover any; why, cried he, you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man can I see, of all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits, like last night? How, replied don Quixote! dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets

trumpets sound, and their drums beat? Not I, quoth Sancho, I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep. Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near them. Your fear disturbs your senses, said don Quixote, and hinders you from hearing and seeing right: but 'tis no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since you are so terrified; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favour with my assistance. With that he couched his lance, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and rushed like a thunder-bolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawled after him as loud as he could; Hold, sir, cried Sancho; for heaven's sake come back. What do you mean? As sure as I am a sinner those you are going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back I say. Woe be to him that begot me! Are you mad, sir? There are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus-gardens, no golden quarters, nor what d'ye call 'ems. Does the devil possess you? You are leaping over the hedge before you come at the stile. You are taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh that I was ever born to see this day! But don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roared his expostulating squire. Courage, brave knights, said he; march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapoli-

lin with the naked arm : follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana ; and so saying, he charged the squadron of sheep with that gallantry and resolution, that he pierced, broke, and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through, not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground and wallowing in their blood. The shepherds seeing their sheep go to rack, called out to him ; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion disdaining such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones, rushed among the routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. Where ; where art thou, cried he, proud Alifanfaron ? Appear ! see here a single knight who seeks thee every where, to try now, hand to hand, the boasted force of thy mighty arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously waged with the valiant Pentapolin. Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily lit upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body. The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded ; and therefore calling to mind his precious

cious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapped it to his mouth: but before he had swallowed a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand and teeth, that it broke the first, maimed the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight, falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds fearing he was killed, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they could out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill, and was mortified at the sight of this mad adventure. There he stamped and swore, and damn'd his master to the bottomless pit; he tore his beard for madness, and cursed the moment he first knew him: but seeing him at last knocked down and settled, the shepherds being scampered, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very bad plight, though not altogether senseless. Ah! master, quoth he, this comes of not taking my council. Did not I tell you it was a flock of sheep, and no army? Friend Sancho, replied don Quixote, know it is an easy matter for necromancers to change the shape of things as they please: thus that malicious inchanter, who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me
of.

of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels, transformed in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake ; do but take thy ass, and follow those supposed sheep at a distance, and I dare engage you will soon see them resume their former shapes, and appear such as I described them. But stay, do not go yet, for I want thy assistance : draw near, and see how many cheek-teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful pain in my jaws and gums, I fear there is a total dilapidation in my mouth. Then the knight opened his mouth as wide as he could, while the squire gaped to tell his grinders, with his snout almost in his chaps; but just in that fatal moment the balsam that lay wambling and fretting in don Quixote's stomach, came up with an unlucky hickup ; and with the same violence that the powder flies out of a gun, all that he had in his stomach discharged itself upon the beard, face, eyes, and mouth of the officious squire. Santa Maria, cried poor Sancho, what will become of me ! my master is a dead man ! he is vomiting his very heart's blood ! But he had hardly said this, when the colour, smell, and taste soon undeceived him ; and finding it to be his master's loathsome drench, it caused such a rumbling in his maw, that before he could turn his head he unladed the whole cargo of his stomach full in his master's face, and
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put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himself. Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his ass, to take out something to clean himself and his master: but when he came to look for his wallet, and found it missing, not remembering till then that he had unhappily left it in the inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits: he stormed and stamped, and cursed him worse than before, and resolved with himself to let his master go to the devil, and even trudge home by himself, though he was sure to lose his wages, and his hopes of being governor of the promised island.

Thereupon don Quixote got up with much ado, and clapping his left-hand before his mouth, that the rest of his loose teeth might not drop out, he laid his right-hand on Rozinante's bridle; (for such was the good-nature of the creature, that he had not moved a foot from his master) then it crept along to squire Sancho, who stood lolling on his ass's pannel, with his face in the hollow of both his hands, in a doleful, moody, melancholy fit. Friend Sancho, said he, seeing him thus abandoned to sorrow, learn of me, that one man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All these storms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm: better success will soon follow our past calamities: good and bad fortune have their vicissitudes; and it is a maxim, That nothing violent can last long:

long: and therefore we may well promise ourselves a speedy change in our fortune, since our afflictions have extended their reign beyond the usual stint: besides, thou oughtest not to afflict thyself so much for misfortunes, of which thou hast no share, but what friendship and humanity bid thee take. How, quoth Sancho! have I no other share in them! Was not he that was tossed in the blanket this morning the son of my father? And did not the wallet, and all that was in it, which I have lost, belong to the son of my mother? How, said don Quixote, hast thou lost thy wallet? I do not know, said Sancho, whether it is lost or no, but I am sure I cannot tell what is become of it. Nay then, replied don Quixote, I find we must fast to-day. Ay marry must we, quoth Sancho, unless you take care to gather in these fields some of those roots and herbs which I have heard you say you know, and which used to help such unlucky knights-errant as yourself at a dead lift. For all that, cried don Quixote, I would rather have at this time a good luncheon of bread, or a cake and two pilchards heads, than all the roots and simples in Dioscorides's herbal, and doctor Laguna's supplement and commentary: I pray thee therefore get upon thy ass, good Sancho, and follow me once more; for God's providence, that relieves every creature, will not fail us, especially since we are about a work so much to his service; thou seest he even provides for the little flying

ing insects in the air, the wormlings in the earth, and the spawnlings in the water; and, in his infinite mercy, he makes his sun shine on the righteous, and on the unjust, and rains upon the good and the bad. Many words will not fill a bushel, quoth Sancho, interrupting him; you would make a better preacher than a knight-errant, or I am very much mistaken. Knights-errant, replied don Quixote, ought to know all things: there have been such in former ages, that have delivered as ingenious and learned a sermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken up their degrees at the university of Paris: from which we may infer, that the lance never dulled the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well then, quoth Sancho, for once let it be as you would have it; let us now leave this unlucky place, and seek out a lodging; where, I pray God, there may be neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors; for before I will be hampered as I have been, may I be cursed with bell, book, and candle, if I do not give the trade to the devil. Leave all things to Providence, replied don Quixote, and for once lead which way thou pleasest, for I leave it wholly to thy discretion to provide us a lodging. But first, I pray thee, feel how many teeth I want in my upper jaw on the right side, for there I feel the greatest pain. With that Sancho feeling with his finger in the knight's mouth; pray, sir, said he, how many grinders did
your

your worship use to have on that side? Four, answered don Quixote, besides the eye-tooth, all of them whole and sound. Think well on what you say, said Sancho. I say four, resumed the knight, if not five; for I never in all my life have had a tooth drawn or dropped out, or rotted by the worm, or loosened by rheum. Bless me, said Sancho! why, you have in this nether jaw on this side but two grinders and a stump; and in that part of your upper jaw, never a stump, and never a grinder; alas! all is levelled there as smooth as the palm of one's hand, Cruel fortune! cried the knight, I had rather have lost an arm, so it were not my sword-arm; for a mouth without cheek-teeth, is like a mill without a mill-stone, Sancho; and every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond. But we who profess this strict order of chivalry, are all subject to these calamities; and therefore since the loss is irretrievable, mount, my friend Sancho, and go thy own pace; I will follow you. Sancho obeyed, and led the way, still keeping the road they were in; which being very much beaten, promised to bring him soonest to a lodging. Thus pacing along very softly, for don Quixote's gums and ribs would not suffer him to go faster; Sancho, to divert his uneasy thoughts, resolved to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as will be related in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

An Account of the wise discourse between Sancho and his master; as also the adventure of the dead corpse, and other famous occurrences.

NOW sir, said Sancho, I cannot help thinking, but that all the misfortunes that have befallen us to-day, are a just judgment for the heinous sin you have committed against the order of knighthood, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you swore, Not to eat bread off a table cloth, nor to have a merry bout with the queen, and the lord knows what more, until such time you had won What d'ye call him, the Moor's * Helmet, I think you named him. Truly answered don Quixote, you are much in the right, Sancho; and to deal ingenuously with you, I wholly forgot that; and now you may certainly assure yourself, you were tossed in a blanket for not remembering to put me in mind of it. However, I will take care to make due atonement; for knight-errantry has ways to conciliate all sorts of matters. Why, said Sancho, did I ever swear to remind you of your vow? It is nothing to the purpose, answered don Quixote, whether you swore or no: let it suffice, that I think you are not very clear from being accessory to the breach of my vow; and therefore to prevent the worst, there will be no harm in providing for a remedy. Hark you then, cried

* Melandrine.

VOL. I.

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Sancho,

Sancho, be sure you do not forget your atonement, as you did your oath, lest those confounded hobgoblins come and mawl me, and mayhap you too, for being a stubborn finner.

Night insensibly overtook them before they could discover any lodging; and, which was worse, they were almost famished, all their provision being in the wallet which Sancho had unluckily left behind; and to compleat their distress, there happened to them an adventure, or something that really looked like one.

While our benighted travellers went on dolefully under the cloud of night, the knight very hungry, and the squire very sharp set, what should they see moving towards them but a great number of lights, that appeared like so many moving stars. At this strange apparition, down sunk Sancho's heart at once, and even don Quixote himself was not without some symptoms of surprize. Presently one checked his ass, the other his horse, and both made a stop. They soon perceived that the lights made directly towards them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. At this terrible wonder Sancho shook and shivered every joint like one in a palsy, and don Quixote's hair stood up an end: however, heroically shaking off the amazement which that sight stamped upon his soul, Without doubt, Sancho, said he, this must be a great and perilous adventure, where I shall have occasion

to exert the whole stock of my prowess and strength. Woe is me, cried, Sancho, should this happen to be another adventure of ghosts, as I am afraid it is, where shall I find ribs to endure it? Come all the fiends in hell, said don Quixote, I will not suffer them to touch a hair of thy head. If they insulted you lately, know there was then between you and me a yard-wall, over which I could not climb; but now we are in the open field, where I shall have liberty to make use of my sword. Ay, said Sancho, you may talk; but should they bewitch you as they did before, what the devil would it avail us to be in the open field? Come, Sancho, replied don Quixote, be of good cheer; the event will soon convince you of the greatness of my valour. Pray heaven it may, said Sancho, I will do my best. With that they rode a little out of the way, and earnestly gazing at the lights, they soon discovered a great number of persons in white. At this dreadful sight, all poor Sancho's shuffling courage basely deserted him; his teeth began to chatter as if he had been in an ague fit, and as the objects drew nearer his chattering increased. And now they could plainly distinguish about twenty men on horse-back, all in white, with torches in their hands, followed by a hearse covered with black, and six cavaliers in deep mourning, whose mules were also in black down to their very heels. Those in white moved slowly muttering from their lips something in a low

and lamentable tone. This dismal spectacle at such a time of night, in the midst of such a vast solitude, was enough to have shipwrecked the courage of a stouter squire than Sancho, and even of his master, had he been any other than don Quixote: but as his imagination straight suggested to him, that this was one of those adventures of which he had so often read in his books of chivalry, the hearse appeared to him to be a litter, where lay the body of some knight either slain or dangerously wounded, the revenge of whose misfortunes was reserved for his prevailing arm: and so without any more ado, couching his lance, and seating himself firm in his saddle, he posted himself in the middle of the road, where the company were to pass. As soon as they came near, Stand, cried he to them in a haughty tone, whoever you be, and tell me who you are, whence you come, whither you go, and what you carry in that litter? for in all appearance you have either done, or received a great deal of harm; and it is necessary I should be informed of the matter, in order either to chastise you for the ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the wrong you have suffered. Sir, replied one of the men in white, we are in haste; the inn we intend to lodge at is a great way off, and we cannot stay to answer so many questions; and with that spurring his mule, he moved forwards. But don Quixote, highly incensed with the reply, laid hold of the mule's

mule's bridle and stopped him : Stand, cried he, proud discourteous knight, mend your behaviour, and give me instantly an account of what I asked of you, or here I defy you all to mortal combat. Now the mule, that was shy and skittish, being thus rudely seized by the bridle, was presently frightened, and rising up on her hinder legs, threw her rider to the ground. Upon this one of the servants that belonged to the company, gave don Quixote ill language ; which so incensed him, that being resolved to be revenged on them all, in a mighty rage he flew at the next he met, who happened to be one of the mourners. He threw him to the ground very much hurt ; and then turning to the rest with wonderful agility, he fell upon them with such fury, that he presently put them all to flight. You would have thought that Rozinante had wings at that time, so active and fierce he then proved himself.

It was not indeed for men unarmed, and naturally fearful to maintain the field against such an enemy ; no wonder then if the gentlemen in white were immediately dispersed : some ran one way, some another, crossing the plain with their lighted torches : you would now have taken them for a parcel of maskers in carnival time. As for the mourners, they, poor men, were so muffled up and intangled in their long cumbersome cloaks, that not being able to make their party good, nor defend themselves, they were presently routed, and ran away like the rest, the rather,

ther, for that they thought it was no mortal creature, but the devil himself, that was come to carry away the dead body which they were accompanying to the grave*. All this while Sancho stood beholding with admiration and astonishment the valour and intrepidity of his master; and now concluded him to be the formidable champion he boasted himself.

Mean while the knight, by the light of a torch that lay burning upon the ground, perceiving the man whom the mule overthrew lying near it, he rode up to him, and clapping his lance to his throat, Yield, cried he, and beg thy life, or thou diest. Alas, sir, said the other, what need you ask me to yield? I am not able to stir, for one of my legs is broke; and I beseech you, if you are a christian, do not kill me. I am a master of arts, and in holy orders; it would be a heinous sacrilege to take away my life. What the devil brought you hither then, if you are a clergyman, cried don Quixote? What else but my ill fortune, answered the suppliant? A worse hovers over thy head, cried don Quixote, and threatens thee, if you do not answer this moment to every particular question I ask. I will, I will, sir, replied the other, and first I must beg your pardon for saying I was a master of arts, for I have yet but taken up my batchelor's degree. My name is Alonso Lopez: I am of Alcovendas, and came now from the town of Baeca, with

* The author seems here to have intended a ridicule on those funeral solemnities.

eleven other clergymen, the same that now ran away with the torches. We are going to Segovia to bury the corpse of a gentleman of that town, who died at Baeca, and lies now in yonder hearse. And who killed him? asked don Quixote. God, with a pestilential fever, answered the other. If it be so, said don Quixote, I am discharged of revenging his death. Since God did it, there is no more to be said; had it been his pleasure to have taken me off so, I too must have submitted. I would have you informed, reverend sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, my name Don Quixote; my employment is to visit all parts of the world in quest of adventures, to right and relieve injured innocence, and punish oppression. Truly, sir, replied the clergyman, I do not understand how you can call that to right and relieve men when you break their legs: you have made that crooked which was right and straight before; and heaven knows whether it can ever be set right as long as I live. Instead of relieving the injured, I fear you have injured me past relief; and while you seek adventures, you have made me meet with a very great misadventure*. All things, replied don Quixote, are not blessed alike with a prosperous event: good Mr. Batchelor,

* The author's making the batchelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was properly designed as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so apt to run into an affectation that way, and to mistake it for wit; as also upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in the greatest distresses, guilty of the like absurdity.

you should have taken care not to have went a processioning in these desolate plains, at this suspicious time of night, with your white surplices, burning torches, and fable weeds, like ghosts and goblins, that went about to scare people out of their wits: for I could not omit doing the duty of my profession, nor would I have neglected attacking you, though you had really been all Lucifer's infernal crew; for such I took you to be, and till this moment could have no better opinion of you. Well, sir, said the batchelor, since my bad fortune has so ordered it, I must desire you, as you are a knight-errant, who have made mine so bad an errand, to help me to get from under my mule, for it lies so heavy upon me, that I cannot get my foot out of the stirrup. Why did not you acquaint me sooner with your grievances, cried don Quixote? I might have talked till to-morrow morning and not have thought on it. With that he called Sancho, who made no great haste, for he was much better employed in rifling a load of choice provisions, which the holy men carried along with them on a sumpter mule. He had spread his coat on the ground, and having laid on it as much food as it would hold, he wrapped it up like a bag, and laid the booty on his ass; then away he ran to his master, and helped him to set the batchelor upon his mule: after which he gave him his torch, and don Quixote bid him follow his company, and excuse him for his mistake, though,
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all things considered, he could not avoid doing what he had done. And, sir, quoth Sancho, if the gentlemen would know who it was that so well threshed their jackets, you may tell them it was the famous don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called The knight of the woeful figure.

When the batchelor was gone, don Quixote asked Sancho why he called him the knight of the woeful figure? I will tell you why, quoth Sancho? I have been looking at you this great while by the light of that unlucky priest's torch, and may I never stir if ever I set eyes on a more dismal figure in my born-days; and I cannot tell what should be the cause of it, unless your being tired after this fray, or the want of your worship's teeth. That is not the reason, cried don Quixote; no, Sancho, I rather conjecture, that the sage who is commissioned by fate to register my atchievements, thought it convenient I should assume a new appellation, as all the knights of yore; for one was called the knight of the burning sword, another of the unicorn, a third of the phoenix, a fourth the knight of the damsels, another of the griffin, and another the knight of death; by which names they were known all over the globe. Therefore, doubtless, that learned sage, my historian, has inspired thee with the thought of giving me that additional appellation of the knight of the woeful figure: and accordingly I assume the name, and intend henceforwards to be distinguished by

by that denomination. And that it may seem the more proper, I will, the first opportunity, have a most woeful face painted on my shield. On my word, quoth Sancho, you may even save the money; and instead of having a woeful face painted, you need no more but only shew your own. I am but in jest, as a body may say; but what with the want of your teeth, and what with hunger, you look so queerly and so woefully, that no painter can draw you a figure so fit for your purpose as your worship's. This merry conceit of Sancho extorted a smile from his master's austere countenance: however, he persisted in his resolution about the name and the picture; and after a pause, a sudden thought disturbing his conscience, Sancho, cried he, I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders, "*Juxta illud; si quis suadente diabolo, &c.**" But yet, now I think better on it, I never touched him with my hands, but only with my lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with priests, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholick and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took them to be evil spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy Dias, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambassador in the pope's presence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar

* Canon. 72. Distinct. 134.

from behaving himself that day like a valiant knight, and a man of honour.

This said, don Quixote was for visiting the hearse, to see whether what was in it were only dead bones: but Sancho would not let him; Sir, said he, you are come off now with a whole skin, and much better than you have done hitherto. Who knows but these same fellows that are now scampered off, may chance to bethink themselves what a shame it is for them to have suffered themselves to be thus routed by a single man, and so come back, and fall upon us all at once; then we shall have work enough upon our hands. The ass is in good case; there is a hill not far off, and our bellies cry cup-board. Come, let us get out of harms way, and not let the plough stand to catch a mouse, as the saying is; "To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread." With that he put on a dog-trot with his ass, and his master, bethinking himself that he was in the right, put on after him without replying.

When they had travelled a little way, they came to a valley that lay between two hills; there they alighted, and Sancho having opened his coat and spread it on the grass, with the provision which he had bundled up in it, our two adventurers fell too; and their stomachs being sharpened with the sauce of hunger, they eat their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, at one meal, feasting themselves with variety of cold meats,

meats, which you may be certain were the best that could be got; the priests, who had brought it for their own eating, being like the rest of their coat, none of the worst stewards for their bellies, and knowing how to make much of themselves.

But now another great misfortune attended them, and such a misfortune as was be-moaned by poor Sancho, as one of the worst that ever could befall him; for they found they had not one drop of wine, nor indeed of water, to wash down their meat and quench their thirst, which now scorched and choaked them worse than hunger had pinched them before. However, Sancho considering they were in a place where the grass was fresh and green, said to his master, ---- what you will find in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

Of a wonderful adventure atchieved by the valiant don Quixote de la Mancha; with less danger than ever attended any exploit performed by the most famous knights in the world.

THE grass is so fresh (said Sancho, half choaked with thirst) that I dare lay my life there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts by which it is watered; therefore, I beseech you, sir, let us look that we may quench this confounded thirst that plagues our throats ten times worse than hunger did our guts. Thereupon don Quixote leading Rozinante by the bridle,

dle, and Sancho his afs by the halter, after he had laid up the reverſion of their meal, they went feeling about, only guided by their gueſs; for it was ſo dark they ſcarce could ſee their hands. They had not gone above two hundred paces before they heard a noiſe of a great water-fall; which was to them the moſt welcome ſound in the world: but then liſtning with great attention to know on which ſide the grateful murmur came, they on a ſudden heard another kind of noiſe that ſtrangely allayed the pleaſure of the firſt, eſpecially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful, and puſillanimous. They heard a terrible din of obſtreperous blows, ſtruck regularly, and a more dreadful rattling of chains and irons, which, together with the roaring of the waters, might have filled any other heart but don Quixote's with terror and amazement. Add to this the horrors of a dark night, and ſolitude, in an unknown place, the loud ruſtling of the leaves of ſome lofty trees, under which fortune brought them at the ſame unlucky moment, the whiſtling of the wind, which concurred with the other diſmaying ſounds; the fall of the waters, the thundering thumps and the clinking of chains aforeſaid. The worſt too was, that the blows were redoubled without ceaſing, the wind blowed on, and day light was far diſtant. But then it was, don Quixote, ſecured by his intrepidity (his inſeparable companion) mounted Rozinante, braced his ſhield, brandiſhed his lance, and ſhewed a

soul unknown to fear, and superior to danger, and fortune. Know, Sancho, said he, I was born in this iron age, to restore the age of gold, or the golden age, as some chuse to call it. I am the man for whom fate has reserved the most dangerous and formidable attempts, the most stupendious and glorious adventures; and the most valiant feats of arms. I am the man who must revive the order of the round table, the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, and efface the memory of your Platyr, your Tablantes, your Olivantes, and your Tirantes. Now must your knights of the sun, your Belianis's, and all the numerous throng of famous heroes, and knights-errant of former ages, see the glory of all their most dazzling actions eclipsed and darkened by my more noble exploits. Do but observe, my faithful squire, what a number of terrors surround us! A horrid darkness, a doleful solitude, a confused rustling of leaves, a dismal rattling of chains, a howling of the winds, an astonishing noise of cataracts, that seem to fall with a boisterous rapidity from the steep mountains of the moon, a terrible sound of redoubled blows, still wounding our ears like furious thunder-claps, and a dead and universal silence of those things which might buoy up the sinking courage of frail mortality. In this extremity of danger Mars himself might tremble with the fright: yet I, in the midst of all these unutterable alarms, still remain undaunted and unshaken. These are but

but incentives to my valour, and but animate my heart the more; it grows too big and mighty for my breast, and leaps at the approach of this threatening adventure, as formidable as it is like to prove. Come, girt Rozinante, and then Providence protect thee: you may stay for me here; but if I do not return in three days, go back to our village; and from thence, for my sake, to Toboso, and tell my incomparable lady Dulcinea, That her faithful knight fell a sacrifice to love and honour, while he attempted things that might have made him worthy to be called her admirer.

When Sancho heard his master talk thus, he fell a weeping with incredible tenderness. Pray sir, said he, why will you thus run yourself into danger? Why need you go about this misadventure? It is now dark, and there is no living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to ride off, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink a drop these three days. Who is there to take notice of our cowardice? Besides, I have heard our parson, whom you very well know, say in his pulpit, That he who seeks danger, perishes therein: and therefore we should not tempt heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compass but by a miracle. Is it not enough, think you, that it has preserved you from being tossed in a blanket as I was, and made you come off safe and sound from among so many goblins that went with the dead man? If all this will not work upon

that hard heart of yours, do but think of me, and rest yourself assured, that when once you have left your poor Sancho, he will be ready to give up the ghost for fear, to the next that will come for it : I left my home, my wife, children, and every thing to follow you, hoping to be the better, and not the worse for it ; but as covetousness breaks the sack, so has it broke me and my hopes ; for while I thought myself cocksure of that accursed unlucky island, which you promised me so often, in lieu thereof you drop me here in a strange place. Dear master do not be so hard-hearted ; and if you will not be dissuaded from meddling with this ungracious adventure, do but put it off till break of day, to which, according to the little skill I learned when I was a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours ; for the muzzle of the lesser bear is just over our heads, and shews midnight in the line of the left paw.

How can'st thou perceive the muzzle of the bear, asked don Quixote ? There is not a star to be seen in the sky. That is true, quoth Sancho ; but fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under ground, and much more in the skies. Let day come, or not come, it is all one to me, cried the champion ; it shall never be recorded of don Quixote, that either tears or intreaties could make him neglect the duty of a knight. Then, Sancho, say no more ; for heaven, that has inspired me with a resolution of attempting this dreadful adventure, will certainly take care of
of

of me and thee : come quickly, girt my steed, and stay here for me ; for you will shortly hear of me again, either alive or dead.

Sancho finding his master obstinate, and neither to be moved with tears nor good advice, resolved to try a trick of policy to keep him there till day-light : and accordingly, while he pretended to fasten the girths, he sily tied Rozinante's hinder-legs with his ass's halter, without being so much as suspected : so that when don Quixote thought to have moved forwards he found his horse would not go a step without leaping, though he spurred him on sinartly. Sancho perceiving his plot took ; look you, sir, quoth he, heaven is on my side, and will not let Rozinante budge a foot forwards ; and now, if you will still be spurring him, I dare pawn my life, it will be but striving against the stream ; or, as the saying is, but kicking against the pricks. Don Quixote fretted and chafed, and raved, and was in a desperate fury, to find his horse so stubborn ; but at last, observing that the more he spurred and galled his sides, the more resty he proved, he, though unwillingly, resolved to have patience till it was light. Well, said he, since Rozinante will not leave this place, I must stay in it till dawn of day, though its slowness will cost me some sighs. You shall not have occasion to sigh and be melancholy, quoth Sancho, for I will undertake to tell you stories till it be day, unless your worship had rather get off your horse,

and take a nap upon the green grass, as knights-errant are accustomed to do, that you may be the fresher, and the better able to go through that monstrous adventure that waits for you. What do you mean by this alighting and sleeping, replied don Quixote? Do you think that I am one of those carpet-knights that abandon themselves to sleep and ease when danger is at hand? No; you sleep, you are born to sleep; or do what you will. As for myself, I know what I have to do. Good sir, quoth Sancho, do not put yourself into a passion, I meant no such thing, not I: saying this, he clapped one of his hands upon the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and thus he stood embracing his master's left thigh, not daring to move an inch, for fear of the blows that din'd continually in his ears. Don Quixote then thought fit to claim his promise, and desired him to tell some of his stories to help to pass away the time. Sir, quoth Sancho, I am woefully frightened, and have no heart to tell stories; however, I will do my best; and now I think on it there is one come into my head, which if I can but hit on it right, and nothing happen to put me out, is the best story you ever heard in your life; therefore listen, for I am going to begin. In the days of yore, when it was as it was, good betide us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And here, sir, you are to take notice that they of old did not begin their tales in an ordinary way; for it
was

was a saying of a wise man whom they called Cato, the Roman Tonfor *, that said, Evil to him that evil seeks, which is as pat for your purpose as a ring for the finger, that you may neither meddle or make, nor seek evil and mischief for the nonce, but rather get out of harm's way, for no body forces us to run into the mouth of all the devils in hell that wait for us yonder. Go on with the story, Sancho, said don Quixote, and leave the rest to my discretion. I say then, quoth Sancho, that in a country town in Estremadura, there lived a certain shepherd, goat-herd I should have said; which goat-herd, as the story has it, was called Lope Ruyz; and this Lope Ruyz was in love with a shepherdess, whose name was Toralva, the which shepherdess, whose name was Toralva, was the daughter of a wealthy grazier, and this wealthy grazier---If thou goest on at this rate, said don Quixote, and makest so many needless repetitions, thou wilt not have told thy story these two days. I pray thee tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or let it alone, I tell you, said Sancho, as all stories are told in our country, and I cannot for the blood of me tell it any other way, nor is it fit I should alter the custom. Why then tell it how thou wilt, replied don Quixote, since my ill fortune forces me to stay and hear thee. Well then, dear sir, quoth Sancho, as I was saying, this same shepherd, goat-herd I should have said, was woundily in

* A mistake for Cato the Roman Censor.

love with that same shepherdes Toralva, who was a well-trussed, round, crummy, strapping wench, coy and foppish, and somewhat like a man, for she had a kind of beard on her upper lip; methinks I see her now standing before me. Then I suppose you knew her, said don Quixote. Not I, replied Sancho, I never set eyes on her in my life; but he that told me the story said this was so true, that I might vouch it for a real truth, and even swear I had seen it all myself. Well,-----but, as you know, days go and come, and time and straw make medlars ripe; so it happened, that after several days coming and going, the devil, who seldom lies dead in a ditch, but will have a finger in every pye, so brought it about, that the shepherd fell out with his sweetheart, insomuch that the love he bore her turned into dudgeon and ill-will; and the cause was, by report of some mischievous tale-carriers, that bore no good will to either party, for that the shepherd thought her no better than she should be, a little loose in the hilts, and free of her hips *. Thereupon being grievous in the dumps about it, and now bitterly hating her, he even resolved to leave that country to get out of her sight: for now, as every dog has his day, the wench

* The original runs thus, She gave him a certain quantity of little jealousies, above measure, and within the prohibited degrees: Alluding to certain measures not to be exceeded (in Spain) on pain of forfeiture and corporal punishment, as swords above such a standard, &c.

perceiving

perceiving he come no longer a suitering to her, but rather tossed his nose at her, and shunned her, she began to love him and doat upon him like any thing. That is the nature of women, said don Quixote, not to love when we love them, and to love when we love them not. But go on-----The shepherd then gave her the slip, continued Sancho, and driving his goats before him, went trudging through Estremadura, in his way to Portugal. But Toralva, having a long nose, soon smelt his design, and then what does she do, think ye, but presently goes after him bare-footed and bare-legged, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, wherein they say she carried a piece of looking-glass, half a comb, a broken pot with paint, and I do not know what other trinkum-trankums to prink herself up. But let her carry what she would, it is no bread and butter of mine; the short and the long is, That they say the shepherd with his goats got at last to the river Guardiana, which happened to be overflowed at that time, and what is worse than ill luck, there was neither boat nor bark to ferry him over; which vexed him the more because he perceived Toralva at his heels, and he feared to be teased and plagued with her weeping and wailing. At last he spied a fisherman, in a little boat, but it was so little, that it would carry but one man and one goat at a time. Well, for all that, he called to the fisherman, and agreed with him
to

to carry him and his three hundred goats, over the water. The bargain being struck, the fisherman came with his boat, and carried over one goat; then he rowed back and fetched another goat, and after that another goat. Pray, sir, quoth Sancho, be sure you keep a good account how many goats the fisherman ferries over; for if you happen to miss but one, my tale is at an end, and the devil a word more I have to say. Well then, whereabouts was I?---Ho! I have it---Now the landing-place on the other side was very muddy and slippery, which made the fisherman be a long while in going and coming; yet for all that, he took heart of grace, and made shift to carry over one goat, then another, and then another. Come, said don Quixote, we will suppose he has landed them all on the other side of the river; for as thou goest on one by one we shall not have done these twelve months. Pray, let me go on in my own way, said Sancho. How many goats are got over already? Nay, how the devil can I tell, replied don Quixote! There it is! quoth Sancho; Did not I bid you keep an account? On my word the tale is at an end, and now you may go whistle for the rest. Ridiculous, cried don Quixote; pray now is there no going on with the story unless I know how many goats are wafted over? No, marry is there not, quoth Sancho, for as soon as you answered, that you could not tell, the rest of the story quite clean slipped out of my head; and indeed it was a thousand pities,

pities, for it was a special one. So then, said don Quixote, the story is ended. Ah marry is it, quoth Sancho, it is no more to be fetched to life than my dead mother. Upon my honour, cried don Quixote, a most extraordinary story, and told and concluded in as extraordinary manner! It is a non-such I assure you; though truly I expected no less from a man of such uncommon parts. Alas! poor Sancho, I am afraid this dreadful noise has turned your brain. That may well be, quoth Sancho; but as for my story I am sure there is nothing more to be said, for where you lose the account of the goats, there it ends. Let it be so, replied don Quixote; but now let us see whether Rozinante be in humour to march: with that he gave Rozinante two spurs, and the high-mettled jade answered with one bound, and then stood stock still, not having the command of his hind legs.

Much about this time, whether it were the coolness of the night, or that Sancho had eaten some loosening food at supper, or, which seems more probable, that nature, by a regular impulse, gave him notice of her desire to perform a certain function that follows the third concoction; it seems, friend Sancho found himself urged to do that which nobody could do for him: but such were his fears that he durst not for his life stir the breadth of a straw from his master; yet to think of bearing the intolerable load that pressed him so, was to him as great an impossibility.

possibility. In this perplexing exigency, (with leave be it spoken) he could find no other expedient but to take his right hand from the crupper of the saddle, and softly untying his breeches, let them drop down to his heels; having done this, he as silently took up his shirt, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the least, to the open air: but the main point was how to ease himself of this terrible burden without making a noise; for which purpose he clinched his teeth close, screwed up his face, shrunk up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as possible: yet see what misfortunes attend the best projected undertakings! When he had almost compassed his design, he could not hinder an obstreperous sound, very different from those that caused his fear, from unluckily bursting out. Hark! said don Quixote, who heard it, what noise is that, Sancho? Some new adventures I will warrant you, said Sancho, for ill luck, you know, seldom comes alone. Having passed off the thing thus, he even ventured the other strain, and did it so cleverly, that without the least rumour or noise, his business was done effectually, to the unspeakable ease of his body and mind.

But don Quixote having the sense of smelling as perfect as that of hearing, and Sancho standing so very near, or rather tacked to him, certain fumes, that ascended perpendicularly, began to regale his nostrils with a smell not so grateful as amber. No
sooner

sooner the unwelcome steams disturbed him, but having recourse to the common remedy, he stopped his nose, and then, with a snuffling voice, Sancho, said he, thou art certainly in bodily fear. So I am, quoth Sancho; but what makes your worship perceive it now more than you did before? Because, replied don Quixote, thou smellest now more unfavourily than thou didst before. Ho! that may be, quoth Sancho: but whose fault is that? you may even thank yourself for it. Why do you lead me a wild goose chase, and bring me at such unseasonable hours to such dangerous places? You know I am not used to it. I pray thee, said don Quixote, still holding his nose, get thee three or four steps from me; and for the future take more care, and know your distance; for I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt. I warrant, quoth Sancho, you think I have been doing something I should not have done. Come, say no more, cried don Quixote, the more you stir, the worse it will be.

This discourse, such as it was, served them to pass away the night; and now Sancho, seeing the morning arise, thought it time to untie Rozinante's feet, and do up his breeches; and he did both with so much caution that his master suspected nothing. As for Rozinante, he no sooner felt himself at liberty, but he seemed to express his joy by pawing the ground; for, with his leave be it spoken, he was a stranger to prancing. Don Quixote also took it as a good omen,

that his steed was now ready to move, and believed it was a signal given him by kind fortune, to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure.

Now had Aurora displayed her rosy mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil; all objects stood confessed to human eyes, and don Quixote could now perceive he was under some tall chesnut trees, whose thick spreading boughs diffused an awful gloom around the place, but he could not yet discover whence proceeded the dismal sound of those incessant strokes. Therefore, being resolved to find it out, once more he took his leave of Sancho, with the same injunctions as before; adding withal, that he should not trouble himself about the recompence of his services, for he had taken care of that in his will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this adventure, he might most certainly expect to be gratified with the promised island. Sancho could not forbear blubbering again to hear these tender expressions of his master, and resolved not to leave him till he had finished this enterprize. And from that deep concern, and this nobler resolution to attend him, the author of this history infers, That the squire was something of a gentleman by descent, or at least the offspring of the old Christians*. Nor did his good nature fail

* In contradistinction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.

to move his master more than he was willing to shew, at a time when it behoved him to shake off all softer thoughts; for now he rode towards the place whence the noise of the blows and the water seemed to come, while Sancho trudged after him, leading by the halter the inseparable companion of his good and bad fortune.

After they had gone a good way under a pleasing covert of chesnut trees, they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks, from whose top there was a great fall of waters. At the foot of those rocks they discovered certain old ill-contrived buildings, that rather looked like ruins than inhabited houses; and they perceived that the terrifying noise of blows, which yet continued, issued out of that place. When they came nearer, even patient Rozinante himself started at the dreadful sound; but being heartened and pacified by his master, he was at last prevailed with to draw nearer and nearer with wary steps; the knight recommending himself all the way most devoutly to his Dulcinea, and now and then also to heaven, in short ejaculations. As for Sancho, he stuck close to his master, peeping all the way through Rozinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When a little farther, at the doubling of the point of a rock, they plainly discovered (kind reader, do not take it amiss) six huge fulling-mill hammers, which interchangeably thumping several pieces of cloth, made the terrible noise

that boasted all don Quixote's anilities and Sancho's tribulation that night. And of a sudden don Quixote was struck dumb at this unexpected sight, and was ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion. Sancho stared upon him, and saw him hang down his head, with a desponding dejected countenance, like a man quite dispirited with this cursed disappointment. At the same time he looked upon Sancho, and seeing by his eyes, and his cheeks swelled with laughter, that he was ready to burst, he could not forbear laughing himself in spite of all his vexation; so that Sancho seeing his master begin, immediately gave loose to his mirth, and broke out into such a fit of laughing, that he was forced to hold his sides with both his knuckles, for fear of bursting his aking paunch. Four times he ceased, and four times renewed his obstreperous laughing; which sauciness don Quixote began to resent with great indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering tone, presumed to ridicule him with his own words, repenting part of the vain speech he made when first they heard the noise; "Know, Sancho, I was born in this iron age to restore the age of gold. I am the man for whom heaven has reserved the most dangerous and glorious adventures, &c." Thus he went on, till his master, dreadfully enraged at his insolence, hit him two such blows on the shoulders with his lance, that had they fallen upon his head, they had saved don Quixote the trouble of
 paying

paying him his wages, whatever he must have done to his heirs. Thereupon Sancho, finding his jest turned to earnest, begged pardon with all submission : Mercy, good your worship, cried he, spare my bones I beseech you ! I meant no harm, I did but joke a little. And because you joke, I do not, cried don Quixote. Come hither, good Mr. Jester, you who pretend to rally, tell me, had this been a dangerous adventure, as well as it proves only a false alarm, have I not shewn resolution enough to undertake and finish it ? Am I, who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanick noise, and distinguish between sound and sound ? Besides, it might happen, as really it is, that I had never seen a fulling-mill before, though you, like a base scoundrel as you are, were born and brought up among such mean implements of drudgery. But let the six fulling-hammers be transformed into so many giants, and then set them at me one by one, or all together ; and if I do not lay them all at my feet with their heels upwards, then I will give thee leave to exercise thy ill-bred raillery as much as thou pleasest.

Good your worship, quoth Sancho, talk no more on it, I beseech you ; I confess I carried the jest too far. But now all is quiet and well ; pray tell me in sober sadness, as you hope to speed in all adventures, and come off safe and sound as from this, do not you think that the fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good subject for

people to make sport with? I grant it, answered don Quixote, but I would not have it told; for all people are not so discreet as to place things, or look upon them in the position in which they should be considered. I will say that for you, quoth Sancho, you have shewn you understand how to place things in their right position, when aiming at my head, you hit my shoulders; had not I ducked a little on one side, I had been in a fine condition! But let that pass, it will wash out in the bucking. I have heard my grannam say, that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep. Good masters may be hasty sometimes with a servant, but presently after a hard word or two they commonly give him a pair of cast off breeches: what they give after a basting, heaven knows; all I can tell is, that knights-errant, after bastingadoes, give you some cast island, or some old fashioned kingdom upon the main land.

Fortune, said don Quixote, will perhaps order every thing thou hast said to come to pass; therefore, Sancho, I pray thee think no more of my severity; you know a man cannot always command the first impulse of his passions. On the other side, let me advise thee not to be so saucy for the future, and not to take that strange familiarity with me which is so unbecoming a servant. I protest, in such a great number of books of knight-errantry as I have read, I never found that any squire was ever allowed so great a freedom of speech with his master as thou takest with me; and truly

truly I look upon it to be a great fault in us both; in thee for disrespecting me, and in me for not making myself more respected. Gandalin, Amadis de Gaule's squire, though he was earl of the Firm Island, yet never spoke to his master but with cap in hand, his head bowed, and his body half bent, after the Turkish manner. But what shall we say of Gasabal, don Galaor's squire, who was such a strict observer of silence, that, to the honour of his marvellous taciturnity, he gave the author occasion to mention his name but once in that voluminous authentick history! From all this, Sancho, I would have thee make this observation, That there ought to be a distance kept between the master and the man, the knight and the squire. Therefore, once more I tell thee, let us live together for the future more according to the due decorum of our respective degrees, without giving one another any further vexation on this account; for after all, it will always be the worse for you on whatsoever occasion we happen to disagree. As for the rewards I promised you, they will come in due time; and should you be disappointed that way, you have your salary to trust to, as I have told you.

You say well, replied Sancho; but now, sir, suppose no rewards should come, and I should be forced to stick to my wages; I would fain know how much a squire-errant used to earn in the days of yore? Did they go by the month, or by the day, like
our

our labourers? I do not think, answered don Quixote, they ever went by the hire, but rather trusted to their master's generosity. And if I have assigned thee wages in my will, which I left at home sealed up, it was only to prevent the worst, because I do not know yet what success I may have in chivalry in these depraved times; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for such a trifling matter; for there is no state of life so subject to dangers as that of a knight-errant. Like enough, said Sancho, when merely the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill is able to trouble and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight as your worship! But you may be sure I will not hereafter so much as offer to open my lips to jibe or joke at your doings, but always stand in awe of you, and honour you as my lord and master. By doing so, answered don Quixote, thy days shall be long on the face of the earth; for next to our parents we ought to respects our masters as if they were our fathers.

CH A P. VII.

Of the high adventure and conquest of Mambrino's helmet, with other events relating to our invincible knight.

ABOUT this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho would fain have taken shelter in the fulling-mills; but don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence against them

them for the shame they had put upon him, that he would by no means be persuaded to go in; and turning to the right hand, he struck into a road; where they had not gone far before he discovered a horse-man, who wore upon his head something that glittered like gold. The knight had no sooner spied him, but turning to his squire, Sancho, said he, I find every proverb is strictly true; they are all so many sentences and maxims drawn from experience, the universal mother of sciences: for instance, that saying, Shut one door and another will soon open: thus fortune, that last night deceived us with the false prospect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one to make us amends; and such an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not gloriously succeed in, I shall have now no pretence to an excuse, no darkness, no unknown sounds to impute my disappointment to: in short, in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet*; and thou knowest the vow I have made. Good sir, replied Sancho, mind what you say, and take heed what you do; for I would willingly keep my carcase, and the ease of my understanding, from being pounded, mashed, and crushed, with fulling-hammers. Hell seize the blockhead, cried don Quixote, is there no difference between a helmet and a fulling-mill? I do not know,

* Mambrino, a Saracen of great valour, who had a golden helmet, which Rinaldo took from him. See Orlando Furioso, Canto I.

replied

replied Sancho, but I am sure, were I suffered to speak my mind now as I was wont, mayhaps I would give you such main reasons, that yourself should see you are wide of the matter. How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever, said don Quixote? Dost thou not see the knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head? I see what I see, answered Sancho, and the devil of any thing I can spy but a fellow on such another grey ass as mine is, with something that glitters on the top of his head. I tell thee, that is the helmet of Mambrino, replied don Quixote: do thou stand at a distance, and leave me to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without trifling away so much as a moment in needless talk, I will finish this adventure, and possess myself of the desired helmet. I shall stand at a distance, you may be sure, said Sancho; but I wish this may not prove another blue bout, and a worse jobb than the fulling mills. I have warned you already, fellow, said don Quixote, not so much as to name the fulling-mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but think on it, and I vow to---I say no more, but I will fall and pound your dogship into a jelly. These threats were more than sufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had no mind to have his master's vow fulfilled at the expence of his bones.

The truth of the story was this; There were in that part of the county two villages, one

... were I ...
... now as I was wont ...
... you such main reasons ...
... you are wide of the ...
... thou ever ...
... How can I be mistaken ...
... said don Quixote ...
... the knight that comes riding up ...
... upon a dapple grey ...
... on his head ...
... and the ...
... but a fellow on such ...
... with something ...
... I tell thee ...
... replied don ...
... at a distance ...
... thou shalt see ...
... as a ...
... I will ...
... of the ...
... I shall stand at a distance ...
... said Sancho ...
... and a worse ...
... I have ...
... said don Quixote ...
... the ...
... but I will ...
... said don Quixote ...
... into a jelly ...
... to pack ...
... for he had no mind to have ...
... the expense of ...



The truth of the story was this; There were in that part of the country two villages, one



*Don Quixote takes the Barber's
basin for Mambrino's helmet*

one of them was so little, that it had not so much as a shop in it, nor any barber; so that the barber of the greater village served also the smaller. And thus a person happening to have occasion to be let blood, and another to be shaved, the barber was going thither with his brass bason, which he put upon his head to prevent his new hat from being spoiled by the rain; and the bason being just scoured, it made a glittering show at a distance. As Sancho had well observed, he rode on a grey ass, which don Quixote as easily took for a dapple-grey steed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his brass bason for a golden helmet; his distracted brain easily applying every object to his romantic ideas. Therefore when he saw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fixed his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without staying to hold a parley with his thoughtless adversary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, resolved to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midst of his career, Caitiff, wretch, defend thyself, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my due. The barber, who as he peaceably went along saw that terrible apparition come thundering upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himself off from his ass to the ground; and then as hastily getting up, he took to his heels, and ran over the fields swifter than the wind, leaving his ass and the bason behind him. Don Quixote finding himself
thus

thus master of the field, and of the bason ; The miscreant, cried he, who has left this helmet, has shewn himself as prudent as the beaver, who finding himself hotly pursued by the hunters, to save his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural instinct tells him he was followed. Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet. On my word, quoth Sancho, having taken it up, it is a special bason, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter. With that he gave it to his master, who presently clapped it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor ; and at last seeing it had none, Doubtless, said don Quixote, the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first made, had a head of a prodigious size ; but the worst is, that there is at least one half of it wanting. Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear his master call the barber's bason a helmet, and had not his fear dashed his mirth, he had certainly laughed outright. What does the fool grin at now ? cried don Quixote. I laugh, said he, to think what a hugeous jolt-head he must needs have had who was the owner of this same helmet, that looks for all the world like a barber's bason. I fancy, said don Quixote, this enchanted helmet has fallen by some strange accident into the hands of some person, who, not knowing the value of it, for the lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold, melted one half, and of the other made this head-piece, which, as thou sayest, has some resemblance

blance of a barber's bason : but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphosis signifies little ; for as soon as ever I come to some town where there is an armourer, I will have it altered so much for the better, that even the helmet which the god of smiths made for the god of war shall not deserve to be compared with it. In the mean time I will wear it as it is ; it is better than nothing, and will serve at least to save part of my head from the violent encounter of a stone. Ay, that it will, quoth Sancho, so it is not hurled out of a sling, as were those at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowse on the chops, that saluted your worship's cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that blessed drench that made me bring up my guts. True, cried don Quixote, there I lost my precious balsam indeed ; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the receipt in my memory. So have I too, quoth Sancho, and shall have while I have breath to draw ; but if ever I make any of that stuff, or taste it again, may I give up the ghost with it : besides, I do not intend ever to do any thing that may give occasion for the use of it : for my fixed resolution is, with all my five senses, to preserve myself from hurting and from being hurt by any body. As to being tossed in a blanket again, I have nothing to say to that, for there is no remedy for accidents but patience it seems : so if it ever be my lot to be served so again, I will

even shrink up my shoulders, hold my breath, and shut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune even toss on to the end of the chapter.

I am afraid thou art a bad Christian Sancho, said don Quixote, for thou never forgettest injuries. But know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to forget such trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken? or what part of thy skull is bruised? that thou canst never think on that jest without malice: for after all it was nothing but a jest, a harmless piece of pastime; had I looked upon it otherwise, I had returned to that place before this time, and had made more noble mischief in revenge of the abuse than ever the incensed Grecians did at Troy for the rape of their Helen, that renowned beauty of the ancient world, who had she lived in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorned her's, would have found her charms out-rivaled by my mistress's perfection: here he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. Well then, said Sancho, I will not rip up old sores; let it go for a jest, since there is no revenging it in earnest. But what is this dapple-grey steed so much like a grey ass to be done with? You see that same devil errant has left it to shift for itself poor thing, and, by his haste to rub off, I do not think he means to come back for it, and, by my beard, the grey beast is a special good one. It is never my custom, said don Quixote, to plunder those I over-

come;

come; nor is it usual among us knights for the victor to take the horse of his vanquished enemy and let him go on foot, unless his own steed be killed or disabled in the combat: therefore, Sancho, leave the horse, or the ass, whatever thou pleasest to call it, the owner perhaps will come for it as soon as he sees us gone. I have a huge mind to take him along with us, said Sancho, or at least to exchange him for my own, which is not so good. What, are the laws of knight-errantry so strict that a man must not exchange one ass for another? At least I hope they will give me leave to swap one harness for another. Truly, Sancho, replied don Quixote, I am not so very certain as to this last particular, and therefore till I am better informed, I give thee leave to exchange the furniture if thou hast absolutely occasion for it. I have so much occasion for it, said Sancho, that though it were for my ownself I could not need it more. So without any more ado, being authorized by his master's leave, he made *mutatio caparum*, (a change of caparisons) and made his own beast three parts in four better * for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at supper, and quenched their thirst at the stream that turned the fulling-mills, to-

* Literally leaving him better by a Tierce and Quint: alluding to the game of Piquet, in which a Tierce or a Quint may be gained by putting out bad cards and taking in better.

wards which they took care not to cast an eye, for they abominated the very thoughts of them. Thus their spleen being eased, their cholerick and melancholic humours asswaged, up they got again, and never minded their way, were all guided by Rozinante's discretion, the depository of his master's will, and also of the asses, that kindly and sociably always followed his steps wherever he went. There guide soon brought them again into the high road, where they kept on a slow pace, not caring which way they went.

As they jogged on thus, quoth Sancho to his master? Pray sir, will you give me leave to talk to you a little? For since you have laid that bitter command upon me to hold my tongue, I have had four or five quaint conceits that have rotted in my gizzard, and now I have another at my tongue's end that I would not for any thing it should miscarry. Say it, cried don Quixote, but be short, for no discourse can please when too long.

Well then, quoth Sancho, I have been thinking to myself of late how little is to be got by hunting up and down those barren woods and strange places, where, though you compass the hardest and most dangerous jobs of knight-errantry, yet no living soul sees or hears of it, and so it is every bit as good as lost; and therefore methinks it were better (with submission to your worship's better judgment be it spoken) that we even went to serve some emperor, or other great prince that is at war; for there you might shew how
stout,

stout, and how wonderous strong and wise you be ; which, being perceived by the lord we shall serve, he must needs reward each of us according to his deserts ; and there you will not want a learned scholar to set down all your high deeds that they may never be forgotten : as for mine I say nothing, since they are not to be named the same day with your worship's ; and yet I dare say, that if any notice be taken in knight-errantry of the feats of squires, mine will be sure to come in for a share. Truly, Sancho, replied don Quixote, there is some reason in what you say ; but first of all it is requisite that a knight-errant should spend some time in various parts of the world as a probationer in quest of adventures, that by atchieving some extraordinary exploits his renown may diffuse itself through neighbouring climes and distant nations : so when he goes to the court of some great monarch, his fame flying before him as his harbinger, secures him such a reception, that the knight has scarce reached the gates of the metropolis of the kingdom when he finds himself attended and surrounded by admiring crouds, pointing and crying out, There, there rides the knight of the sun, or of the serpent, or whatever other title the knight takes upon him ; that is he, they will cry, who vanquished in single combat the huge giant Brocabruno, fir-named Of the invincible strength ; this is he that freed the great Mamaluco of Persia from the enchantment that had kept him confined for

almost nine hundred years together. Thus, as they relate his achievements with loud acclamations, the spreading rumour at last reaches the king's palace, and the monarch of that country being desirous to be informed with his own eyes, will not fail to look out of his window. As soon as he sees the knight, knowing him by his arms or the device on his shield, he will be obliged to say to his attendants, My lords and gentlemen, haste all of you, as many as are knights, go and receive the flower of chivalry that is coming to our court. At the king's command, away they all run to introduce him; the king meets him half way on the stairs, where he embraces his valourous guest, and kisses his cheek: then taking him by the hand, he leads him directly to the queen's apartment; where the knight finds her attended by the princess her daughter, who must be one of the most beautiful and most accomplished damsels in whole compass of the universe. At the same time fate will so dispose of every thing, that the princess shall gaze on the knight, and the knight on the princess, and each shall admire one another as persons rather angelical than human; and then by an unaccountable charm they shall both find themselves caught and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and wonderously perplexed for want of an opportunity to discover their amorous anguish to one another. Doubtless, after this, ~~the~~ the knight is conducted by the king to one of the

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the richest apartments in the palace; where, having taking off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet vestment lined with ermines; and if he looked so graceful cased in steel, how lovely will he appear in all the heightening ornaments of courtiers! Night being come, he shall sup with the king, the queen, and the princess; and shall all the while be feasting his eyes with the sight of the charmer, yet so as nobody shall perceive it; and she will repay him his glances with as much discretion; for, as I have said before, she is a most accomplished person. After supper a surprising scene is unexpectedly to appear: enter first an ill-favoured little dwarf, and after him a fair damsel between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure so contrived by an ancient necromancer, and so difficult to be performed, that he who shall undertake and end it with success, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. Presently it is the king's pleasure that all his courtiers should attempt it; which they do, but all of them unsuccessfully; for the honour is reserved for the valorous stranger, who effects that with ease which the rest essayed in vain; and then the princess shall be overjoyed, and esteem herself the most happy creature in the world for having bestowed her affections on so deserving an object. Now by the happy appointment of fate, this king, or this emperor, is at war with one of his neighbours as powerful as himself; and the knight being informed of this, after he has been some few days

days at court, offers the king his service; which is accepted with joy, and the knight courteously kisses the king's hand in acknowledgment of so great a favour. That night the lover takes his leave of the princess at the iron grate before her chamber-window looking into the garden, where he and she have already had several interviews by means of the princess's confident, a damsel who carries on the intrigue between them. The knight sighs, the princess swoons, the damsel runs for cold water to bring her to life again, very uneasy also because the morning-light approaches, and she would not have them discovered lest it should reflect on her lady's honour. At last the princess revives, and gives the knight her lovely hand to kiss through the iron grate; which he does a thousand and a thousand times, bathing it all the while with his tears. Then they agree how to transmit their thoughts with secrecy to each other, with a mutual intercourse of letters, during this fatal absence. The princess prays him to return with all the speed of a lover; the knight promises it with repeated vows, and a thousand kind protestations. At last, the fatal moment being come that must tear him from all he loves, and from his very self, he seals once more his love on her soft snowy hand, almost breathing out his soul, which mounts to his lips, and even would leave its body to dwell there; and then he is hurried away by the fearful confident. After this cruel separation he retires to his chamber,

throws

throws himself on his bed; but grief will not suffer sleep to close his eyes. Then rising with the sun he goes to take his leave of the king and the queen: he desires to pay his compliment of leave to the princess, but he is told she is indisposed; and as he has reason to believe that his departing is the cause of her disorder, he is so grieved at the news that he is ready to betray the secret of his breast; which the princess's confident observing, she goes and acquaints her with it, and finds the beautiful mourner bathed in tears, who tells her, that the greatest affliction of her soul is her not knowing whether her charming knight be of royal blood: but the damsel pacifies her, by assuring her that so much gallantry, and such noble qualifications, were undoubtably derived from a royal and illustrious original. This comforts the disconsolate fair, who does all in her power to compose her looks lest the king or the queen should suspect the cause of their alteration; and soon after she appears in publick as before.

And now the knight having for some time been absent, meets, fights, and overcomes the king's enemies, takes I do not know how many cities, wins I do not know how many battles, returns to court, and appears before his mistress laden with honour. He privately visits her as before, and they agree that he shall demand her of the king her father in marriage, as the reward of all his services; but the king will not grant his
suit

suit as not being acquainted with his birth; however, whether it be that the princess suffers herself to be privately carried away, or that some other means are used, the knight marries her, and in a little time the king is very well satisfied with the match; for now the knight appears to be the son of a mighty king of I cannot tell you what country, for I think it is not in the map. Some time after the father dies, the princess is heiress, and thus in a trice our knight comes to be king. Having thus compleated his happiness, his next thoughts are to gratify his squire, and all those who have been instrumental in his advancement to the throne: thus he marries his squire to one of the princess's damsels, and most probably to her favourite who had been privy to the amours, and who is daughter to one of the most considerable dukes in the kingdom.

That is what I have been looking for all this while, said Sancho; give me but that, and let the world rub, there I will stick; for every tittle of this will come to pass, and be your worship's case as sure as a gun, if you will take upon you that same nick-name of The knight of the woeful figure. Most certainly, Sancho, replied don Quixote; for by the same steps, and in that very manner, knights-errant have always proceeded to ascend to the throne: therefore our chief business is to search for some great potentate, either among the Christians or the Pagans, that is at war with his neighbours, and has
a fair

a fair daughter. But we shall have time enough to enquire after that; for, as I have told thee, we must first purchase fame in other places before we presume to go to court. Another thing makes me more uneasy: Suppose we have found out a king and a princess, and I have filled the world with the fame of my unparalleled achievements, yet cannot I tell how to find out that I am of royal blood, though it were but second cousin to an emperor: for it is not to be expected that the king will ever consent that I shall marry his daughter until I have made this out by authentick proofs, though my service deserve it ever so much; and thus for want of a punctilio, I am in great danger of losing what my valour so justly merits. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman, and of a noted ancient family, and possessed of an estate of an hundred and twenty crowns a year; nay, perhaps the learned historiographer who is to write the history of my life will so improve and beautify my genealogy that he will find me to be the fifth, or sixth at least, in descent from a king: for, Sancho, there are two sorts of originals in the world; some who sprung from great kings and princes, by little and little have been so lessened and obscured, that the estates and titles of the following generations have dwindled to nothing, and ended in a point like a pyramid; others, who from mean and low beginnings still rise and rise, till at last they are raised to the very top of human greatness: so vast
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the difference is, that those who were something are now nothing, and those that were nothing are now something. Therefore who knows but that I may be one of those whose original is so illustrious; which being made out, after due examination, ought undoubtedly to satisfy the king my father-in-law. But even supposing he was still refractory, the princess is to be so desperately in love with me, that she will marry me without his consent, though I were a son of the meanest water-carrier; and if her tender honour scruples to bless me against her father's will, then it may not be amiss to put a pleasing constraint upon her, by conveying her by force out of the reach of her father to whose persecutions either time or death will be sure to put a period.

Ay, cried Sancho, your rake-helly fellows have a saying that is pat to your purpose, "Never cringe nor creep, for what you by force may reap;" though I think it were better said, "A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man*." No more to be said, if the king your father-in-law will not let you have his daughter by fair means, never stand shall I, shall I, but fairly and squarely run away with her. All the mischief that I fear is, that while you are making your peace with him, and waiting after a dead man's shoes, as the saying is, the poor dog of a squire is like to go long bare-foot, and may go hang himself for any

* Better to rob than to ask charity.

good you will be able to do him, unless the damsel, Go-between, who is to be his wife, run away too with the princess, and he solace himself with her till a better time comes ; for I do not see but that the knight may clap up the match between us without any more ado. That is most certain, answered don Quixote. Why then, quoth Sancho, let us even take our chance, and let the world rub. May fortune crown our wishes, cried don Quixote, and let him be a wretch who thinks himself one. Amen, say I, quoth Sancho ; for I am one of your old Christians, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. And more than enough, said don Quixote ; for though thou wert not so well descended, being a king I could bestow nobility on thee, without putting thee to the trouble of buying it, or doing me the least service ; and making thee an earl, men must call thee my lord, though it grieves them ever so much. And do you think, said Sancho, I would not become my equality main well ? You should say Quality, said don Quixote, and not Equality. Even as you will, returned Sancho : but, as I was saying, I should become an earldom rarely ; for I was once beadle to a brotherhood, and the beadle's gown did so become me, that every body said I had the presence of a warden. Then how do you think I shall look with a duke's robe on my back, all bedawbed with gold and pearl like any foreign count ? I believe we shall have folks come a hundred leagues to see me. You will look well enough, replied don Quixote ;

but then you must shave that rough bushy beard of yours at least every other day, or people will read your beginning in your face as soon as they see you. Why then, said Sancho, it is but keeping a barber in my house; and if needs be, he shall trot after me wherever I go like a grandee's master of the horse. How came you to know, said don Quixote, that grandees have their masters of the horse to ride after them? I will tell you, said Sancho: some years ago I happened to be about a month among your court-folks, and there I saw a little dandiprat riding about, who they said was a hugeous great lord: there was a man on horse-back that followed him close wherever he went, turning and stopping as he did, you would have thought he had been tied to his horse's tail. With that I asked why that hind man did not ride by the other, but still came after him thus? And they told me he was master of his horses, and that the grandees have always such kind of men at their tail? and I marked this so well, that I have not forgot it since. You are in the right, said don Quixote; and you may as reasonably have your barber attend you in this manner. Customs did not come up all at once, but rather started up and were improved by degrees; so you may be the first earl that rode in state with his barber behind him; and this may be said to justify your conduct, that it is an office of more trust to shave a man's beard than to saddle a horse. Well, quoth Sancho, leave the business of the cut-beard to me, and do
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but take care you be a king and I an earl. Do not doubt it, said don Quixote; and with that looking about, he discovered----- what you will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

How don Quixote releases many miserable creatures, who were carrying much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

CID Hamet Benangeli, an Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this grave, high-sounding, minute, soft, and humorous history, That after this discourse between the renowned knight don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, which we have laid down at the end of the seventh chapter; the knight looking up, saw about twelve men on foot, trudging in the road, all in a row, one behind another, like beads upon a string, being linked together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and manacled besides. They were guarded by two horsemen, armed with carbines, and two men on foot, with swords and javelins. As soon as Sancho spied them, Look ye, sir, said he, here is a gang of miserable wretches hurried away by main force to serve the king in the gallies. How, replied don Quixote! Is it possible the king will force any body? I do not say so answered Sancho; I mean these are rogues whom the law has sentenced for their misdeeds, to row in the king's gallies. However, replied don Quixote, they are forced, because they do not go

of their own free will. Sure enough, said Sancho. If it be so, said don Quixote, they come within the verge of my office, which is to prevent violence and oppression, and succour all people in distress. Ay, sir, quoth Sancho, but neither the king nor law offer any violence to such wicked wretches, they have but their deserts. By this time the chain of slaves came up, when don Quixote, in very civil terms, desired the guards to inform him why these poor people were led along in that manner? Sir, answered one of the horsemen, they are criminals condemned to serve the king in his galleys: that is all I have to say to you, and you need enquire no further. Nevertheless, sir, replied don Quixote, I have a great desire to know in a few words the cause of their misfortune, and I will esteem it an extraordinary favour if you will let me have that satisfaction. We have here the copies and certificates of their several sentences, said the other horsemen, but we cannot stand to pull them out and read them now; you may draw near and examine the men yourself: I suppose they themselves will tell you why they are condemned; for they are such honest people, they are not ashamed to boast of their rogueries. With this permission, which don Quixote would have taken of himself had they denied it him, he rode up to the chain, and asked the first, For what crimes he was in these miserable circumstances? The gally slave answered him, That it was for being in love. What only for being in love, cried

cried don Quixote ! Were all those that are in love to be thus used, I myself might have been long since in the galleys. Ay, but replied the slave, my love was not of that sort which you conjecture : I was so desperately in love with a basket of linen, and embraced it so close, that had not the judge taken it from me by force, I would not have parted with it willingly. In short, I was taken in the fact, and so there was no need to put me to the rack, it was proved so plain upon me. So I was committed, tried, condemned, had the gentle lash ; and besides that, was sent for three years to be an element-dasher, and there is an end of the business. An element-dasher, cried don Quixote, what do you mean by that ? A gally slave answered the criminal, who was a young fellow about four and twenty years old, and said he was born at Piedra Hita.

Then don Quixote examined the second, but he was so sad and desponding, that he would make no answer ; however, the first rogue informed the knight of his affairs : Sir, said he, this canary-bird keeps us company for having sung too much. Is it possible, cried don Quixote ! Are men sent to the galleys for singing ? Ay, marry are they, quoth the arch rogue ; for there is nothing worse than to sing in anguish. How, cried don Quixote ! That contradicts the saying, “ Sing away sorrow, cast away care.” Ay, but the case is different with us, replied the slave, He that sings in disaster, weeps all his life after. This

is a riddle which I cannot unfold, said don Quixote. Sir, said one of the guards, "Singing in anguish," among these gaol birds, means to confess upon the rack: this fellow was put to the torture and confessed his crime, which was stealing of cattle; and because he squeaked, or sung, as they call it, he was condemned to the gallies for six whole years, besides an hundred jirks with a cat of nine tails, that have whisked and powdered his shoulders already. Now the reason why he goes thus mopish and out of sorts, is only because his comrogues jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the courage to deny; as if it had not been as easy for him to have said No as Yes; or as if a fellow taken up on suspicion were not a lucky rogue, when there is no positive evidence can come against him but his own tongue; and, in my opinion, they are somewhat in the right. I think so too, said don Quixote.

And what have you done, said he, addressing himself to the third? Sir, answered the fellow, readily and pleasantly enough, I must mow the great meadow for five years together for want of twice five ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said don Quixote, to deliver thee from that misery. Thank you for nothing, quoth the slave; it is just like the proverb, "After meat comes mustard;" or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it: had I had the twenty ducats

cats you offer me before I was tried to have greased the clerk's (or recorder's) fist, and have whetted my lawyer's wit, I might have been now at Toledo in the market-place of Zocodover, and not have been thus led along like a dog in a string. But heaven is powerful, Basta ; I say no more.

Then going to the fourth, who was a venerable old don, with a grey beard that reached to his bosom, he asked him the same question ; whereupon the poor creature fell a weeping, and was not able to give him an answer : so the next behind him spoke for him. Sir, said he, this honest person is condemned to the gallies for four years, having taken his progress through the town in state, and rested at the usual stations. That is, quoth Sancho, as I take it, after he had been exposed to publick shame *. You are right, replied the slave ; and all this he is condemned to for being a broker of human flesh : for, to tell you the truth, the gentleman is a pimp, and, besides that, he has a smack of conjuring. If it were not for that additional charge of conjuring, said don Quixote, he ought not to have been sent to the gallies purely for being a pimp, unless it were to be general of the gallies : for the profession of a bawd, pimp, or messenger of love, is not like other common employments, but an office that requires a great deal of prudence

* Instead of the pillory, in Spain, they carry that sort of malefactors, on an ass through the streets in a particular habit, the crier going before and proclaiming their crime.

and

and sagacity; an office of trust and weight, and very necessary in a well regulated common-wealth; nor should it be executed but by civil well-descended persons of good natural parts, and of a liberal education. Nay, it were requisite there should be a comptroller and surveyor of the profession as there are of others; and a certain and settled number of them as there are of exchange-brokers. This would be a means to prevent a vast number of michiefs that happen every day, because the profession or trade is followed by poor ignorant pretenders, silly waiting women, young giddy brained pages, shallow footmen, and such raw unexperienced sort of people, who in unexpected turns and emergencies stand with their fingers in their mouths, know not their right hand from their left, but suffer themselves to be surprized, and spoil all for want of quickness of invention, either to conceal, carry on, or bring off, a thing artificially. If I had but time I would point out what sort of persons are best qualified to be chosen professors of this most necessary employment in the common-wealth; however, at some fitter opportunity I will inform those of it who may remedy this disorder. All I have to say at present is, That the grief I had to see these venerable grey hairs in such distress, for having followed that no less useful than ingenious vocation of pimping, is now lost in my abhorrence of his additional character of a conjurer; though I very well know that

no

no sorcery in the world can effect or force the will, as some ignorant credulous persons fondly imagine : for our will is a free faculty, and no herb nor charms can constrain it. As for philtres and such-like compositions which silly women and designed pretenders make, they are nothing but certain mixtures and poisonous preparations that make those who take them run mad ; though the deceivers labour very much to persuade us they can make one person love another ; which, as I have already said, is an impossible thing, our will being a free uncontrollable power. You say very well sir, cried the old coupler ; and upon my honour I protest I am wholly innocent as to the charge of witchcraft. As for the business of pimping, I cannot deny it, but I never took it to be a criminal function ; for my intention was, that all the world should taste the sweets of love, and enjoy each other's society, living together in friendship and peace, free from those griefs and jars that unpeople the earth. But my harmless design has not been so happy as to hinder my being sent now to a place from whence I never expect to return, stooping as I do under the heavy burden of old age, and being grievously afflicted with the strangury, which scarce affords me a moment's respite from pain. This said, the reverend procurer burst out afresh into tears and lamentations, which melted Sancho's heart so much, that he pulled a piece of money out of his bosom and gave it to him as an alms.

Then

Then don Quixote turned to the fifth, who seemed to be nothing at all concerned. I go to serve his majesty, said he, for having been somewhat too familiar with two of my cousins-germans, and two other kind-hearted virgins that were sisters; by which means I have multiplied my kind, and begot so odd and intricate a medly of kindred, that it would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity. All this was proved upon me. I had no friends, and what was worse, no money, and so was like to have swung for it: however, I was only condemned to the galleys for six years, and patiently submitted to it. I feel myself yet young to my comfort; so if my life does but hold out, all will be well in time. If you will be pleased to bestow something upon poor sinners, heaven will reward you; and when we pray, we will be sure to remember you, that your life may be as long and prosperous as your presence is goodly and noble. This brisk spark appeared to be a student by his habit, and some of the guards said he was a fine speaker, and a good latinist.

After him came a man of about thirty years old, a clever, well set, handsome fellow, only he squinted horribly with one eye: he was strangely loaded with irons; a heavy chain clogged his leg, and was so long, that he twisted it about his waist like a girdle: he had a couple of collars about his neck, the one to link him to the rest of the slaves, and the other, one of those iron ruffs which they call

call a keep-friend, or a friend's foot ; from whence two irons went down to his middle, and to there two bars were rivetted a pair of manacles that griped him by the fists, and were secured with a large padlock ; so that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why he was worse hampered with irons than the rest ? Because he alone has done more rogueries than all the rest, answered one of the guards. This is such a reprobate, such a devil of a fellow, that no goal nor fetters will hold him ; we are not sure he is fast enough for all he is chained so. What sort of crimes then has he been guilty of, asked don Quixote, that he is only sent to the galleys ? Why, answered the keeper, he is condemned to ten years slavery, which is no better than a civil death : but I need not stand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginefillo de Parapilla. Hark you, sir, cried the slave, fair and softly ; what a-pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has ? Gines is my Christian-name, and Passamonte my fir-name, and not Ginefillo, nor Parapilla as you say. Blood ! let every man mind what he says or it may prove the worse for him. Do not you be so saucy, Mr. Crack-rope, said the officer to him, or perhaps I may make you keep a better tongue in your head. It is a sign, cried the slave, that a man is fast, and under the lash ; but one day or other somebody shall know

know whether I am called Parapilla, or no. Why, Mr. Slip string, returned the officer, do not people call you by that name? They do, answered Gines, but I will make them call me otherwise, or I will fleece and bite them worse than I care to tell you now. But you, sir, who are so inquisitive, continued he, turning to don Quixote, if you have a mind to give us any thing, pray do it quickly, and go your ways; for I do not like to stand here answering questions; broil me! I am Gines de Passamonte, I am not ashamed of my name. As for my life and conversation, there is an account of them in black and white, written with this numerical hand of mine. There he tells you true, said the officer, for he has written his own history himself, without omitting a tittle of his roguish pranks; and he has left the manuscript in pawn in the prison for two hundred reals: Ay, said Gines, and will redeem it, burn me! though it lay there for as many ducats. Then it must be an extraordinary piece, said don Quixote. So extraordinary, replied Gines, that it far outdoes not only Lazarillo de Tormes, but whatever has been, and shall be written in that kind: for every word of mine is true, and no invented stories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents. What is the title of your book, asked don Quixote? The life of Gines de Passamonte, replied the slave. Is it quite finished, asked the knight? How the devil can it be finished and I yet living,

living, replied the slave. There is in it every material point from my cradle, to this my last going to the gallies. Then it seems you have been there before, said don Quixote. To serve God and the king I was there about four years before, replied Gines: I already know how the biscuit and the bulls-pizzle agree with my carcase: it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I shall have leisure to give a finishing stroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spanish gallies there is always leisure and idle time enough of conscience: neither shall I want so much for what I have to add, for I know it all by heart.

You seem to be a witty fellow, said don Quixote. You should have said an unfortunate one too, replied the slave; for that bitch Fortune is still unkind to men of wit. You mean to such wicked wretches as yourself, said the officer. Look you, Mr. Commissary, said Gines, I have already desired you to use better language; the law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the king has occasion for us. Let every man mind his own business, and give good words or hold his tongue; for by the blood---I will say no more, murder will out; there will be a time when some people's rogueries may come to light, as well as those of other folks. The officer being provoked by the slave's threats, lifted up his staff to strike him; but don

Quixote stepped between them, and desired him not to do it, and to consider, that the slave was the more to be excused for being too free with his tongue, since he had no other member at liberty. Then addressing himself to all the slaves, My dearest brethren, said he, I find, by what I gather from your own words, that though you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of the sentence by constraint, and merely because you cannot help it. Besides, it is not unlikely but that this man's want of resolution upon the rack, the other's want of money, the third's want of friend's and favour, and, in short, the judges perverting and wresting the law to your great prejudice, may have been the cause of your misery. Now, as Providence has sent me into the world to relieve the distressed, and free the weak from the sufferings of tyranny and oppression, according to the duty of my profession of knight-errantry, these considerations induce me to take you under my protection.----But because it is the part of a prudent man not to use violence where fair means may be effectual, I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release these poor men, there being people enough to serve his Majesty in their places; for it is a hard case to make slaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the less reason to use these wretches with severity, seeing they never did you any wrong. Let them answer for their
sins

fin in the other world ; heaven is just, you know, and will be sure to punish the wicked, as it will certainly reward the good. Consider besides, gentlemen, that it is neither a Christian-like, nor an honourable action, for men to be the butchers and tormenters of one another ; when no advantage can arise from it. I chuse to desire this of you, with so much mildness, and in so peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occasion to pay you a thankful acknowledgment, if you will be pleased to grant so reasonable a request : but if you provoke me by refusal, I must be obliged to tell you, that this lance, and this sword, guided by this invincible arm, shall force you to yield that to my valour which you deny to my civil intreaties.

A very good jest indeed, cried the officer, what the devil makes you dote at such a rate ? would you have us set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it ? Go, go about your business, good sir errant, and set your bason right upon your empty pate ; and pray do not meddle any further in what does not concern you, for those who will play with cats must expect to be scratched.

Thou art a cat, and a rat, and a coward to boot, cried don Quixote ; and with that he attacked the officer with such a sudden and surprising fury, that before he had any time to put himself in a posture of defence, he struck him down dangerously wounded with his lance, and as fortune had ordered it, this

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happened.

happened to be the horseman who was armed with a carbine, His companions stood astonished at such a bold action, but at last fell upon the champion with their swords and darts, which might have proved fatal to him, had not the slaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty: for the guards perceiving their endeavours to get loose, thought it more material to prevent them, than to be fighting a madman: but, as he pressed them vigorously on one side, and the slaves were opposing them and freeing themselves on the other, the hurly-burly was so great, and the guards so perplexed, that they did nothing to the purpose. In the mean time Sancho was helping Gines de Passamonte to get off his givies, which he did sooner than can be imagined; and then that active desperado having seized the wounded officer's sword and carbine, he joined with don Quixote, and sometimes aiming at one, and sometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to shoot them, yet still without letting off the piece, the other slaves at the same time pouring vollies of stone shot at the guards, they betook themselves to their heels, leaving don Quixote and the criminals masters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleased with this victory; for he guessed that the guards who were fled would raise a hue and cry, and soon be at their heels with the whole posse of the holy brotherhood, and take them up for a rescue
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and rebellion. This made him advise his master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the neighbouring mountains. I hear you, answered don Quixote to this motion of his squire, and I know what I have to do. Then calling to him all the slaves, who by this time had uncased the keeper to his skin, they gathered about him to know his pleasure, and he spoke to them in this manner: It is the part of generous spirits to have a grateful sense of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You see gentlemen, what I have done for your sakes, and you cannot but be sensible how highly you are obliged to me. Now all the recompence I require is, that every one of you loaden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do instantly repair to the city of Toboso; and there presenting yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, tell her, that her faithful votary, the knight of the woeful countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and assure her of his profound veneration. Then you shall give her an exact account of every particular relating to this famous atchievement, by which you once more taste the sweets of liberty; which done, I give you leave to seek your fortunes where you please.

To this the ring-leader and master-thief, Gines de Passamonte, made answer for all the rest, What you would have us to do, said he, our noble deliverer, is absolutely impracticable and impossible; for we dare not be seen alto-

gether for the world. We must rather part and sculk some one way and some another, and lie snug in creeks and corners under ground, for fear of those damned man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can and ought to do in this case, is to change this compliment and homage which you would have us pay to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave Maries and Creeds, which we will say for your worship's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or standing, and in war as well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, take up our chains again and lug them to the devil knows whither, is as unreasonable as to think it is night at ten o'clock in the morning. Odsdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. Now, by my sword, replied the knight, sir son of a whore, sir Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you yourself shall go to Toboso, like a dog that has scalded his Tail, with the whole chain about your shoulders. Gines, who was naturally very cholerick, judging by don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wise, winked on his companions, who like men that understood signs, presently fell back to the right and left, and pelted don Quixote with such a shower of stones, that all his dexterity to cover himself with his shield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obeyed the spur, than if he had

had only been the statue of a horse. As for Sancho, he got behind his ass, and there he sheltered himself from the volleys of flints that threatened his bones, while his master was so battered, that in a little time he was thrown out of his saddle to the ground. He was no sooner down, but the student leaped on him, took off the bason from his head, and gave him three or four thumps on the shoulders with it, and then gave it so many knocks against the stones, that he almost broke it to pieces. After this, they stripped him of his upper coat, and had robbed him of his hose too, but that his greaves hindered them. They also eased Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet *; then having divided the spoils, they shifted every one for himself, thinking more how to avoid being taken up and linked again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Thus the ass, Rozinante, Sancho, and don Quixote, remained indeed masters of the field, but in an ill condition: the ass hanging his head, and pensive, shaking his ears now and then, as if the volleys of stones had still whizzed about them; Rozinante lying in a desponding manner, for he had been knocked down as well as his unhappy rider; Sancho uncased to his doublet, and

* En pelota, which really signifies stark-naked, as Sobrino explains it in French, tout nud. But it can hardly mean so here, as the reader will soon see, especially if, according to Stevens's dictionary, Pelota was a sort of garment used in former times in Spain, not known at present.

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and trembling for fear of the holy brotherhood; and don Quixote filled with sullen regret, to find himself so barbarously used by those whom he had so highly obliged.

CH A P. IX.

Relates what befel the renowned don Quixote in the Sierra Morena (black mountain) being one of the rarest adventures in this authentic history.

DON Quixote finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire; Sancho, I have always heard it said, That to do a kindness to clowns, is like throwing water into the sea*. Had I given ear to thy advice, I had prevented this misfortune; but since the thing is done, it is needless to repine; this shall be a warning to me for the future. That is, quoth Sancho, when the devil is blind: but since you say you had escaped this mischief had you believed me, good sir, believe me now, and you will escape a greater; for I must tell you, that those of the holy brotherhood do not stand in awe of your chivalry, nor do they care a straw for all the knights-errant in the world. Methinks I already hear their arrows whizzing about my ears†. Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, said don Quixote; nevertheless, that thou mayest not say that I am obstinate, and

* It is labour lost, because they are ungrateful.

† The troopers of the holy brotherhood ride with bows, and shoot arrows.

never follow thy advice, I will take thy counsel, and for once convey myself out of the reach of this dreadful brotherhood, that so strangely alarms thee ; but upon this condition, that thou never tell any mortal creature, neither while I live, nor after my death, that I withdrew myself from this danger through fear, but merely to comply with thy intreaties : for if thou ever presume to say otherwise, thou wilt belye me ; and from this time to that time, and from that time to the world's end, I give thee the lye, and thou lyeest, and shalt lye in thy throat, as often as thou sayest, or but thinkest to the contrary. Therefore do not offer to reply ; for shouldest thou but surmise, that I would avoid any danger, and especially this which seems to give some occasion or colour for fear, I would certainly stay here, though unattended and alone, and expect and face not only the holy brotherhood, which thou dreatest so much, but also the fraternity or twelve heads of the tribes of Israel, the seven Maccabees, Castor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods in the universe. An't please your worship, quoth Sancho, to withdraw is not to run away, and to stay is no wise action, when there is more reason to fear than to hope ; it is the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not venture all his eggs in one basket. And for all I am but a clown, or a bumpkin, as you may say, yet I would have you to know I know what is what, and have always taken care of the
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main chance ; therefore do not be ashamed of being ruled by me, but even get on horse-back if you are able : come, I will help you, and then follow me ; for my mind plaguily misgives me, that now one pair of heels will stand us in more stead than two pair of hands.

Don Quixote, without any reply, made shift to mount Rozinante, and Sancho on his ass led the way to the neighbouring mountainous desert called Sierra Morena*, which the crafty squire had a design to cross over, and get out at the farthest end, either at Viso, or Almadovar del Campo, and in the mean time to lurk in the craggy and almost inaccessible retreats of that vast mountain, for fear of falling into the hands of the holy brotherhood. He was the more eager to steer this course, finding that the provision which he had laid on his ass had escaped plundering, which was a kind of miracle, considering how narrowly the gally-slaves had searched every where for booty. It was night before our two travellers got to the middle and most desert part of the mountain ; where Sancho advised his master to stay some days, at least as long as their provisions lasted ; and accordingly that night they took up their lodging between two rocks, among a great number of cork-trees : but fortune, which, accord-

* Sierra, though Spanish for a mountain, properly means (not a chain, but, a saw) from Latin Serra, because of its ridges rising and falling like the teeth of a saw. This mountain (called Morena from its moorish or swarthy colour) parts the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andalusia.

ing to the opinion of those that have not the light of true faith, guides, appoints, and contrives all things as it pleases, directed Gines de Passamonte (that master-rogue, who, thanks be to don Quixote's force and folly, had been put in a condition to do him a mischief) to this very part of the mountain, in order to hide himself till the heat of the pursuit, which he had just cause to fear, were over. He discovered our adventurers much about the time that they fell asleep; and as wicked men are always ungrateful, and urgent necessity prompts many to do things at the thoughts of which they would start at other times. Gines, who was a stranger to gratitude and humanity, resolved to ride away with Sancho's ass; as for Rozinante he looked upon him as a thing that would neither sell nor pawn; so while poor Sancho lay snoring, he spirited away his darling beast, and made such haste, that before day he thought himself and his prize secure from the unhappy owner's pursuit.

Now Aurora with her smiling face returned to enliven and cheer the earth, but alas! to grieve and affright Sancho with a dismal discovery: for he had no sooner opened his eyes but he missed his ass; and finding himself deprived of that dear partner of his fortunes, and best comfort in his peregrinations, he broke out into the most pitiful lamentations in the world; insomuch that he waked don Quixote with his moans. O dear child of my bowels, cried he, born and bred under my roof, my children's play-fellow,
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the comfort of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the ease of my burdens, the staff of my life, and, in a word, half my maintenance; for with six and twenty maravedis, which were daily earned by thee, I made shift to keep half my family. Don Quixote, who easily guessed the cause of these complaints, strove to comfort him with kind condoling words, and learned discourses upon the uncertainty of human happiness; but nothing proved so effectual to assuage his sorrow, as the promise which his master made him of drawing a bill of exchange on his niece for three asses out of five which he had at home, payable to Sancho Panza, or his order; which prevailing argument soon dried up his tears, hushed his sighs and moans, and turned his complaints into thanks to his generous master for so unexpected a favour.

And now, as they wandered further in these mountains, don Quixote was transported with joy to find himself where he might flatter his ambition with the hopes of fresh adventures to signalize his valour; for these vast desarts made him call to mind the wonderful exploits of other knights-errant, performed in such solitudes. Filled with those airy notions, he thought on nothing else: but Sancho was for more substantial food; and thinking himself quite out of the reach of the holy brotherhood, his only care was to fill his belly with the relicks of the clerical booty; and thus sitting fideling, as wo-
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men do, upon his beast *, he slyly took out one piece of meat, then another, and kept his grinders going faster than his feet. Thus trudging on, he would not have given a rush to have met with any other adventure.

While he was thus employed, he observed that his master endeavoured to take up something that lay on the ground with the end of his lance: this made him run to help him to lift up the bundle, which proved to be a pormanteau, and the seat of a saddle that were half or rather quite rotted by lying exposed to the weather. The pormanteau was somewhat heavy; and don Quixote having ordered Sancho to see what it contained, though it was shut with a chain and padlock, he easily saw what was in it through the cracks, and pulled out four fine holland

* It is scarce twenty lines since Sancho lost his ass, as Mr. Jarvis observes, and here he is upon his back again. The best excuse for this evident blunder, adds that gentleman, is Horace's *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. Upon which occasion the same gentleman, in his preface, asks, But what if Cervantes made this seeming slip on purpose for a bait to tempt the minor criticks; in the same manner as, in another place, he makes the princess of Micomicon land at Ossuna, which is no sea-port? As by that he introduced a fine satire on an eminent Spanish historian of his time, who had described it as such in his history; so by this he might have taken occasion to reflect on a parallel incident in Ariosto, where Brunelo, at the siege of Albraca, steals a horse from between the legs of Sacripante king of Circassia. It is, adds this judicious critick, the very defence the author makes for it himself in the fourth chapter of the second part, where, by the way, both the Italian and old English translators have preserved the excuse, though by their altering the text they had taken away the occasion of it.

shirts, and other clean and fashionable linen, besides a considerable quantity of gold tied up in a handkerchief. Bless my eye sight, said Sancho; and now heaven I thank thee for sending us such a lucky adventure once in our lives: with that, groping further in the portmanteau, he found a table book very richly bound. Give me that, said don Quixote, and do thou keep the gold. Heaven reward your worship, said Sancho, kissing his master's hand, and at the same time clapping up the linen and the other things into the bag where he kept the victuals. I fancy, said don Quixote, that some person, having lost his way in these mountains, has been met by robbers, who have murdered him, and buried his body somewhere hereabouts. Sure your worship's mistaken, answered Sancho; for had they been highwaymen, they would never have left such a booty behind them. Thou art in the right, replied don Quixote; and therefore I cannot imagine what it must be. But stay, I will examine the table book, perhaps we shall find something written in that, which will help us to discover what I would know. With that he opened it, and the first thing he found was the following rough draught of a sonnet, fairly enough written to be read with ease; so he read it aloud, that Sancho might know what it contained as well as himself:

THE

THE RESOLVE.

A SONNET.

LOVE is a god ne'er knows our pain,
 Or cruelty's his darling attribute;
 Else he'd ne'er force me to complain,
 And to his spite my raging pain impute.

But sure if love's a god, he must
 Have knowledge equal to his pow'r;
 And 'tis a crime to think a god unjust:
 Whence then the pains that now my heart
 devour?

From Phyllis? No: Why do I pause?
 Such cruel ills ne'er boast so sweet a cause;
 Nor from the gods such torments we do
 bear,

Let death then quickly be my cure:
 When thus we ills unknown endure,
 'Tis shortest to despair.

The devil of any thing can be picked out of this, said Sancho, unless you can tell who that same Phyll is. I did not read Phyll, but Phyllis, said don Quixote. O then, mayhap the man has lost his silly-foal. Phyllis, said don Quixote, is the name of a lady that is beloved by the author of this sonnet, who seems to be a tolerable poet*, or I have but little judgement. Why then,

* Cervantes himself.

said Sancho, belike your worship understands how to make verses too? That I do, answered the knight, and better than you imagine, as you shall see, when I shall give you a letter written all in verse to carry to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso: for I must inform you, friend Sancho, all the knights-errant, or at least the greatest part of them, in former times were great poets, and as great musicians; those qualifications, or to speak better, those two gifts, or accomplishments, being inseparable from amorous adventures: though I must confess the verses of the knights in former ages are not altogether so polite, nor so adorned with words, as with thoughts and inventions.

Good sir, quoth Sancho, look again into the pocket-book, mayhap you will find somewhat that will inform you of what you would know. With that don Quixote turning over the leaf, Here is some prose, cried he, and I think it is the sketch of a love-letter. O! good your worship, said Sancho, read it out by all means; for I mightily delight in hearing of love-stories.

Don Quixote read it aloud, and found what follows;

“**T**H E falshood of your promises, and my despair, hurry me from you forever; and you shall sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaints. You have forsaken me, ungrateful fair, for one more wealthy indeed, but not more deserving

serving than your abandoned slave. Were virtue esteemed a treasure equal to its worth by your unthinking sex, I must presume to say, I should have no reason to envy the wealth of others, and no misfortune to bewail. What your beauty has raised, your actions have destroyed; the first made me mistake you for an angel, but the last convinced me you are a woman. However, O! too lovely disturber of my peace, may uninterrupted rest and downy ease engross your happy hours; and may forgiving heaven still keep your husband's perfidiousness concealed, least it should cost your repenting heart a sigh for the injustice you have done to so faithful a lover, and so I should be prompted to a revenge which I do not desire to take. Farewel."

This letter, quoth don Quixote, does not give us any further insight into the things we would know; all I can infer from it is, that the person who wrote it was a betrayed lover: and so turning over the remaining leaves, he found several other letters and verses, some of which were legible, and some so scribbled, that he could make nothing of them. As for those he read, he could meet with nothing in them but accusations, complaints, and expostulations, distrusts, and jealousies, pleasures, and discontents, favours and disdain, the one highly valued, the other as mournfully resented. And while the knight was poring on the table book, Sancho was rumaging the portmanteau, and the seat of the saddle, with

that exactness, that he did not leave a corner unsearched, nor a seam unripped, nor a single lock of wool unpicked; for the gold he had found, which was above an hundred ducats, had but whetted his greedy appetite, and made him wild for more. Yet though this was all he could find, he thought himself well paid for the more than Herculean labours he had undergone; nor could he now repine at his being tossed in a blanket, the straining and griping operation of the balsam, the benedictions of the packstaves and leavers, the fitticuffs of the lewd carrier, the loss of his cloak, his dear wallet, and of his dearer ass, and all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue which he had suffered in his kind master's service. On the other side, the knight of the woeful figure, strangely desired to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, guessing by the verses, the letter, the linen, and the gold, that he was a person of worth, whom the disdain and unkindness of his mistress had driven to despair. At length, however, he gave over the thoughts of it, discovering nobody through that vast desert; and so he rode on, wholly guided by Rozinante's discretion, which always made the grave sagacious creature chuse the plainest and smoothest way; the master still firmly believing, that in those woody uncultivated forests he should infallibly start some wonderful adventure.

And indeed, while these hopes possessed him, he spied upon the top of a stony crag just before him a man that skipped from rock

to

to rock, over briars and bushes, with wonderful agility. He seemed to be naked from the waist upwards, with a thick black beard, his hair long, and strangely tangled, his head, legs, and feet bare; on his hips a pair of breeches, that appeared to be of sad coloured velvet, but so tattered and torn, that they discovered his skin in many places. These particulars were observed by don Quixote while he passed by; and he followed him, endeavouring to overtake him, for he presently guessed this was the owner of the portmanteau. But Rozinante, who was naturally slow and phlegmatic, was in too weak a case besides to run races with so swift an apparition: yet the knight of the woeful figure resolved to find out that unhappy creature, though he were to bestow a whole year in the search; and to that intent he ordered Sancho to beat one side of the mountain, while he hunted the other. In good sooth, quoth Sancho, your worship must excuse me as to that; for if I but offer to stir an inch from you I am almost frightened out of my seven senses; and let this serve you hereafter for a warning, that you may not send me a nail's breadth from your presence. Well, said the knight, I will take thy case into consideration; and it does not displease me, Sancho, to see thee thus rely upon my valour, which I dare assure thee shall never fail thee, though thy very soul should be scared out of thy body. Follow me therefore step by step, with as much haste
as

as is consistent with good speed ; and let thy eyes pry every where while we search every part of this rock, where it is probable we may meet with that wretched mortal who doubtless is the owner of the portmanteau.

Odsnigs, sir, quoth Sancho, I had rather get out of his way ; for should we chance to meet him, and he lay claim to the portmanteau, it is a plain case I shall be forced to part with the money : and therefore I think it much better, without making so much ado, to let me keep it bona fide, till we can light on the right owner some more easy way, and without dancing after him ; which may not happen till we have spent all the money ; and in that case I am free from the law, and he may go whistle for it. Thou art mistaken, Sancho, cried don Quixote, for seeing we have some reason to think, that we know who is the owner, we are bound in conscience to endeavour to find him out, and restore it to him ; the rather, because should we not now strive to meet him, yet the strong presumption we have that the goods belong to him, would make us possessors of them mala fide, and render us as guilty as if the party whom we suspect to have lost the things was really the right owner : therefore, friend Sancho, do not think much of searching for him, since if we find him out it will extremely ease my mind. With that he spurred Rozinante ; and Sancho, not very well pleased, followed him, comforting himself however with the hopes of the three asses which his
master

master had promised him. So when they had rode over the greatest part of the mountain, they came to a brook, where they found a mule lying dead, with her saddle and bridle about her, and herself half devoured by beasts and birds of prey; which discovery further confirmed them in their suspicion, that the man who fled from them was the owner of the mule and portmanteau. Now as they paused and pondered upon this, they heard a whistling like that of some shepherd keeping his flocks; and presently after, upon their left hand, they spied a great number of goats with an old herdsman after them on the top of the mountain. Don Quixote called out to him, and desired him to come down; but the goat-herd, instead of answering him, asked them in as loud a tone how they came thither in those desarts, where scarce any living creatures resorted, except goats, wolves, and other wild beasts? Sancho told him, they would satisfy him as to that point if he would come where they were. With that the goat-herd came down to them; and seeing them look upon the dead mule, That dead mule, said the old fellow, has lain in that very place this six months; but pray tell me, good people, have you not met the master of it by the way? We have met nobody, answered don Quixote; but we found a portmanteau and a saddle-cushion not far from this place. I have seen it too, quoth the goat-herd, but I never durst meddle with it, nor so much as come near it, for fear of
some

some misdemeanor, lest I should be charged with having stolen somewhat out of it: for who knows what might happen! The devil is subtle, and sometimes lays baits in our way to tempt us, or blocks to make us stumble. It is just so with me, gaffer, quoth Sancho, for I saw the portmantau too, do ye see, but the devil a bit would I come within a stone's throw of it; no, there I found it, and there I left it, i'faith, it shall even lie there still for me. He that steals a bell-weather shall be discovered by the bell. Tell me, honest friend, asked don Quixote, dost thou know who is the owner of those things? All I know of the matter, answered the goat-herd, is, that it is now six months, little more or less, since to a certain sheepfold, three leagues off, there came a young well-featured proper gentleman in good cloaths, and under him this same mule that now lies dead, with the cushion and cloak-bag, which you say you met but touched not. He asked us which was the most desert part of these mountains? and we told him this where we are now; and in that we spoke the plain truth, for should you venture to go but half a league further, you would hardly be able to get back again in haste; and I marvel how you did get so far, for there is neither highway nor foot-path that may direct a man this way. Now, as soon as the young gentleman had heard our answer, he turned about his mule, and made to the place we shewed him, leaving us

us all with a hugeous liking to his comeliness, and strangely marvelling at his demand, and the haste he made towards the middle of the mountain. After that we heard no more of him for a great while, till one day by chance one of the shepherds coming by, he fell upon him without saying why or wherefore, and beat him without mercy: after that he went to the ass that carried our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheese that was there, he tripped back again to the mountain with wonderous speed. Hearing this, a great number of us together resolved to find him out; and when we had spent the best part of two days in the thickest of the forest, we found him at last lurking in the hollow of a huge cork-tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild as could be. But then he was so altered, his face was so disfigured, wan, and sun-burnt, that had it not been for his attire, which we made shift to know again, though it was all in rags and tatters, we could not have thought it had been the same man. He saluted us courteously, and immediately acquainted us in a very few words, mighty handsomely put together, that we were not to marvel to see him in that manner, for that it behoved him so to be, that he might fulfil a certain penance enjoined him for the great sins he had committed. We prayed him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it: we likewise desired him to let us know where we might find him, that whensoever he wanted victuals we might

might bring him some, which we told him we would be sure to do, for otherwise he would be starved in that barren place; requesting him, that if he did not like that motion neither, he would at least come and ask us for what he wanted, and not take it by force as he had done. He thanked us heartily for our offer, and begged pardon for that injury, and promised to ask it henceforwards as an alms, without setting upon any one. As for his place of abode, he told us he had none certain, but wherever night caught him, there he lay; and he ended his discourse with such bitter moans, that we must have had hearts of flint had we not had a feeling of them, and kept him company therein; chiefly considering we beheld him so strangely altered from what we had seen him before; for, as I said, he was a very fine comely young man, and by his speech and behaviour we could guess him to be well born, and a court-like sort of a body: for though we were but clowns, yet such was his genteel behaviour, that we could not help being taken with it. Now as he was talking to us, he stopped of a sudden as if he had been quite struck dumb, fixing his eyes stedfastly on the ground; whereat we all stood in a maze. After he had thus stared a good while, he shut his eyes, then opened them again, bit his lips, knit his brows, clinched his fists; and then rising from the ground, whereon he had thrown himself a little before, he flew at the man
that

that stood next to him with such a fury, that if we had not pulled him off by main force, he would have bit and thumped him to death; and all the while he cried out, "Ah! traitor Ferdinand, here, here thou shalt pay for the wrong thou hast done me; I must rip up that false heart of thine;" and a deal more he added, all in dispraise of that same Ferdinand. After that he flung from us without saying a word, leaping over the bushes and brambles at such a strange rate, that it was impossible for us to come at him; from which we gathered, that his madness comes on him by fits, and that same one called Ferdinand had done him an ill turn, that hath brought the poor young man to this pass. And this hath been confirmed since that many and many times; for when he is in his right senses he will come and beg for victuals, and thank us for it with tears: but when he is in his mad fit, he will beat us though we offer him meat civilly: and to tell you the truth, sirs, added the goat-herd, I and four others, of whom two are my men, and the other two my friends, yesterday agreed to look for him till we should find him out, to carry him either by fair means or by force to Almodover town, that is but eight leagues off: and there we will have him cured if possible, or at least we shall learn what he is when he comes to his wits, and whether he has any friends to whom he may be sent back. This is all I know of the matter; and I dare assure you, that the owner of those things which you saw

in the way is the self-same body that went so nimbly by you, for don Quixote had by this time acquainted the goat-herd of his having seen that man skipping among the rocks.

The knight was wonderfully concerned when he had heard the goat-herd's story, and renewed his resolution of finding out that distracted wretch, whatever time and pains it might cost him. But fortune was more propitious to his desires than he could reasonably have expected: for just as they were speaking they spied him right against the place where they stood, coming towards them out of the cleft of a rock, muttering somewhat to himself, which they could not well have understood had they been close by him, much less could they guess his meaning at that distance. His apparel was such as has already been said, only don Quixote observed when he drew nearer, that he had on a shamoy waistcoat torn in many places, which yet the knight found to be perfumed with amber; and by this, as also by the rest of his clothes, and other conjectures, he judged him to be a man of some quality. As soon as the unhappy creature came near them, he saluted them very civilly, but with a hoarse voice. Don Quixote returned his civilities, and alighting from Rozinante, accosted him in a very graceful manner, and hugged him close in his arms, as if he had been one of his intimate acquaintance. The other, whom we may venture to call The knight of the ragged figure, as well as don Quixote The knight of

of the woeful figure, having got loose from that embrace, could not forbear stepping back a little, and laying his hands on the shoulders of the knight, he stood staring in his face, as if he had been striving to call to mind whether he had known him before, probably wondering as much to behold don Quixote's countenance, armour, and strange figure, as don Quixote did to see his tattered condition: but the first that opened his mouth after this pause was the ragged knight, as you shall find by the remaining part of this story.

C H A P. X.

The continuation of the adventure of Sierra Morena.

THE history relates, that don Quixote listened with great attention to the disastrous knight of the mountain, who began the conversation thus. Truly, sir, though I have not the honour to know you, I am much obliged to you for your expressions of civility and friendship with which you treat me; and I could wish I were in a condition to convince you otherwise than by words of the deep sense I have of them: but my hapless fortune leaves me nothing to return for so many favours but unprofitable wishes. Sir, answered don Quixote, I have so hearty a desire to serve you, that I was fully resolved not to quit these mountains till I had found you, that I might know from yourself, whether the discontents that have urged you to make

choice of this unusual course of life might not admit of a remedy ; for if they do, you may be assured I will leave no means untried till I have purchased you that ease which I heartily wish you : or if your disasters are of that fatal kind, that exclude you for ever from the hopes of comfort or relief, then will I mingle sorrows with you, and by sharing your load of grief help you to bear the oppressing weight of affliction : for it is the only comfort of the miserable to have a sympathising friend. If then good intentions may plead merit, or a grateful requital, let me intreat you, sir, by that generous nature that shoots through the gloom with which adversity has clouded your graceful outside ; nay, let me conjure you by the darling object of your wishes, to let me know who you are, and what strange misfortunes have urged you to withdraw from the converse of your fellow creatures, to bury yourself alive in this horrid solitude, where you linger out a wretched being, a stranger to ease, to all mankind, and even to yourself. And I solemnly swear, added don Quixote, by the order of knighthood, of which I am an unworthy professor, that if you will so far gratify this my request, I will assist you to the utmost of my power, either by remedying your disaster, if it is not past redress, or, at least, I will become your partner in sorrow, and strive to ease it by a society in sadness.

The knight of the wood, hearing the knight of the woeful figure talk in this manner,

ner, could do nothing but gaze, stare, and view and review him from head to foot; and at length having examined him, he said, sir, if you have got any food, for heaven's sake give it me, and when my hunger is abated, I shall be better able to comply with your desires, which your great civilities and undeserved offers oblige me to satisfy. Sancho and the goat-herd hearing this, presently took out some victuals, the one out of his bag, the other out of his scrip, and gave it to the ragged knight to allay his hunger, who immediately fell on with that greedy haste, that he seemed rather to devour than feed; for he used no intermission between bit and bit, so greedily he chopped them up: and all the time he was eating, neither he nor the spectators spoke the least word. When he had allwaged his voracious appetite, he beckoned to don Quixote and the rest to follow him; and, after he had brought them to a neighbouring meadow, he laid himself down at his ease on the grass, where the rest of the company followed his example, neither he nor they having yet spoke a word since he fell to eating, he began in this manner.

Gentlemen, said he, if you desire to be informed of my misfortunes, you must promise me beforehand not to cut off the thread of my doleful story with any questions, or any other interruption; for in the very instant that any of you does it, I shall leave off abruptly; and will not afterwards go on with my narration. This warning put don

Quixote in mind of Sancho's ridiculous tale, which by his neglect in not telling the goats, was brought to an untimely conclusion. I only give you this precaution, added the ragged knight, because I would be quick in my relation; for the very remembrance of my former misfortune brings fresh addition to my woe; and yet I promise you I will endeavour to omit nothing that is material, that you may have as full an account of my misfortunes as I am sensible you desire. Thereupon don Quixote, for himself and the rest of the company, having promised him uninterrupted attention, he proceeded in this manner.

My name is Cardenio, the place of my nativity one of the best cities in Andalusia, my descent noble *, my parents wealthy: but my misfortunes are so great, that they have doubtless filled my relations with the deepest of sorrows; nor are they to be remedied with wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little against the anger of heaven. In the same town dwelt the charming Lucinda, the greatest beauty that ever nature framed, equal in descent and fortune to myself, but more happy and less constant. I loved, nay adored her almost from her infancy; and from her tender years she blessed me with as kind a return as is suitable with the innocent freedom of that age. Our parents were not ignorant of our mutual affection; nor did they oppose the growth

* All the gentry in Spain are called noble.

of this inoffensive passion, which they perceived could have no other consequences than a happy union of our families by marriage; a thing which the equality of our births and fortunes did indeed of itself almost invite us to. Afterwards our passions so grew up with our years, that Lucinda's father, either judging our usual familiarity prejudicial to his daughter's honour, or for some other reasons, forbid me to continue my frequent visits to his house: but this restraint proved but like that which was used by the parents of the loving *Thisbe*, so celebrated by the poets, and but added flames to flames, and impatience to desires. As our tongues were now debarred their former privilege, we had recourse to our pens, which assumed the greater freedom to disclose the most hidden secrets of our hearts; for the presence of the beloved object often heightens a certain awe and bashfulness that disorders, confounds, and strikes dumb, even the most passionate lover. How many letters have I writ to that lovely charmer! How many soft moving verses have I addressed to her! What kind, yet honourable returns have I received from her! the mutual pledges of our secret love, and the innocent consolations of a violent passion. At length my patience exhausted, my heart almost consumed with the desire of seeing her, I resolved to remove those bars with which her father's care and decent caution obstructed my only happiness, by demanding her of him in marriage: he very civilly told me, that he thanked me
for

for the honour I did him, but that I had a father alive, whose consent was to be obtained as well as his, and who was the most proper person to make such a proposal. I thanked him in return for his polite answer, and thought it carried some shew of reason, not doubting but my father would readily consent to the proposal. I therefore immediately went to wait on him, with a design to beg his approbation and assistance. I found him in his chamber with a letter opened before him, which, as soon as he saw me, he put into my hand before I could have time to acquaint him with my business. Cardenio, said he, you will see by this letter the extraordinary kindness that duke Ricardo has for you. I suppose I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this duke Ricardo is a grandee of Spain, most of whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter and found it contained so kind and advantageous an offer, that my father could not but accept of it with thankfulness: for the duke intreated him to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the companion of his eldest son, promising withal to advance me to a post answerable to the good opinion he had of me. This unexpected news struck me dumb; but my surprize and disappointment were much greater, when I heard my father say to me, Cardenio, you must get ready to be gone in two days: in the mean time give heaven thanks for opening you a way to that preferment which I know you deserve. After this wise admonition, he added

ed other advices as became a prudent father and a man of business, and then he left me. The day appointed for my journey soon came; however, the night that preceded it, I spoke to Lucinda at her window, and told her what had happened. I also paid her father a visit, and informed him of it, beseeching him to preserve his good opinion of me, and defer the bestowing of his daughter till I had been with duke Ricardo, which he kindly promised me: and then Lucinda and I, after an exchange of vows and protestations of eternal fidelity, took our leaves of each other with all the grief which two tender and passionate lovers can feel at a separation.

I at length arrived at the seat of duke Ricardo, who received and entertained me with that extraordinary kindness and civility that soon raised the envy of his greatest favourites. But he that most endearingly caressed me was the duke's second son, don Ferdinand, a young, airy, handsome, generous gentleman, and of a very amorous disposition; he seemed to be overjoyed at my coming, and in a most obliging manner told me, he would have me one of his most intimate friends. In short, he so really convinced me of his affection, that though his elder brother gave me many testimonies of love and esteem, yet could I easily distinguish between their favours. Now, as it is common for bosom friends to keep nothing secret from each other, don Ferdinand, relying as much on my fidelity

fidelity as I had reason to depend on his, revealed to me his most private thoughts ; and, among the rest, his being in love with the daughter of a very wealthy farmer, who was his father's vassal. The beauty of that lovely country maid, her virtue, her discretion, and the other graces of her mind, gained her the admiration of all those who approached her : and those uncommon endowments had so charmed the soul of don Ferdinand, that finding it absolutely impossible to corrupt her chastity, since she would not yield to his embraces as a mistress, he resolved to marry her. I thought myself obliged by all the ties of friendship and gratitude, to dissuade him from so unsuitable a match ; and therefore I made use of such arguments as might have diverted any one but so confirmed a lover from such an unequal choice. At last, finding them all ineffectual, I resolved to communicate the whole affair to the duke his father : but don Ferdinand was too clear-sighted not to read my design in my great dislike of his resolutions, and dreading such a discovery, which he knew my duty to his father might well warrant in spite of our intimacy, since I looked upon such a marriage as highly prejudicial to them both, he made it his business to hinder me from betraying his passion to his father, assuring me there would be no need to reveal it to him. To blind me the more effectually, he told me he was willing to try the power of absence that common cure of love, thereby to wear out and lose his unhappy passion ; and that

that in order to this, he would take a journey with me to my father's house, on pretence of seeing and purchasing some fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. No sooner had I heard this plausible proposal but I approved of it, prompted by the interest of my own love, that made me fond of an opportunity to see my absent Lucinda. I have heard since that don Ferdinand had already been blessed by his mistress, with all the liberty of boundless love, upon a promise of marriage, and that he only waited an opportunity to discover it with safety, being afraid of incurring his father's indignation. But as what we call love in young men is too often only an irregular passion, and boiling desire, that has no other object than sensual pleasure, and vanishes with enjoyment, while real love, fixing itself on the perfections of the mind, is still improving and permanent; as soon as don Ferdinand had accomplished his lawless desires, his strong affection slackened, and his hot love grew cold; so that if at first his proposing to try the power of absence was only a pretence, that he might get rid of his passion, there was nothing now which he more heartily coveted, that he might thereby avoid fulfilling his promise. And therefore having obtained the duke's leave, away we posted to my father's house, where don Ferdinand was entertained according to his quality; and I went to visit my Lucinda, who, by a thousand innocent endearments, made me sensible that her love
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like mine was rather heightened than weakened by absence, if any thing could heighten a love so great and so perfect. I then thought myself obliged by the laws of friendship not to conceal the secrets of my heart from so kind and intimate a friend, who had so generously entrusted me with his; and therefore, to my eternal ruin, I unhappily discovered to him my passion. I praised Lucinda's beauty, her wit, her virtue, and praised them so like a lover, so often and so highly, that I raised in him a great desire to see so accomplished a lady; and, to gratify his desire, I shewed her to him by the help of a light one evening at a low window, where we used to have our amorous interviews. She proved but too charming, and too strong a temptation to don Ferdinand; and her prevailing image made so deep an impression on his soul, that it was sufficient to blot out of his mind all those beauties that had till then employed his wanton thoughts: he was struck dumb with wonder and delight at the sight of the ravishing apparition; and, in short, to see her, and to love her, proved with him the same thing: and when I say to love her, I need not add to desperation, for there is no loving her but to an extreme. If her face made him so soon take fire, her wit quickly set him all in a flame. He often importuned me to communicate to him some of her letters, which I indeed would never expose to any eyes but my own; but unhappily one day he found one, wherein she
desired

desired me to demand her of her father, and to hasten the marriage. It was penned with that tenderness and discretion, that when he read it, he presently cried out, that the amorous charms which were scattered and divided among other beauties were all divinely centered in Lucinda, and in her alone. Shall I confess a shameful truth? Lucinda's praises, though ever so deserved, did not sound pleasantly to my ears out of don Ferdinand's mouth. I began to entertain, I know not what, distrusts and jealous fears, the rather, because he would be still improving the least opportunity of talking of her, and insensibly turning the discourse he held of other matters, to make her the subject, though ever so far fetched, of our constant talk. Not that I was apprehensive of the least infidelity from Lucinda: far from it: she gave me daily fresh assurances of her inviolable affection: but I feared every thing from my malignant stars, and lovers are commonly industrious to make themselves uneasy.

It once happened, that Lucinda, who took great delight in reading books of knight-errantry, desired me to lend her the romance of Amadis de Gaul---

Don Quixote no sooner heard Cardenio mention knight-errantry than he interrupted him: Sir, said he, had you but told me, when you first mentioned the lady Lucinda, that she was an admirer of books of chivalry, there had been no need of using any other

argument to convince me of her sublime understanding: yet, sir, had she not used those mighty helps, those infallible guides to sense, though indulgent nature had strove to bless her with the richest gifts she can bestow, I might justly enough have doubted whether her perfections could have gained her the love of a person of your merit: but now you need not employ your eloquence to set forth the greatness of her beauty, the excellence of her worth, or the depth of her sense: for, from this account which I have of her taking great delight in reading books of chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the most beautiful, and the most accomplished lady in the universe: and I heartily could have wished that with Amadis de Gaul you had sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I am certain the lady Lucinda would have been extremely delighted with Daryda and Garaya, as also with the discreet shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his eclogues, which he sung and repeated with so good a grace: but a time may yet be found to give her the satisfaction of reading those master pieces, if you will do me the honour to come to my house; for there I may supply you with above three hundred volumes, which are my soul's greatest delight, and the darling entertainment of my life; though now I remember myself, I have just reason to fear there is not one of them left in my study, thanks to the malice and envy of wicked enchanters. I hope
you

you will be so good as to pardon me for having contradicted my promise in not interrupting you in your story ; but when I hear the least mention made of knight-errantry, it is no more in my power to forbear speaking, than the rays of the sun not to warm, or in those of the moon not to impart her natural humidity ; and therefore, sir, I beseech you to proceed.

While don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung down his head on his breast with all the signs of a man lost in sorrow : nor could done Quixote with repeated intreaties persuade him to lift up his head or answer a word. At length, after he had stood thus a considerable while he looked up, and suddenly breaking silence, “ I am positively convinced, said he, nor shall any man in the world ever persuade me to the contrary ; and he is a blockhead who says that the villain Mr. Elisabat * never lay with queen Madafima.”

It is false, said don Quixote, with great indignation and impetuosity ; by all the powers above, it is all scandal and base detraction to say this of queen Madafima. She was a most noble and virtuous lady ; nor is it to be presumed that so great a princess would ever debase herself so far as to fall in

* Elisabat is a skilful surgeon in Amadis de Gaul, who performs wonderful cures ; and queen Madafima is wife to Gantafis, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deserts without any imputation on her honour.

love with a quack doctor. Whoever says otherwise, lyes like a very great scoundrel; and I will make him acknowledge it either on horseback or on foot, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases. Cardenio very earnestly fixed his eyes on don Quixote while he was thus defying him, and taking queen Madafima's part as if she had been his true and lawful princess; and being provoked by these abuses into one of his mad fits, he took up a great stone that lay by him and hit don Quixote such a blow on his breast with it, that he fell down backwards. Sancho, seeing his lord and master so roughly treated, fell upon the mad knight with his clenched fists; but he beat him off at the first onset, and laid him at his feet with a single blow, and then getting upon him fell a trampling on his guts like a baker in a dough-trough. Nay, the goat-herd, who was offering to take Sancho's part, had like to have been served in the same manner. So the ragged knight having tumbled them one over another and beaten them handsomely left them, and ran into the wood without the least opposition.

Sancho got up when he saw him gone; and being greatly enraged to find himself so roughly treated without any manner of reason, began to pick a quarrel with the goat-herd, railing at him for not fore-warning them that the knight had intervals of madness, that they might have stood upon their guard. The goat-herd answered, he had given them warn-
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ing at first, and if he could not hear, it was no fault of his. To this Sancho replied, and the goat-herd made a rejoinder, till from Pro's and Cons they went to a warmer way of disputing, and fell to fifty-cuffs together, catching one another by the beards, and tugging, haling, and belabouring one another so unmercifully, that had not don Quixote parted them, they would have pulled one another's chins off. Sancho, in great wrath, still keeping his hold, cried to his master, Let me alone, sir knight of the woeful figure: this is no dubbed knight, but an ordinary fellow like myself; I may be revenged on him for the wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly hand to fist like a man. Thou mayest fight him as he is thy equal, answered don Quixote, but thou oughtest not to do it since he has done us no wrong. After this he pacified them, and then addressing himself to the goat-herd, he asked him whether it were possible to find out Cardenio again that he might hear the end of his story? The goat-herd answered, that, as he already told him, he knew of no settled place he used, but that if they made any stay thereabouts they could not fail of finding him some time or other.

C H A P. XI.

Of the strange adventures that happened to the valiant knight of la Mancha in the black mountain, where he did penance in imitation of Beltenebros, or The lovely obscure.

DON Quixote having taking leave of the goat-herd, and again mounted Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did, but with no very good will, his master leading him into the roughest and most craggy part of the mountain. Thus they travelled for a while without speaking a word to each other. Sancho almost dead and ready to burst for want of a little chat, waited with great impatience till his master should begin, not daring to speak first since his strict injunction of silence. But at last, not being able to keep his word any longer, Sir don Quixote, said he, give me your blessing and leave to be gone, I beseech you, that I may go home to my wife and children, where I may talk till I am weary, and nobody can hinder me; for I must needs tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt through hedge and ditch, over hills and dales, by night and by day, without daring to open my lips, is to bury me alive. Could beasts speak, as they did in Æsop's time, it would not have been half so bad with me; for then might I have conversed with my ass at pleasure, and have

have forgot my ill fortune * : but to trot on in this fassion all the days of my life after adventures, and to light on nothing but thumps, kicks, cuffs, and be tossed in a blanket, and after all forsooth, to have a man's mouth sewed up without daring to speak one's mind, I say it again, no living soul can endure it. I understand thee, Sancho, replied don Quixote, thou art impatient until I take off the interdiction I have laid upon thy tongue : I take it off, then----say what you please on condition that the time of this licence shall not extend beyond that of our continuance in these mountains. Be it so quoth Sancho, let us make hay while the sun shines, I will talk whilst I may ; what I may do hereafter heaven knows best ! And so beginning to take the benefit of his privilege, Pray, sir, quoth he, what occasion had you to take so hotly the part of queen Magimasa, or what do you call her ? What the devil was it to you, whether that same master Abbot † were her friend in a corner, or no ? Had you taken no notice of what was said, as you might well have done, seeing it was no business of yours, the madman would have gone on with his story, you had missed a good

* See note on the preceding chapter but one. The Spaniards vulgarly call *Æsop* *Giosopete*, as Cervantes does here. The French too, according to Oudin, commonly called *Æsop* *Isope*.

† Sancho, remembering only the latter part of master Elisabat's name, pleasantly calls him Abad, which is Spanish for an Abbot. Abad, as Oudin observes, sounds like the end of Elisabat.

thump on the breast, and I had escaped some five or six good dowfes on the chaps, besides the trampling of my puddings. In faith, friend Sancho, answered don Quixote, didst thou but know, as well as I do, what a virtuous and honourable lady queen Madafima was, thou wouldst say, I had a great deal of patience in forbearing to strike that profane wretch on the mouth out of which such blasphemies proceeded: for, in short, it was the highest piece of detraction to say, that a queen was scandalously familiar with a barber surgeon. The truth of the story is, that master Elisabat, whom the madman mentioned, was a man of extraordinary prudence and sagacity, and served the queen in quality of a physician, who also made use of his advice in matters of importance; but to say she gave him up her honour, and prostituted herself to the embraces of a man of such an inferior degree, was an impudent, groundless, and slanderous accusation, worthy the severest chastisement: neither can I believe that Cardenio knew what he said, when he charged the queen with that debasing guilt: for it is plain that his raving fit had disordered the seat of his understanding. Why, there it is, quoth Sancho, who but a madman would have minded what a madman said? What if the flint that hit you on the breast had dashed out your brains? We had been in a dainty pickle for taking the part of that same lady, with a pease-cod in her: nay, and Cardenio would have come off too had

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he knocked you on the head, for the law has nothing to do with madmen. Sancho, said don Quixote, we knights-errant are obliged to vindicate the honour of women of what quality soever, as well against madmen as against men in their senses; much more than in behalf of princesses of such high quality and accomplishments as adorned queen Madafima, for whose rare endowments I have a peculiar veneration; for she was a most beautiful lady, discreet and prudent to admiration, and behaved herself with an exemplary patience in all her misfortunes. It was then that the company and wholesome counsels of master Elisabat proved very useful to alleviate the burthen of her afflictions: from which the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occasion to suspect and rumour that she was guilty of an unlawful commerce with him. But I say once more, they lye, and lye a thousand times, whoever they be, that shall presumptuously report or hint, or so much as think or surmise, so base a calumny.

Why, quoth Sancho, I neither say nor think one way nor the other, not I indeed: let them that say it, eat the lye, and swallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have answered for it before now, I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: every man for himself, and God for us all, say I; for he that buys and lyes finds it in his purse. Let him that owns the cow take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and
naked

naked must I go out. Many think to find flitches of bacon, and find not so much as the racks to lay them on : but who can hedge in a cuckow ? Little said is soon mended. It is a sin to belye the devil : but misunderstanding brings lyes to town, and there is no padlocking of people's mouths ; for a close mouth catches no flies.

Good heaven ! cried don Quixote, what a catalogue of fooleries art thou stringing together, Sancho ! and how wide from the purpose. I pray thee have done, and for the future let thy whole study be to spur thy ass, and leave off talking of things which do not concern thee ; and with all thy five senses remember this, That whatsoever I do, have done, and shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature consideration, and strictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than all the knights that ever professed knight-errantry. Ay, ay, sir, quoth Sancho, but pray, is it a good law of chivalry that says we shall wander up and down among bushes and briers in this rocky wilderness, where there is neither foot-path nor horse-way ; running after a madman, who, if we light on him again, may chance to make an end of what he has begun, not of his tale of a roasted horse, but of belabouring you and me thoroughly, and squeezeing out my guts at both ends ? Once more I pray thee have done, said don Quixote : I have business of greater moment than the finding this frantic man ; it is not so much
that

that business that detains me in this barren and desolate wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain heroic deed that shall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remotest regions of the habitable globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm the most compleat and absolute knight-errant in the world. But is not this same adventure very dangerous, asked Sancho? Not at all, replied don Quixote; though as fortune may order it, our expectations may be baffled by disappointing accidents; but the main thing consists in thy diligence. My diligence, quoth Sancho? I mean, said don Quixote, that if thou returnest with all the speed imaginable from the place where I design to send thee, my pain will soon be at an end, and my glory begin. And because I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy master's interest, I will no longer conceal my design from thee: Know then, my most faithful squire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplished knights-errant, nay, I should not have said he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianises, nor any others, pretend to stand in competition with him for the honour of priority; for, to my knowledge, should they attempt it, they would be very much in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a painter studies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the best originals; which rule ought likewise to be observed in all other arts and sciences

sciences that serve for the ornament of well regulated common-wealths. Therefore he that is ambitious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propose to himself to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wisdom and heroic patience. So Virgil, in his *Æneas*, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the sagacity of a valiant and experienced general; both the Greek and Roman poets representing their heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain examples of virtue to ensuing ages. In the same manner, Amadis having been the polar star and sun of valorous and amorous knights, it is him we ought to set before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for it is certain that the adventurer who emulates him best will arrive nearest to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which most displayed that champion's prudence and fortitude, his constancy and love, and his other heroic virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdainful Oriana, to do penance on the Poor Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or The lovely obscure, a title most certainly significant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolved to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy task than

than it would be to copy after his other achievements, such as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, and breaking the force of magic spells. And since these mountainous wilds offer me so fair an opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I will lay hold on it now.

Very well, said Sancho; but pray, sir, what is it that you mean to do in this remote part of the world? Have I not already told thee, replied don Quixote, that I am determined to imitate Amadis in his madness, despair, and fury? Nay, at the same time I will copy the valiant Orlando Furioso's extravagance, when he ran mad after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair Angelica's dishonourable connections with Medoro at the fountain; at which time, in his frantic despair, he tore up trees by the roots, sullied the waters of the transparent springs, slew the shepherds, destroyed their flocks, fired their huts, demolished houses, drove their horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagances worthy to be recorded in fame's eternal register. Not that I intend however in all things to imitate Roldan, Orlando, or Rotoland, (for he had all those names) but only to make choice of such frantic effects of his amorous despair, as I shall think most essential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launch-

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ing out into such destructive and fatal ravings, and only expressing his anguish in complaints and lamentations, gained nevertheless as much fame, if not superior to that of the greatest heroes. I dare say, said Sancho, the knights who did these penances had some reason to be mad; but what occasion have you to be mad too? What lady has sent you a packing, or so much as slighted you? When did you ever find that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso did otherwise than she should do, with either Moor or Christian? Why, there is the point, answered don Quixote; in this consists the singular perfection of my undertaking: for, mark me, Sancho, a knight-errant to run mad upon any just occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity: there is a refined and exquisite passion for you, Sancho! for thus my mistress must needs have a vast idea of my love, since she may guess what I should perform in the Wet, if I do so much in the Dry*. But besides, I have but too just a motive to give a loose to my raving grief, considering the long date of my absence from my ever su-

* A profane allusion to a text in scripture, Luke xxiii. 31. "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" So he e den Quixote's meaning is-----
 'My mistress may guess what I would do where occasion should be given me, since I can do so much without any.

preme lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for as the shepherd in Matthias Ambrosio has it,

In absence of my charming fair,
I suffer all those ills I fear.

Then do not, friend Sancho, lavish any more time in striving to divert me from so admirable, rare, and happy an imitation. Mad I am, and I shall be mad, till thy return with an answer to the letter which thou must carry from me to the lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favourable as my unshaken constancy deserves, then my distraction and penance shall end; but if I find she repays my vows and services with ungrateful disdain, then I shall run mad in earnest, and screw up my thoughts to such an excess of distraction, that I shall be insensible of the rigour of my relentless fair. Wherefore, let her return be as it may, I shall be eased one way or other of the anxious thoughts that now divide my soul; either containing the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonstrations of sense, or else shewing my insensibility of her cruelty by the height of my distraction.

But Sancho, tell me, hast thou taken care of Mambrino's helmet? which I saw thee take up the other day, after that monster of ingratitude had endeavoured in vain to break it; which by the way proves the most excellent temper of the metal. For God's sake, said Sancho, sir knight of the woeful figure, I can no longer bear with patience to hear

you run on at this rate: Why, this were
 enough to make any man believe that all
 your bragging and bouncing of your knight-
 errantry, your winning of kingdoms, and be-
 stowing of islands, and heaven knows what,
 upon your squire, are mere flim-flam stories,
 and nothing but shams and lyes: for who the
 devil can here a man call a barber's bason a
 helmet, nay, and stand to it, and vouch it
 four days together, and not think him that
 says it to be stark mad, or without brains? I
 have the bason safe enough in my pouch, and
 I will get it mended for my own use, if ever
 I have the luck to get home to my wife and
 children. Now as I love bright arms cried
 don Quixote, I swear thou art the shallowest,
 filliest, and most stupid fellow of a squire that
 ever I heard or read of in my life. How is
 it possible for thee to be so dull of apprehen-
 sion, as not to have learned, in all this time
 that thou hast been in my service, that all the
 actions and adventures of us knights-errant
 seem to be mere chimeras, follies, and imperti-
 nences? Not that they are so indeed, but ei-
 ther through the officious care, or else through
 the malice and envy of those enchanters that
 always haunt and persecute us unseen, and
 by their facinations change the appearance of
 our actions into what they please, according
 to their love or hate. This is the very reason
 why that which I plainly perceive to be Mam-
 brino's helmet, seems to thee to be only a
 barber's bason, and perhaps another man may
 take it to be something else. And in this I
 can

hear

can never too much admire the prudence of the sage who espouses my interest, in making that inestimable helmet seem a bason; for did it appear in its proper shape, its tempting value would raise me as many enemies as there are men in the universe, all eager to snatch from me so desirable a prize: but so long as it shall seem to be nothing else but a barber's bason, manifest from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground: for had he known what it really was, he would sooner have parted with his life. Keep it safe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at present; far from it, I think to put off my armour, and strip myself as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in case I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis.

This discourse brought them to the foot of a high rock that stood by itself as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the rest; by the skirt of it glided a purling stream, that softly took its winding course through an adjacent meadow. The verdant freshness of the grass, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feasted the eyes in that pleasant solitude, invited the knight of the woeful figure to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as soon as he had let ravished sight rove a while over the scattered beauties of the place, he took possession of it with the following speech, as if he utterly lost the small share of reason he had left. Behold, O heavens! cried he, the

place which an unhappy lover has chosen to bemoan the deplorable state to which you have reduced him : here shall my flowing tears swell the liquid veins of this crystal rill, and my deep sighs perpetually move the leaves of these shady trees, in testimony of the anguish and pain that harrows up my soul. Ye rural deities, whoever ye be, that make these deserts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious absence, and some slight impression of a jealous mistrust, have driven to these regions of despair, to bewail his rigorous destiny, and deplore the distracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty. Ye pitying Napæan nymphs and Dryades, silent inhabitants of the woods and groves, assist me to lament my fate, or at least attend the mournful story of my woes ; so may no designing beastly satyrs, those just objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your rest---Oh, Dulcinea del Toboso ! thou sun that turnest my gloomy night to day ! glory of my pain ! north star of my travels, and reigning planet that controllest my heart ! pity, I conjure thee, the unparalled distress to which thy absence has reduced the faithfullest of lovers, and grant to my fidelity that kind return which it so justly claims ! so may indulgent fate shower on thee all the blessings thou ever canst desire, or heaven's grant ! ---O ye solitary trees, under whose spreading branches I come to linger out the gloomy shadow of a tedious being ; let the soft language of your rustling leaves, and the
kind

kind nodding of your springing boughs, satisfy me that I am welcome to your shady harbours. O thou my trusty squire, the inseparable companion of my adventures, diligently observe what thou shalt see me do in this lonely retreat, that thou mayest inform the lovely cause of my distraction with every particular. So saying, he alighted, and presently taking off the bridle and saddle of Rozinante, gave him a slap on the shoulders, pronouncing these words: "He that has lost his freedom gives thee thine, thou steed as renowned for thy extraordinary actions as for thy misfortunes; go rear thy awful front wherever thou pleasest, secure that neither the Hippogryphon of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino, which Brandamante purchased at so high a price, could ever be thought thy equals."

Sancho hearing this apostrophe, My blessing, cried he, be upon him whose industry has saved me the trouble of sending my ass to graze too: poor thing, had I him here, he should not want two or three slaps on the buttocks, nor a fine speech in his praise neither, while I took off his pannel. But stay, were he here, what need would there be to strip him of his harness? Alas, he never had any thing to do with these mad pranks of love no more than myself, who was his master when fortune pleased. But d'ye hear me, now I think on it, sir knight of the woeful figure, if your worship is resolved to be mad, and send me away in good earnest, we

we must even clap the saddle again on Rozinante's back ; for to tell you the truth, I am but a bad footman, and if I do not ride home, I cannot tell when I shall be able to come back again. Do as thou thinkest fit for that, Sancho, answered don Quixote, for I intend thou shalt set out about three days hence. In the mean while thou shalt be a witness of what I will do for my lady's sake, that thou mayest give her a full account of my behaviour. Bless my eye sight, quoth Sancho, what more can I see than I have seen already ? Thou hast seen nothing yet, answered don Quixote ; thou must see me throw away my armour, tear my cloaths, dash my head against the rocks, and do many other things of this sort, that will fill thee with astonishment. For goodness sake, sir, quoth Sancho, take heed how you quarrel with those ungracious rocks ; you may chance to get such a crack on the crown at the very first rap as may spoil your penance at one dash. No, I do not like that way by no means ; if you must needs be knocking your noddle, to go through-stitch with this ugly jobb, seeing it is **all** but a mockery, or as it were between jest and earnest, why cannot you as well play your tricks on something that is softer than these unconscionable stones : you may run your head against water, or rather against cotton, or the stuffing of Rozinante's saddle ; and then let me alone with the rest : I will be sure to tell my lady Dulcinea that your worship went to loggerheads
with

with the point of a rock that is harder than a diamond.

Friend Sancho, replied don Quixote, I am obliged to thee for thy good will: But I assure thee, that all these seeming extravagancies that I must run through are no jests: far from it, they must all be performed seriously and solemnly; for to behave otherwise we should transgress the laws of chivalry, which forbid us to lye under pain of being degraded; now to pretend to do one thing and effect another is an evasion, which I esteem to be as bad as lying. Therefore the blows which I must give myself on the head ought to be real, substantial, sound ones, without any trick or mental reservation; for which reason I would have thee leave me some lint and salve, since fortune has deprived us of the sovereign balsam which we lost. It was a much greater misfortune to lose the ass, said Sancho, for with him we have lost bag and baggage, lint and all: but no more of your damned drench, if you love me; the very thoughts of it is enough not only to turn my stomach, but my soul, such a rumbling I feel in my wem at the name of it. Then as for the three days you would have me loiter here to mind your mad tricks, you may as well suppose them to be already over; for I hold them for done, unsight unseen, and will tell wonders to my lady: therefore write the letter, and send me going with all haste; for let me be hanged if I do not long already to be back,

to

to take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you.

Callest thou it purgatory, Sancho? replied don Quixote: call it hell rather, or something worse, if there be in nature a term expressive of a more wretched state. Nay, not so neither, quoth Sancho, I would not call it hell; because, as I heard our parson say, "There is no retention * out of hell." I know not what you mean by Retention? Why, quoth Sancho, Retention is Retention; it is, that whosoever is in hell never comes nor can come out of it: which shall not be your case this bout, if I can stir my heels, and have but spurs to tickle Rozinante's flanks, till I come to my lady Dulcinea; for I will tell her such strange things of your maggoty tricks, your folly and your madness, for indeed they are no better; I will lay my head to a hazle-nut, I will make her as supple as a glove, though I found her at first as tough-hearted as a cork; and when I have wheedled an answer out of her, all full of sweet honey words, away will I whisk it back to you, cutting the air as swift as a witch upon a broomstick, and free you out of your purgatory; for a **purgatory** I will have it to be in spight of hell, nor shall you gainsay me in that fancy; for as I have told you before, there is some hopes of your retention out of this place.

Well, be it so, said the knight of the woe-ful figure: but how shall we make shift to

* No redemption he means.

write this letter? Ay, the order for the three asses, added Sancho? I will not forget it, answered don Quixote; but since we have here no paper, I must be obliged to write on the leaves or bark of trees, or on wax, as they did in ancient times; yet now I consider on it, we are here as ill provided with wax as with paper: but stay, now I remember, I have Cardenio's pocket-book, which will supply that want in this exigence, and then thou shalt get the letter fairly transcribed at the first village where thou canst meet with a school-master; or for want of a school-master, thou mayest get the clerk of the parish to do it; but by no means give it to any notary or scrivener to be written out; for they commonly write such confounded hands, that the devil himself would scarce be able to read it. Well, quoth Sancho, but what shall I do for want of your name to it? Why answered don Quixote, Amadis never used to subscribe his letters. Ay, replied Sancho, but the bill of exchange for the three asses must be signed: for should I get it copied out afterwards they would say it is not your hand, and so I shall go without the asses. I will write and sign the order for them in the table-book, answered don Quixote; and as soon as my niece sees the hand, she will never scruple the delivery of the asses: and as for the love letter, when thou gettest it transcribed, thou must get it thus under-written, "Your's till death, the knight of the woeful figure." It is no matter whether the letter and subscription be
written

written by the same hand or no ; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did she ever see any of my letters, nay not so much as any of my writing in her life : for my love and her's have always been purely platonick, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modest look ; and that too so very seldom, that I dare safely swear, that though for these twelve years she has been dearer to my soul than light to my eyes, yet I never saw her four times in my life ; and perhaps of those few times that I have seen her, she has scarce perceived once that I have seen her : so strictly and so discreetly Lorenzo Corchuelo her father, and Aldonza Nogales her mother, brought her up.

Heigh-day, said Sancho ! did you ever hear the like ! and is my lady Dulcinea del Toboso at last the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, she that is otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo ? Yes, answered don Quixote ; and she merits to be the sovereign mistress of the whole universe. Udsdiggers, quoth Sancho, I know her full well ; it is a strapping wench, I'faith, and pitches the bar as well as any lusty young fellow in our village. By the mass, she is a notable, strong built, sizable, sturdy, manly lass, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire I warrant her ; nay, and hold the best knight-errant to it that wears a head if ever he ventures upon her. Body on me, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has when she sets up her throat !

I heard

I heard her one day hollow from the bell-frey to some plough-men that were at work in a fallow-field ; and though they were half a league off they heard her as plain as if they had been under the steeple ; and what is better still, she is neither coy nor frumpish, she is a tractable lass, and fit for a courtier, for she will play with you like a kitten, and jibes and jokes at every one. And now in good truth, sir knight of the woeful figure, you may play at your gambols as you please ; you may run mad, you may hang yourself for her sake ; there is no body but will say you even took the wisest course, though the devil himself should carry you away a pick-a-pack. Now am I even wild to be gone, though it were for nothing else but to see her, for I have not seen her this many a day : I fancy I shall hardly know her again, for a woman's face strangely alters by her being always in the sun, and drudging and moiling in the open fields. Well, I must needs own I have been mightily mistaken all along : for I durst have sworn this lady Dulcinea had been some great princess with whom you were in love, and such a one as deserved those rare gifts you bestowed on her, as the Biscayan, the galley-slaves, and many others, that for ought I know you may have sent her before I was your squire. I cannot choose but laugh to think how my lady Aldonza Lorenzo (my lady Dulcinea del Toboso I should have said) would behave herself should any of those men which you have sent or may

send to her chance to go and fall down on their marrow bones before her : for it is ten to one they may happen to find her a carding of flax, or threshing in the barn, and then how finely balked they will be ! as sure as I am alive they must needs think the devil owed them a shame ; and she herself will but flout them, and mayhap be somewhat nettled at it.

I have frequently observed before now, Sancho, said don Quixote, that thou art an everlasting babler, and though of a dull understanding thy bluntness borders too often on severity. But that I may at once make thee sensible of thy ignorance and my discretion, I will tell thee a short story. A handsome, brisk, young, rich widow, and withal no prude, happened to fall in love with a well-set, lusty * lay-brother. His superior hearing of it took occasion to go to her, and said to her by way of charitable admonition, I mightily wonder, madam, how a lady of your rank, beauty, and fortune, could make so ill a choice, and dote on a mean, silly, despicable fellow, as I hear you do, while we have in our house so many masters of art, batchelors, and doctors of divinity, among whom your ladyship may pick and choose as you would among pears, and say, This I like, That I do not like. But she soon answered the officious grave gentle-

* Motillon, a lay brother, or servant in the convent or college, so called from Motila, a cropped head ; his hair being cropped short, he has no crown like those in orders.

man: Sir, said she, with a smile, you are much mistaken and old-fashioned in your opinion, if you imagine I have made so ill a choice; for though you fancy the man is a fool, yet as to what I take him for he knows as much, or rather more philosophy than Aristotle himself. So, Sancho, as to the use which I make of the lady Dulcinea, she is equal to the greatest princesses in the world. I pray thee tell me, dost thou think the poets, who every one of them celebrate the praises of some lady or other, had all real mistresses? Or that the Amaryllis's, the Phyllis's, the Sylvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, the Alida's, and the like, which you shall find in so many poems, romances, songs, and ballads, upon every stage, and even in every barber's shop, were creatures of flesh and blood, and mistresses to those that did and do celebrate them? No, no, never think it; for I dare assure you, the greatest part of them were nothing but the meer imaginations of the poets, for a ground-work to exercise their wits upon, and give to the world occasion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant disposition: and so it is sufficient for me to imagine, that Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste; as for her birth and parentage they concern me but little; for there is no need to make an enquiry about a woman's pedigree, as there is of us men, when some badge of honour is bestowed on us; and so she is to me the greatest princess in the world; for thou oughtest to know, Sancho, if thou

knowest it not already, that there are but two things that chiefly excite us to love a woman, an attractive beauty, and unspotted fame. Now these two endowments are happily reconciled in Dulcinea; for as for the one, she has not her equal, and few can vie with her in the other: but to cut off all objections at once, I imagine that all I say of her is really so without the least exaggeration or diminution: I fancy her to be just such as I would have her for beauty and quality. Helen cannot stand in competition with her; Lucretia cannot rival her; and all the heroines which antiquity has to boast, whether Greeks, Romans, or Barbarians, are at once out-done by her incomparable perfections. Therefore let the world say what it will; should the ignorant vulgar foolishly censure me, I please myself with the assurances I have of the approbation of men of the strictest morals and the nicest judgement. Sir, quoth Sancho, I knock under: you have reason of your side in all you say, and I own myself an ass. Nay, I am an ass to talk of an ass; for it is ill talking of halts in the house of a man that was hanged. But where is the letter all this while, that I may be jogging?

With that don Quixote pulled out the table-book, and stepping aside, he very seriously began to write the letter, which when he had finished, he called Sancho, and ordered him to listen while he read it over to him, that he might carry it as well in his memory

memory as in his pocket-book, in case he should have the ill luck to lose it by the way; for so cross was fortune to him that he feared every accident. But, sir, said Sancho, write it over twice or thrice there in the book, and and give it me, and then I will be sure to deliver the message safe enough I warrant ye: for it is a folly to think I can get it by heart; alas, my memory is so bad, that many times I forget my own name! but yet for all that read it out to me, I beseech you, for I have a hugeous mind to hear it. I dare say it is as fine as though it were in print. Well then, listen, said don Quixote.

DON QUIXOTE de la MANCHA

T O

DULCINEA del TOBOSO.

“ High and sovereign lady !

HE who is wounded by the edge of absence, and whose heart is struck full of the darts of affliction, wishes thee that health which he is not doomed to enjoy, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso. If your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuse to raise my fainting hopes, if your disdain exclude me from relief, I must at last sink under the pressure of my misery that I bear, though much inured to sufferings: for my

pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty squire Sancho will give you an exact account, O ungrateful beauty and lovely foe, to which love and you have reduced me ! If you relent at last and pity my distress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what is your's. But if you abandon me to despair, I must patiently submit, and by ceasing to breathe satisfy your cruelty and my passion.

Your's till death,

The knight of the woeful figure."

By my father's soul, cried Sancho, if I ever saw a finer thing in my born days ! How neatly and roundly you tell her your mind, and how cleverly you bring in at last, "The knight of the woeful figure." I verily believe your worship is the devil himself, and knows every thing ; for there is no kind of thing in the versal world but what you can turn your hand to. A man ought to have some knowledge of every thing, answered don Quixote, if he would be duly qualified for the employment I profess. Well then, said Sancho, do so much as write the warrant for the three asses on the other side of that leaf ; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know it is your hand at first sight. With all my heart, said don Quixote, who having written the order read it in this form :

" My

“ My dear niece,

UPON sight of this my first bill of asses, be pleased to deliver three of the five which I left at home in your custody to Sancho Panza, my squire, for the like number received of him here in tale; and this bill, together with his receipt, shall be your discharge. * Given in the very bowels of Sierra Morena, the twenty second of August, in this present year.”

It is as it should be, quoth Sancho; there only wants your name at the bottom. There is no occasion for my signing it, said don Quixote; I will only set the two first letters of it, and it will be as valid as if it were written at length, though it were not only for three asses, but for three hundred. As to that I will take your worship's word, said Sancho; and now I am going to saddle Rozinante, and then you shall give me your blessing; for I intend to set out presently without seeing any of your mad tricks; and I will relate, that I saw you perform so many that she can desire no more. Nay, said don Quixote, I will have thee stay a while, Sancho, and see me stark naked; it is also necessary thou shouldst see me practise some twenty or thirty mad gambols; I shall have dispatched them in less than half an hour: And when thou hast been an eye-witness of

* In the original it is *Fecha*, that is, Done: for the king of Spain writes, Done at our court, &c. as the king of England does, Given, &c.

that

that essay, thou mayest with a safe conscience swear thou hast seen me play a thousand more; for I dare assure thee, for thy encouragement, thou never canst exceed the number of those I shall perform. Good sir, said Sancho, as you love me do not let me stay to see you naked; it will grieve me so to the heart that I shall cry my eyes out; and I have blubbered and howled but too much since last night for the loss of my ass; my head's so sore with it I a'n't able to cry any longer: but if you will needs have me see some of your antics, pray do them in your cloaths out of hand, and let them be such as are most to the purpose; for the sooner I go the sooner I shall come back; and the way to be gone is not to stay here. I long to bring you an answer to your heart's content: and I will be sure to do it, or let the lady Dulcinea look to it; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly I will force an answer out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fisticuffs: for it is not to be endured, that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is, should thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for such a---Odsbobs, I know what I know; she had not best provoke me to speak it out; for, agad, I shall let fly, and out with it by wholesale though it spoil the market.*

* Sancho here, by threatening to blurt out something, gives a kind of fly prophecy of the Dulcinea he intended to palm upon his master's folly, and prepares the reader for that gross imposition, of enchanting the three princesses and their palstries into three country wenches upon asses.

In

In good faith, Sancho, said don Quixote, I think thou art as mad as myself. Not quite so mad neither, replied Sancho, but a little more cholerick: but talk no more of that. Let us see, How will you do for victuals when I am gone? Do you mean to do like the other madman yonder, rob upon the highway, and snatch the goat-herds victuals from them by main force? Never let that give thee any concern, replied don Quixote; for though I had all the dainties that can feast a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderness will afford me; for the singularity of my present task consists in fasting, and half starving myself, and in the performance of other austerities. But there is another thing come into my head, quoth Sancho; How shall I do to find the way hither again, it is such a by-place? Take good notice of the marks, said don Quixote, and I will endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy return: Besides, about the time when I may reasonably expect thee back, I will be sure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy return. But now I bethink myself of a better expedient; thou shalt cut down a good number of boughs, and strew them in the way as thou ridest along till thou gettest to the plains, and this will serve thee to find me again at thy return like Perseus's clue to the labyrinth in Crete.

I will take your advice, said Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle
of

of boughs, then came and asked his master's blessing, and, after a shower of tears shed on both sides, mounted Rozinante, which don Quixote very seriously recommended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent steed as of his own person. After that he set forward towards the plains, strewing several boughs as he rid according to order. His master importuned him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him: however, before he was got out of sight he considered of it and rode back. Sir, quoth he, I have thought better of it, and believe I had best take your advice, that I may swear with a safe conscience I have seen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would see you do one of them at least, though I think I have seen you do a very great one already, I mean your staying by yourself in this desert.

I had advised thee right, said don Quixote; and therefore stay but while a man may repeat the Creed*, and I will shew thee what thou wouldst see. With that, slipping off his breeches, and stripping himself naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetched his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft, discovered such rarities, that Sancho even

* A proverb to express brevity in Romish countries, where they huddle the Credo over so fast, that they have done before one would think they were got half through.

made haste to turn his horse's head, that he might no longer see them, and rode away full satisfied, that he might swear his master was mad; and so we will leave him to make the best of his way till his return, which will be more speedy than might be imagined.

C H A P. XII.

A continuation of the refined extravagancies by which the gallant knight of la Mancha chose to express his love in the Sierra Morena.

TH E history relates, that as soon as the knight of the woeful figure saw himself alone, after he had taken his frisks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he ascended the top of a high rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what resolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already so perplexed his mind; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpose, reasoning with himself, I do not much wonder, said he, at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was enchanted in such a manner, that he could not be slain but by the thrust of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he sufficiently secured, always wearing seven iron soles to his shoes; and yet this availed him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who understanding what he depended upon squeezed him to death between his arms at Roncevelles

Roncevelles. But setting aside his valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was mad is an unquestionable truth; nor is it less certain, that his frenzy was occasioned by the assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resigned herself up to the unlawful embraces of Medor, that young Moor with the curled locks, who was page to Agramont. Now, after all, seeing he was too well convinced of his lady's infidelity, it is not to be admired he should run mad: but how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? For I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a downright Moor in his own garb since she first beheld light, and that she is at this present speaking as right as the mother that bore her: so that I should do her a great injury should I entertain any dishonourable thoughts of her behaviour, and fall into such a kind of madness as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without punishing himself with such a distraction, or expressing his resentment in so boisterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatsoever: For what I find in history as to his abandoning himself to sorrow is only this: He found himself disdained, his lady Oriana having charged him to get out of her sight, and not to presume to appear in her presence till she gave him leave; and this was the true reason why he retired to the Poor Rock with the hermit, where he
gave

gave up himself wholly to grief, and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying heaven at last commiserating his affliction, sent him relief in the height of his anguish. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my cloaths, to rend and root up these harmless trees, or trouble the clear water of these brooks, that must give me drink when I am thirsty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which don Quixote de la Mancha chooses to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be said of the living copy, as was said of the dead original, That if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking them than he; and though I am not disdained nor discarded by Dulcinea, yet it is sufficient that I am absent from her. Then it is resolved! And now ye famous actions of the great Amadis occur to my remembrance, and be my trusty guides to follow his example. This said, he called to mind, That the chief exercise of that heroë in his retreat was prayer: to which purpose, our modern Amadis presently went and made himself a rosary of galls or acorns instead of beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of an hermit to hear his confession, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertained himself with his amorous contemplations, walking up and down the meadow, and writing some poetical conceptions in the smooth sand, and upon the barks of

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trees, all of them expressive of his sorrows, and the praises of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but these stanzas that follow.

YE lofty trees with spreading arms,
The pride and shelter of the plain;
Ye humbler shrubs, and flow'ry charms,
Which here in springing glory reign!
If my complaints may pity move,
Hear the sad story of my love!

While with me here you pass your hours,
Should you grow faded with my cares,
I'll bribe you with refreshing show'rs,
You shall be water'd with my tears.

Distant, tho' present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave despairing chose

This lonely wild, this desert plain,
The silent witness of the woes

Which he, tho' guiltless, must sustain.

Unknowing why those pains he bears,
He groans, he raves, and he despairs:

With ling'ring fires love racks my soul,
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
Like tortur'd fiends I weep, I howl,
And burn, yet never can repent.

Distant, tho' present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

While

While I thro' honours thorny ways,
 In search of distant glory rove,
 Malignant fate my toil repays
 With endless woes and hopeless love.
 Thus I on barren rocks despair,
 And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.
 Love arm'd with snakes has left his dart,
 And now does like a fury rave,
 And scourge and sting in every part,
 And into madness lash his slave.
 Distant, tho' present in idea,
 I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

These verses, with the addition of del Toboso, to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diversion to those who found them; and they imagined that when don Quixote made them he was afraid those who should happen to read them would not understand on whom they were made, should he omit to mention the place of his mistress's birth and residence; and this indeed was really the case, as he afterwards owned. With this employment did our disconsolate knight beguile the tedious hours; sometimes also he expressed his sorrows in prose, sigh'd to the winds, and called upon the Sylvan gods, the Fauns, the Naidés, the nymphs of the adjoining groves, and the mournful echo, imploring their attention and condolment with repeated supplications: at other times he employed himself in gathering herbs for the support of languishing nature, which decayed so fast,

what with his slender diet, and what with his studied anxiety and intenseness of thinking, that had Sancho staid but three weeks from him, whereas by good fortune he staid but three days, the knight of the woeful figure would have been so disfigured, that his mother would never have known the child she bore.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him a while to his sighs, his sobs, and amorous expostulations, in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza in the execution of his embassy. He made all the haste he could to get out of the mountain; and then taking the direct road to Toboso, the next day he arrived near the inn where he had been tolled in a blanket. Scarce had he discried the fatal walls, but a sudden shivering seized his bones, and he fancied himself to be again dancing in the air; so that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he baited, though it was dinner-time, and his mouth watered strangely at the thoughts of a hot bit of meat, the rather because he had lived altogether upon cold victuals for a long while. This greedy longing drew him near the inn in spite of his aversion to the place; but yet when he came to the gate he had not the courage to go in, but stopped there, not knowing whether he had best enter or no. While he sat musing two men happened to come out, and believing they knew him, Look, master Doctor, cried one to the other, is not that Sancho Panza, whom the house-keeper told

us her master had inviegled to go along with him? The very same, answered the other; and more than that, he rides on don Quixote's horse. Now these two happened to be the curate and the barber who had brought his books to a trial, and passed sentence on them; therefore they had no sooner said this but they called to Sancho, and asked him where he had left his master? Sancho, who presently knew them, and having no mind to discover the place and condition in which he had left his master, told them, that the knight was in a certain place employed about business of great importance which he durst not disclose for the eyes that stood in his head. How! Sancho, cried the barber, you must not think to put us off with a flim-flam story; if you refuse to tell us where he is, we shall believe you have murdered him, and robbed him of his horse; therefore either satisfy us where you have left him, or we will have you laid by the heels. Look you, neighbour, quoth Sancho, I am not afraid of words, do you see, I am neither a thief nor a man-slayer; I kill nobody, so nobody kill me; I leave every man to fall by his own fortune, or by the hand of him that made him. As for my master, I left him frisking and doing penance in the midst of yon mountain to his hearts content. After this, without any further intreaty, he gave them a full account of that business, and of all their adventures; how he was then going from his master to carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lo-

renzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom he was up to the ears in love. The curate and barber stood amazed, hearing all these particulars; and though they already knew don Quixote's madness but too well, they wondered more and more at the increase of it, and at so strange a cast and variety of extravagance. Then they desired Sancho to shew them the letter. He told them it was written in a pocket-book, and that his master had ordered him to get it fairly transcribed upon paper at the next village he should come at. Whereupon the curate promising to write it out very fairly himself, Sancho put his hand into his bosom to give him the table-book; but though he fumbled a great while for it he could not find it, he searched and searched again, but it had been in vain though he had searched till dooms-day, for he came away from don Quixote without it. This put him into a cold sweat, and made him turn as pale as death: he fell a searching all his cloaths, turned his pockets inside outwards, fumbled in his bosom again: but being at last convinced he had it not about him, he fell a raving and stamping, and cursing himself like a madman; he rent his beard from his chin with both hands; befisted his own forgetful skull, and his blubber cheeks, and gave himself a bloody nose in a moment. The curate and barber seeing him make so free with his own person, asked him what had happened to him that made him handle himself so roughly? I deserve it all, replied Sancho, like a blockhead as I am, for losing at one cast

cast no less than three asses, of which the least was worth a castle. By what means resumed the barber? Why, cried Sancho, I have lost that same table-book wherein was written Dulcinea's letter, and a bill of exchange drawn by my master upon his niece for three of the five asses which he has at home; and with that he told them how he had lost his own ass. The curate comforted him by saying, that when he returned, his master would renew the order, and give him a bill upon paper, as the custom is, for those written in pocket-books are never accepted. With this assurance Sancho took courage, and told them, if it were so, he cared not a straw for Dulcinea's letter, for he knew it almost by heart. Then I pray thee let us hear it, said the barber, and we will see and write it. In order to this, Sancho paused, and began to study for the words; presently he fell a scratching his head, stood first upon one leg, and then upon the other, gaped sometimes upon the skies, sometimes upon the ground; at length, after he had gnawed away the top of his thumb, and quite tired out the curate and barber's patience: Before George, cried he, Mr. Doctor, I believe the devil is in it; for may I be choaked if I can remember a word of this confounded letter, but only, that there was at the beginning, High and Subterrane Lady: Sovereign, or Superhumane Lady, you would say, replied the barber. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, you are in the right---But stay, now I think I can remember

remember some of that which followed : Ho ! I have it, I ha't now---“ He that is wounded, and wants sleep, sends you the dagger---which he wants himself---that stabbed him to the heart---and the hurt man does kiss your ladyship's hand --” and at last, after a hundred hums and haws, Sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso : and thus he went on rambling a good while with I do not know what more of Fainting, and Relief, and Sinking, till at last he ended with, “ Your's till death, the Knight of the woeful Figure.” The curate and the barber were mightily pleased with Sancho's excellent memory ; infomuch, that they desired him to repeat the letter twice or thrice more, that they might also get it by heart, and write it down ; which Sancho did very freely, but every time he made many odd alterations and additions as pleasant as the first. Then he told them many other things of his master, but spoke not a word of himself being tossed in a blanket at that very inn. He also told them, that if he brought a kind answer from lady Dulcinea, his master would forthwith set out to make himself an emperor, or at least a king ; for so they two had agreed between themselves, he said ; and that after all, it was a mighty easy matter for his master to become one, such was his prowess and the strength of his arm : which being done, his master would marry him to one of the empress's damsels ; and that fine lady was to be heiress to a large country on the main land, but not to any island or islands, for he

was

was out of conceit with them. Poor Sancho spoke all this so seriously, and so feelingly, ever and anon wiping his nose and stroking his beard, that now the curate and the barber were more surprized than they were before, considering the prevalent influences of don Quixote's folly upon that silly credulous fellow. However, they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, seeing this was only a harmless delusion that might divert them a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his master's health and long life, seeing it was no impossible thing but that he might in time become an emperor as he said, or at least an archbishop, or somewhat else equivalent to it.

But pray, good Mr. Doctor, asked Sancho, should my master have no mind to be an emperor; and take a fancy to be an archbishop, I would fain know what your archbishops-errant are wont to give their squires? Why, answered the curate, they use to give them some parsonage, or sine-cure, or some such other benefice, or church living, which, with the profits of the altar, and other fees, brings them in a handsome revenue. Ay, but, says Sancho, to put in for that, the squire must be a single man, and know how to answer, and assist at mass at least; and how shall I do then, seeing I have the ill luck to be married? Nay, and besides I do not so much as know the first letter of my Christ-Cross-Row. What will become of me, should it come into my master's head to make

make himself an archbishop, and not an emperor, as it is the custom of knights-errant? Do not let that trouble thee, friend Sancho, said the barber, we will talk to him about it, and advise him, nay, urge him to it as a point of conscience to be an emperor, and not an archbishop, which will be better for him, by reason he has more courage than learning.

By my troth, I am of your mind, quoth Sancho, though he has such a head-piece, that I dare say he can turn himself to any thing: nevertheless, I mean to make it the burden of my prayers, that heaven may direct him to that which is best for him, and what may enable him to reward me most. You speak like a wise man, and a good christian, said the curate: but all we have to do at present is to see how we shall get your master to give over that severe unprofitable penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let us go in to consider about it, and also to eat our dinner, for I fancy it is ready by this time. Do you two go in if you please, said Sancho, but as for me I had rather stay without; and anon I will tell you why I do not care to go in a-doors: however, pray send me out a piece of hot victuals to eat here, and some provender for Rozinante. With that they went in, and soon after the barber brought him out some meat; and returning to the curate they consulted how to compass their design. At last the latter luckily bethought himself

of an expedient that seemed most likely to take, as exactly fitting don Quixote's humour; which was, that he should disguise himself in the habit of a damsel-errant, and the barber should alter his dress as well as he could, so as to pass for his squire or gentleman-usher. In that equipage, added he, we will go to don Quixote, and feigning myself to be a distressed damsel, I will beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, will not fail to promise me. By this means I will engage him to go with me to redress a very great injury done me by a false and discourteous knight, beseeching him not to desire to see my face, nor ask me any thing about my circumstances till he has revenged me of that wicked knight. This bait will take I dare engage, and by this stratagem we will decoy him back to his own house where we will try to cure him of his romantic frenzy.

C H A P. XII.

In what manner the curate and barber put their design in execution; with other things worthy to be recorded in this important history.

THE project of the curate was so well liked by the barber, that they instantly put it into practice. They first borrowed of the hostess a complete woman's apparel, leaving her a new cassock of the curate's in pawn; and the barber made himself a long beard with a grizzled tail of an ox

ox in which the inn-keeper used to hang his combs. The hostess being desirous to know what they intended to do with those things, the curate gave her a short account of don Quixote's distraction, and their design. Whereupon the inn-keeper and his wife presently guessed this was their romantic knight, that made the precious balsam; and accordingly they told them the whole story of don Quixote's lodging there, and of Sancho's being tossed in a blanket. Which done, the hostess readily fitted out the curate at such a rate, that it would have pleased any one to have seen him; for she dressed him up in a cloth gown trimmed with borders of black velvet, the breadth of a span, all pinked and jagged; and a pair of green velvet bodice, with sleeves of the same, and faced with white sattin; which accoutrements probably had been in fashion in old king Bamba's * days. The curate would not let her encumber his head with a woman's head-geer, but only clapped upon his crown a white quilted cap which he used to wear on nights, and bound his forehead with one of his garters, that was of black taffety, making himself a kind of musler and vizard mask with the other: then he half buried his head under his hat, pulling it down to

* An ancient Gothick king of Spain, concerning whom several fables are written; wherefore the Spaniards, to express any thing exceeding old, say it was in being in his time; as in England we say a thing is as old as Paul's, and the like.

squeeze in his ears; and as the broad brim flapped down over his eyes, it seemed a kind of umbrella. This done he wrapped his cloak about him, and seated himself on his mule side-ways like a woman: then the barber clapped on his ox-tail beard, half red and half grizzled, which hung from his chin down to his waist; and having mounted his mule, they took leave of their host and hostess, as also of the good conditioned Maritornes, who vowed, though she was a sinner, to tumble her beads, and say a rosary to the good success of so arduous and truly Christian an undertaking.

But scarce were they got out of the inn, when the curate began to be troubled with a scruple of conscience about his putting on womens apparel, being apprehensive of the indecency of the disguise in a priest, though the goodness of his intention might well warrant a dispensation from the strictness of decorum: therefore he desired the barber to change dresses, for that in his habit of a squire he should less prophane his own dignity and character, to which he ought to have a greater regard than to don Quixote; withal assuring the barber, that unless he consented to this exchange, he was absolutely resolved to go no further, though it were to save don Quixote's soul from hell. Sancho came up with them just upon their demur, and was ready to split his sides with laughing at the sight of these strange masqueraders. In short, the barber consented to be the damsel, and to let the curate be the squire. Now while

they were thus changing sexes, the curate offered to tutor him how to behave himself in that female attire, so as to be able to wheedle don Quixote out of his penance: but the barber desired him not to trouble himself about that matter, assuring him, that he was well enough versed in female affairs to be able to act a damsel without any directions: however, he said he would not now stand fiddling and managing his pins to prink himself up, seeing it would be time enough to do that when they came near don Quixote's hermitage; and therefore having folded up his cloaths, and the curate his beard, they spurred on, while their guide Sancho entertained them with a relation of the mad tattered gentleman whom they had met in the mountain; however, without mentioning a word of the portmanteau or the gold; for, as much a fool as he was, he loved money, and knew how to keep it when he had it, and was wise enough to keep his own counsel,

The next day they got to the place where Sancho had strewed the boughs to direct him to don Quixote; and therefore he advised them to put on their disguises, if it were, as they told him, that their design was only to make his master leave that wretched kind of life in order to become an emperor. Thereupon they charged him on his life not to take the least notice who they were. As for Dulcinea's letter, if don Quixote asked him about it, they ordered him to say he had delivered it; but that by reason she could nei-
ther

whether write nor read, she had sent him her answer by word of mouth; which was, That on pain of her indignation, he should immediately put an end to his severe penance, and repair to her presence. This, they told Sancho, together with what they themselves designed to say, was the only way to oblige his master to leave the desert, that he might prosecute his design of making himself an emperor; assuring him they would take care he should not entertain the least thought of an archbishoprick.

Sancho listened with great attention to all these instructions, and treasured them up in his mind, giving the curate and the barber a world of thanks for their good intention of advising his master to become an emperor, and not an archbishop; for, as he said, he imagined in his simple judgement, that an emperor-errant was ten times better than an archbishop-errant, and could reward his squire a great deal better.

He likewise added, that he thought it would be proper for him to go to his master somewhat before them, and give him an account of his lady's kind answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting them to any further trouble. They liked this proposal very well, and therefore agreed to let him go, and wait there till he came back to give them an account of his success. With that Sancho rode away, and struck into the clefts of the rock, in order to find out his master

master, leaving the curate and the barber by the side of a brook, where the neighbouring hills, and some trees that grew along its banks, combined to make a cool and pleasant shade. There they sheltered themselves from the scorching beams of the sun, that commonly shines intolerably hot in those parts, being about the middle of August, and not three o'clock in the afternoon. While they quietly refreshed themselves in that delightful place, where they agreed to stay till Sancho's return, they heard a voice, which though unattended with any instrument, ravished their ears with its melodious sound: and what increased their surprize, and their admiration, was to hear such artful notes, and such delicate musick, in so unfrequented and wild a place, where scarce any rustics ever straggled, much less such skilful songsters as the person whom they heard unquestionably was; for though the poets are pleased to fill the fields and woods with swains and shepherdesses, that sing with all the sweetness and delicacy imaginable, yet it is well enough known that those gentlemen deal more in fiction than in truth, and love to embellish the descriptions they make with things that have no existence but in their own brain. Nor could our two listening travellers think it the voice of a peasant, when they began to distinguish the words of the song, for they seemed to relish more of a courtly style than a rural composition. These were the verses.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

WHAT makes me languish and complain?
O 'tis disdain!

What yet more fiercely tortures me?

'Tis jealousy.

How have I my patience lost?

By absence cross.

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;

I sink beneath oppressing grief;

Nor can a wretch, without despair,

Scorn jealousy, and absence bear.

II.

What in my breast this anguish drove?

Intruding love.

Who cou'd such mighty ills create?

Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel pow'rs my fate approve?

The powers above.

Then let me bear, and cease to moan;

'Tis glorious thus to be undone:

When these invade, who dares oppose?

Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes.

III.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?

Death is sure.

No milder means to set me free?

Inconstancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuage?

Distracting rage.

What

What die or change? Lucinda lose;
 O let me rather madness choose!
 But judge, ye gods, what we endure,
 When death or madness are a cure!

The time, the hour, the solitude of the place, the voice and pleasing manner with which the unseen musician sung, so filled the hearers minds with admiration and delight, that they were all attention; and when the voice was silent, they continued so too a pretty while, watching with listening ears to catch the expected sounds, expressing their satisfaction best by that dumb applause. At last, concluding the person would sing no more, they resolved to find out the charming songster; but as they were going so to do, they heard the wished for voice begin another air, which fixed them where they stood till it had sung the following sonnet.

A SONNET.

O Sacred friendship, heaven's delight,
 Which tir'd with man's unequal mind,
 Took to thy native skies thy flight,
 While scarce thy shadow's left behind!

From thee, diffusive good below,
 Peace and her train of joys we trace;
 But falshood with dissembl'd show
 Too oft usurps thy sacred face.

Bless'd

Bless'd Genius, then resume thy seat !
 Destroy imposture and deceit,
 Which in thy dress confound the ball !
 Harmonious peace and truth renew,
 Shew the false friendship from the true,
 Or nature must to Chaos fall.

This sonnet concluded with a deep sigh, and such doleful throbs, that the curate and the barber now out of pity, as well as curiosity before, resolved instantly to find out who this mournful songster was. They had not gone far, when by the side of a rock they discovered a man whose shape and aspect answered exactly to the description Sancho had given them of Cardenio. They observed he stopped short as soon as he spied them, yet without any signs of fear, only he hung down his head like one abandoned to sorrow, never so much as lifting up his eyes to mind what they did. The curate, who was a good and well-spoken man, presently guessing him to be the same of whom Sancho had given them an account, went towards him, and addressing himself to him with great civility and discretion, earnestly intreated him to forsake this desert, and a course of life so wretched and forlorn, which endangered his title to a better, and from a wilful misery might make him fall into greater and everlasting woes.

Cardenio was then free from the distraction that so often disturbed his senses; yet seeing two persons in a garb wholly different from

from that of those few rustics who frequented those deserts, and hearing them talk as if they were no strangers to his concerns, he was somewhat surprized at first; however, having looked upon them earnestly for some time, Gentlemen, said he, whoever ye be, I find heaven pitying my misfortunes has brought ye to these solitary regions to retrieve me from this frightful retirement, and recover me to the society of men: but because you do not know how unhappy a fate attends me, and that I never am free from one affliction but to fall into a greater, you perhaps take me for a man naturally endowed with a very small stock of sense, and what is worse, for one of those wretches who are altogether deprived of reason. And indeed I cannot blame any one that entertains such thoughts of me; for even I myself am convinced, that the bare remembrance of my disaster often distracts me to that degree, that losing all sense of reason and knowledge, I unman myself for the time, and launch into those extravagancies which nothing but height of frenzy and madness would commit; and I am the more sensible of my being troubled with this distemper, when people tell me what I have done during the violence of that terrible accident, and give me too certain proofs of it. And after all, I can alledge no other excuse but the cause of my misfortune, which occasioned that frantic rage, and therefore tell the story of my hard fate to as many as have the patience to hear it;

it; for men of sense perceiving the cause will not wonder at the effects; and though they can give me no relief, yet at least they will cease to condemn me; for a bare relation of my wrongs must needs make them loose their resentments of the effects of my disorder into a compassion of my miserable fate. Therefore, gentlemen, if you come here with that design, I beg that before you give yourselves the trouble of reproving or advising me, you will be pleased to attend to the relation of my calamities; for perhaps when you have heard it, you will think them past redress, and so will save yourselves the labour you would take. The curate and the barber, who desired nothing more than to hear the story from his own mouth, were extremely glad of his proffer; and having assured him they had no design to aggravate his miseries with pretending to remedy them, nor would they cross his inclinations in the least, they intreated him to begin his relation.

The unfortunate Cardenio then began his story, and went on with the first part of it, almost in the same words, as far as he related it to don Quixote and the goat-herd, when the knight, out of superstitious niceness to observe the decorum of chivalry, gave an interruption to the relation, by quarrelling about master Elizabat, as we have already said. Then he went on with that passage concerning the letter sent him by Lucinda, which don Ferdinand had unluckily found, happening to be by, to open the book of Amadis

de Gaul first, when Lucinda sent it back to Cardenio with that letter in it between the leaves ; which Cardenio told them was as follows :

LUCINDA to CARDENIO.

“ I Discover in you every day so much merit, that I am obliged, or rather forced, to esteem you more and more. If you think this acknowledgment to your advantage, make that use of it which is most consistent with your honour and mine. I have a father that knows you, and is too kind a parent ever to obstruct my designs, when he shall be satisfied with their being just and honourable : so that it is now your part to shew you love me, as you pretend, and I believe.”

This letter, continued Cardenio, made me resolve once more to demand Lucinda of her father in marriage, and was the same that increased don Ferdinand's esteem for her, by that discovery of her sense and discretion, which so inflamed his soul, that from that moment he secretly resolved to destroy my hopes before I could be so happy as to crown them with success. I told that perfidious friend what Lucinda's father had advised me to do, when I had rashly asked her for my wife before, and that I durst not now impart this to my father lest he should not readily consent I should marry yet. Not but that he knew, that her quality, beauty, and virtue, were sufficient to make her an ornament to
the

the noblest house in Spain, but because I was apprehensive he would not let me marry till he saw what the duke would do for me. Don Ferdinand, with a pretended officiousness, proffered me to speak to my father, and persuade him to treat with Lucinda's. Ungrateful man! deceitful friend! ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! perfidious Galalon! faithless Vellido! malicious Julian*! treacherous, covetous Judas! Thou all those fatal hated men in one, false Ferdinand! What wrongs had that fond confiding wretch done thee, who thus to thee unbosomed all his cares, all the delights, and secrets of his soul? What injury did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, which were not all directed to advance thy honour and profit? But oh! I rave, unhappy wretch! I should rather accuse the cruelty of my stars, whose fatal influence pours mischiefs on me, which no earthly force can resist, or human art prevent. Who would have thought that don Ferdinand, whose quality and merit entitled him to the lawful possession of beauties of the highest rank, and whom I had engaged by a thousand endearing marks of friendship and services, should forfeit thus his honour and his truth, and lay such a treacherous design to deprive me of all the happiness of my

* Julian. Count Julian brought the Moors into Spain, because king Rodrigo had ravished his daughter. Galalon and Vellido are explained elsewhere. Marius, Catiline, &c. are well known.

life? But I must leave expostulating to end my story. The traitor Ferdinand thinking his project impracticable, while I staid near Lucinda, bargained for six fine horses the same day he promised to speak to my father, and presently desired me to ride away to his brother for money to pay for them. Alas! I was so far from suspecting his treachery, that I was glad of doing him a piece of service. Accordingly I went that very evening to take my leave of Lucinda, and to tell her what don Ferdinand had promised to do. She bid me return with all the haste of an expecting lover, not doubting but our lawful wishes might be crowned as soon as my father had spoke for me to be her's. When she had said this, I marked her trickling tears, and a sudden grief so obstructed her speech, that though she seemed to strive to tell me something more, she could not give it utterance. This unusual scene of sorrow strangely amazed and moved me; yet because I would not murder hope, I chose to attribute this to the tenderness of her affection, and unwillingness to part with me. In short, away I went, buried in deep melancholy, and full of fears and imaginations, for which I could give no manner of reason. I delivered don Ferdinand's letter to his brother, who received me with all the kindness imaginable, but did not dispatch me as I expected. For, to my sorrow, he enjoined me to tarry a whole week, and to take care the duke might not see me, his brother having sent for money
unknown

unknown to his father : but this was only a device of false Ferdinand's ; for his brother did not want money, and might have dispatched me immediately, had he not been privately desired to delay my return.

This was so displeasing an injunction, that I was ready to come away without the money, not being able to live so long absent from my Lucinda, principally considering in what condition I had left her. Yet at last I forced myself to stay, and my respect for my friend prevailed over my impatience : but before four tedious days were expired, a messenger brought me a letter, which I presently knew to be Lucinda's hand. I opened it with trembling hands, and an aching heart, justly imagining it was no ordinary concern that could urge her to send thither to me : and before I read it, I asked the messenger who had given it him ? He answered me, " That going by accidentally in the street about noon in our town, a very handsome lady, all in tears, had called him to her window, and with great precipitation, Friend, said she, if you be a christian, as you seem to be, for heaven's sake take this letter, and deliver it with all speed into the person's own hand to whom it is directed : I assure you in this you will do a very good action ; and that you may not want means to do it, take what is wrapped up in this ; and saying so, she threw me a handkerchief, wherein I found a hundred reals, this gold ring which you see, and the letter which I now brought you :

which done, I having made her signs to let her know I would do as she desired, without so much as staying for an answer, she went from the grate. This reward, but much more that beautiful lady's tears, and earnest prayers, made me post away to you that very minute; and so in sixteen hours I have travelled eighteen long leagues." While the messenger spoke, I was seized with the most melancholy apprehensions of some fatal news; and such a trembling shook my limbs, that I could scarce support my fainting body. However, taking courage, at last I read the letter; the contents of which were these.

"**D**ON Ferdinand, according to his promise, has desired your father to speak to mine; but he has done that for himself which you had engaged him to do for you: for he has demanded me for his wife; and my father, allured by the advantages which he expects from such an alliance, has so far consented, that in two days hence the marriage is to be performed, and with such privacy, that only heaven and some of the family are to be witnesses. Judge of the affliction of my soul by that concern which I guess fills your own; and therefore haste to me, my dear Cardenio. The issue of this business will shew how much I love you: and grant, propitious heaven, this may reach your hands before mine is in danger of being joined with his who keeps his promises so ill."

I had

I had no sooner read the letter, added Cardenio, but away I flew, without waiting for my dispatch; for then I too plainly discovered don Ferdinand's treachery, and that he had only sent me to his brother to take the advantage of my absence. Revenge, love, and impatience gave me wings, so that I got home privately the next day, just when it grew dusky, in good time to speak with Lucinda; and leaving my mule at the honest man's house who brought me the letter, I went to wait upon my mistress, whom I luckily found at the * window, the only witness of our loves. She presently knew me, and I her, but she did not welcome me as I expected, nor did I find her in such a dress as I thought suitable to our circumstances. But what man has assurance enough but to pretend to know thoroughly the riddle of a woman's mind, and who could ever hope to fix her mutable nature? Cardenio, said Lucinda to me, my wedding-cloaths are on, and the perfidious Ferdinand, with my covetous father, and the rest, stay for me in the hall, to perform the marriage rites; but they shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my dear Cardenio; but rather strive to be present at that sacrifice. I promise thee, if entreaties and words cannot prevent it, I have a dagger that shall do me

* A la reja, at the iron grate. In Spain the lovers make their courtship at a low window that has a grate before it, having seldom admission into the house till the parents on both sides have agreed.

justice; and my death at least shall give thee undeniable assurances of my love and fidelity. Do, madam, cried I to her with precipitation, and so disordered that I did not know what I said, let your actions verify your words: let us leave nothing unattempted, that may serve our common interests; and I assure you, if my sword does not defend them well, I will turn it upon my own breast rather than out-live my disappointment. I cannot tell whether Lucinda heard me, for she was called away in great haste, the bridegroom impatiently expecting her. My spirit forsook me when she left me, and my sorrows and confusion cannot be expressed. Methought I saw the sun set for ever; and my eyes and my senses partaking of my distraction, I could not so much as spy the door to go into the house, and seemed rooted to the place where I stood. But at last, the consideration of my love having roused me out of this stupifying astonishment, I got into the house without being discovered, every thing being there in a hurry; and going into the hall, I hid myself behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met, and gave me liberty to see, without being seen. Who can describe the various thoughts, the doubts, the fears, the anguish that perplexed and tossed my soul while I stood waiting there! Don Ferdinand entered the hall, not like a bridegroom, but in his usual habit, with only a cousin-german of Lucinda's, the rest were the people of the house: some time
after

after came Lucinda herself, with her mother, and two waiting-women. I perceived she was as richly dressed as was consistent with her quality, and the solemnity of the ceremony; but the distraction that possessed me lent me no time to note particularly the apparel she had on: I only marked the colours, that were carnation and white, and the splendor of the jewels that enriched her dress in many places: but nothing equalled the lustre of her beauty that adorned her person much more than all those ornaments. Oh memory! thou fatal enemy of my ease, why dost thou now so faithfully represent to the eyes of my mind Lucinda's incomparable charms? Why dost thou not rather shew me what she did then, that, moved by so provoking a wrong, I may endeavour to revenge it, or at least to die. Forgive me these tedious digressions, gentlemen! Alas! my woes are not such as can or ought to be related with brevity; for to me every circumstance seems worthy to be enlarged upon.

The curate assured Cardenio, that they attended every word with a mournful pleasure that made them greedy of hearing the least passage. With that Cardenio went on. All parties being met, said he, the priest entered, and taking the young couple by the hands, he asked Lucinda whether she were willing to take don Ferdinand for her wedded husband? With that, I thrust out my head from between the two pieces of tapestry, listening with anxious heart to hear her

answer, upon which depended my life and happiness. Dull, heartless wretch that I was ! why did I not then shew myself ? Why did not I call to her aloud ? Consider what thou doest, Lucinda, thou art mine, and canst not be another man's : nor canst thou speak now the fatal Yes, without injuring heaven, thyself, and me, and murdering thy Cardenio ! And thou perfidious Ferdinand, who darest to violate all rights, both human and divine, to rob me of my treasure ; canst thou hope to deprive me of the comfort of my life with impunity ? Or thinkest thou that any consideration can stifle my resentments, when my honour and my love lie at stake ? Fool that I am ! now that it is too late, and danger is far distant, I say what I should have done, and not what I did then : after I have suffered the treasure of my soul to be stolen, I exclaim against the thief whom I might have punished for the base attempt, had I had but so much resolution to revenge, as I have now to complain. Then let me rather accuse my faint heart that durst not do me right, and let me die here like a wretch, void both of sense and honour, the outcast of society and nature. The priest stood waiting for Lucinda's answer a good while before she gave it ; and all that time I expected she would have pulled out her dagger, or unloosed her tongue to plead her former engagement to me. But, alas ! to my eternal disappointment, I heard her at last, with a feeble voice, pronounce the fatal Yes ; and then
don

don Ferdinand saying the same, and giving her the ring, the sacred knot was tied which death alone can dissolve. Then did the faithless bridegroom advance to embrace his bride; but she laying her hand upon her heart, in that very moment swooned away in her mother's arms. Oh what confusion seized me, what pangs, what torments racked me, seeing the falshood of Lucinda's promises, all my hopes shipwrecked, and the only thing that made me wish to live, for ever ravished from me! Confounded, and despairing, I looked upon myself as abandoned by heaven to the cruelty of my destiny; and the violence of my griefs stifling my sighs, and denying a passage to my tears, I felt myself transfixed with killing anguish, and burning with jealous rage and vengeance? In the mean time the whole company was troubled at Lucinda's swooning; and as her mother unclasped her gown before to give her air, a folded paper was found in her bosom, which don Ferdinand immediately snatched; then stepping a little aside, he opened it and read it by the light of one of the tapers: and as soon as he had done, he as it were let himself fall upon a chair, and there he sat with his hand upon the side of his face, with all the signs of melancholy and discontent, as unmindful of his bride as if he had been insensible of her accident. For my own part, seeing all the house thus in an uproar, I resolved to leave the hated place, without caring whether I were seen or not, and in case I were seen, I resolved

solved to act such a desperate part in punishing the traitor Ferdinand, that the world should at once be informed of his perfidiousness, and the severity of my just resentment : but my destiny, that preserved me for greater woes (if greater can be) allowed me then the use of that small remainder of my senses, which afterwards quite forsook me ; so that I left the house without revenging myself on my enemies, whom I could easily have sacrificed to my rage in this unexpected disorder ; and I chose to inflict upon myself, for my credulity, the punishment which their infidelity deserved. I went to the messenger's house where I had left my mule, and, without so much as bidding him adieu, I mounted and left the town like another Lot, without turning to give it a parting look ; and as I rode along the fields, darkness and silence round me, I vented my passion in execrations against the treacherous Ferdinand, and in as loud complaints of Lucinda's breach of vows and ingratitude. I called her cruel, ungrateful, false, but above all, covetous and sordid, since the wealth of my enemy was what had induced her to forego her vows to me : but then again, said I to myself, it is no strange thing for a young lady, that was so strictly educated, to yield herself up to the guidance of her father and mother who had provided her a husband of that quality and fortune. But yet with truth and justice she might have pleaded that she was mine before. In fine, I concluded that

ambition

ambition had got the better of her love, and made her forget her promises to Cardenio. Thus abandoning myself to these tempestuous thoughts, I rode on all that night, and about break of day I struck into one of the passes that leads into these mountains; where I wandered for three days together without keeping any road, till at last coming to a certain valley that lies somewhere hereabouts, I met some shepherds, of whom I enquired the way to the most craggy and inaccessible part of these rocks. They directed me, and I made all the haste I could to get thither, resolved to linger out my hated life far from the converse of false ungrateful mankind. When I came among these deserts, my mule, through weariness and hunger, or rather to get rid of so useless a load as I was, fell down dead, and I myself was so weak, so tired and dejected, being almost famished, and withal destitute and careless of relief, that I soon laid myself down, or rather fainted on the ground, where I lay a considerable while, I do not know how long, extended like a corpse. When I came to myself again, I got up, and could not perceive I had any appetite to eat: I found some goat-herds by me, who, I suppose, had given me some sustenance, though I was not sensible of their relief: for they told me in what a wretched condition they found me, staring, and talking so strangely, that they judged I had quite lost my senses. I have indeed since that had but
too

too much cause to think that my reason sometimes leaves me, and that I commit those extravagancies which are only the effects of senseless rage and frenzy; tearing my cloaths, howling through these deserts, filling the air with curses and lamentations, and idly repeating a thousand times Lucinda's name; all my wishes at that time being to breathe out my soul with the dear word upon my lips; and when I come to myself, I am commonly so weak, and so weary, that I am scarce able to stir. As for my place of abode, it is usually some hollow cork-tree, into which I creep at night; and there some few goat-herds, whose cattle browse on the neighbouring mountains, out of pity and christian charity, sometimes leave some victuals for the support of my miserable life: for, even when my reason is absent, nature performs its animal functions, and instinct guides me to satisfy it. Sometimes these good people meet me in my lucid intervals, and chide me for taking that from them by force and surprize, which they are always so ready to give me willingly; for which violence I can make no other excuse, but the extremity of my distraction. Thus must I drag a miserable being till heaven, pitying my afflictions, will either put a period to my life, or blot out of my memory perjured Lucinda's beauty and ingratitude, and Ferdinand's perfidiousness. Could I but be so happy before I die, I might then hope to be able, in time, to compose my frantic thoughts: but if I must despair

of

of such a favour, I have no other way but to recommend my soul to heaven's mercy; for I am not able to extricate my body or my mind out of that misery in which I have unhappily plunged myself.

Thus, gentlemen, I have given you a faithful account of my misfortunes. Judge now whether it was possible I should relate them with less concern. And pray do not lose time to prescribe remedies to a patient who will make use of none: I will, and can have no health without Lucinda; since she forsakes me, I must die: she has convinced me by her infidelity that she desires my ruin; and by my unparelled sufferings to the last, I will strive to convince her I deserved a better fate. Let me then suffer on, and may I be the only unhappy creature whom despair could not relieve, while the impossibility of receiving comfort brings cure to so many other wretches!

Here Cardenio made an end of his mournful story; and just as the curate was preparing to give him some consolation, he was prevented by the doleful accents of another complaint that engaged them to new attention. But the account of that adventure is reserved for the fourth book of this history; for our wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, puts here a period to the third.

The End of the first VOLUME.